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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PATTY HEARST
EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

TASMANIA
SAVING THE FRANKLIN

GOING DOWN
A GUIDE TO THE LATEST
IN SCUBA GEAR

PLUS
20 QUESTIONS: MEL BROOKS

DALLAS DELIGHT
VICTORIA PRINCIPAL

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PLAYBILL

GENTLEMEN, our third Playmate of the Year, beautiful Lyn Barron from Queensland's Gold Coast. As you will recall from our many previous pictorials shot on location on the Coast, that multi-million dollar stretch of sand breeds more than high rise apartments and water slides. Its women are among the loveliest in the country, and Lyn Barron is among the loveliest of the lovely. **Rico Mettbach** photographed our pictorial tribute to the Playmate of the Year.

This issue is special for other reasons, too. Our contributing writers, artists and photographers are world class. Firstly, award-winning novelist **James McQueen** examines the environmental politics of his troubled home State, Tasmania. A River In Tasmania is a fine, impassioned article which strikes deep at the core of the Franklin River issue.

And McQueen's bona fides are impeccable. A native Taswegian, he has spent the past two years writing and researching a major environmental novel. An extract from *Hook's Mountain* will appear in PLAYBOY soon.

When New York-based photojournalist **Jim Sheldon** returned to Sydney, his boyhood home, late last year, he immediately began working on a series of photo essays on city life, about which more in future issues. But Sheldon, whose dramatic pictures of the war in Afghanistan graced magazine pages around the world, also found time to edit, from his vast library, a series of photographs which seemed to us to sum up the lifestyle of the rodeo cowboy, a creature making his presence felt in Australia as the sport gathers momentum. Cowboys is simply the best collection of rodeo shots we've seen.

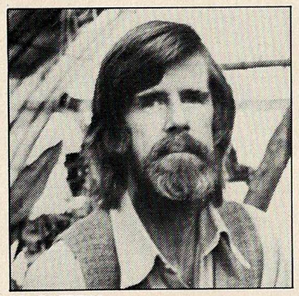
About the time Sheldon was ferretting for pictures, artist and illustrator **Michael Lodge** was howling down the south coast of NSW, a nor'easter on his tail. Lodge crewed on one of the yachts in last summer's Sydney-Hobart classic, and knowing his flair for capturing the moment with a simple brush-stroke, we asked him to take his paints along. The result is a delightful study of an Australian sporting institution.

Great fiction has frequently wormed its way out of the boozy, bullshitty world of advertising — Peter Carey's work for example. Having told lies all day, some ad men seem to forge a very honest nocturnal relationship with their home typewriters. Sometime ad man **John Newton** is no exception. Anima is his debut offering in these pages. It won't be his last. The illustration, by the way, is the work of the **Davis/Farrell** team.

Eight years ago Patty Hearst was abducted from her apartment. What then happened seemed like a leftist public relations man's dream: spoiled little rich girl sees the political light and robs banks to finance the overthrow of the state and maybe get back at mum and dad while she's at it. Hearst's own recently published book answered some questions about her involvement, but so many persisted that we sent US Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** to interview her.

Elsewhere this month, writer and broadcaster **Headley Gritter** hurls 20 questions at madcap movie director Mel Brooks; **Phil Jarratt** shares the experience of an agonisingly dry month; **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** examine the sex life of the brain in part three of our Man and Woman series; regular contributor **Tony Maguire** looks at the bizarre history of obscenity and censorship in this country; **P.D. Jack** profiles Australia's oldest teenager, disc jockey Ward Austin (**Frants Kantor** did the illustration); and Motoring Editor **Rob Luck** road tests the ultimate in exec limos. Quickly donning another hat — and face mask — Luck also presents Going Down, a comprehensive review of scuba equipment. **Bruce Jameson** and **Howard Archbold** took the pictures.

Lastly we give you Playmate **Bettina Mey,** plus actress **Aurore Clement** *(Lacombe, Lucien)* and *Dallas's* **Victoria Principal** like you've never seen her before. Eat your heart out, JR.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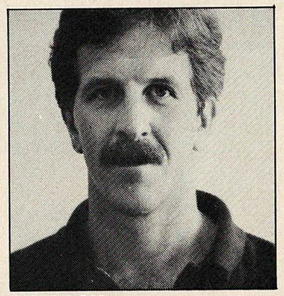
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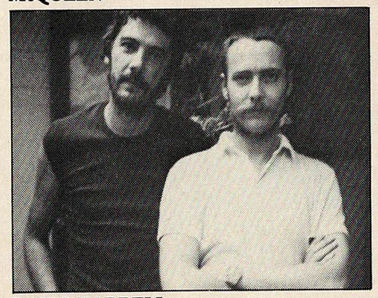
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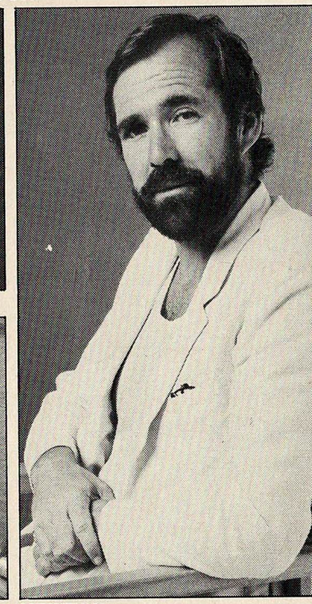
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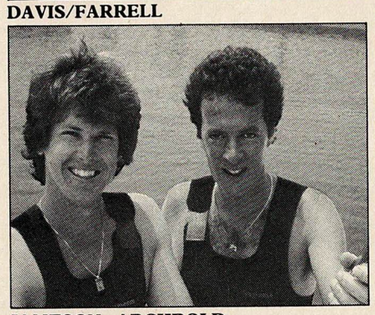
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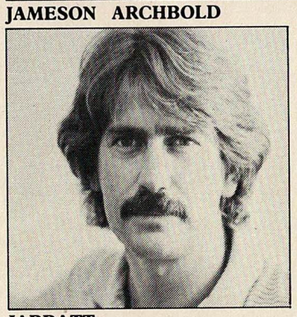
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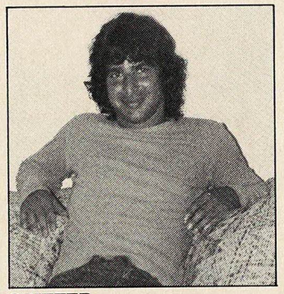
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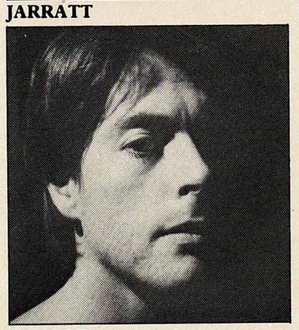
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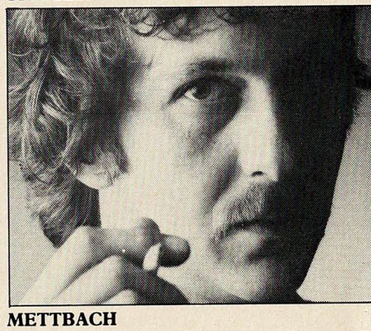
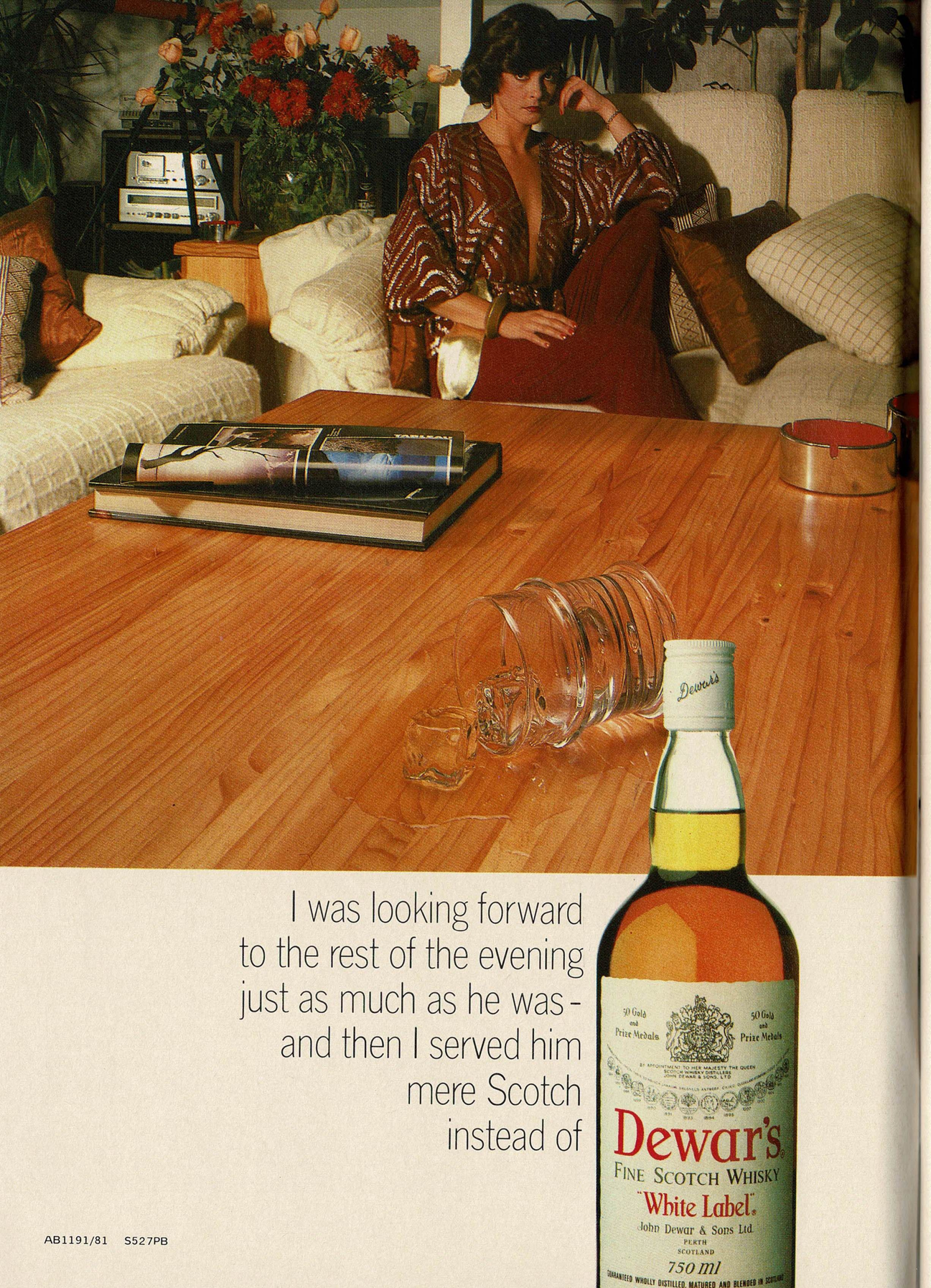

METTBACH

I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

AB1191/81 S527PB

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



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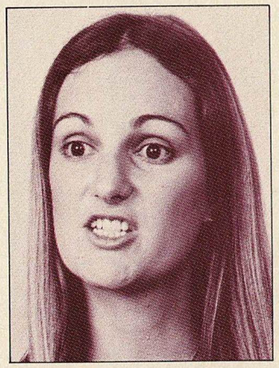

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APRIL 1982

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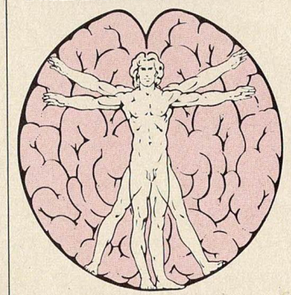

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

PARADISE POLITICS

Chris Pritchard's report on Nouvelle Caledonie in your February issue has just reached me. I enjoy your magazine but you must realise you cannot be as cavalier with other people's countries as you are with other men's women.

Yes, there are some political problems here, but nothing so major as to worry anyone but a few dreamy malcontents who'd like to see civilisation replaced by ignorant dictatorship — preferably their own dictatorship.

Thankfully, the ex-colonies in the Pacific have not gone the way of the ex-colonies in Africa — to barbarism and despotism. But they have sunk back to their old slothful ways, which are all very fine as long as you don't mind a diet of coconuts and fish and the occasional outbreak of plague or fever; and as long as your woman is content to wash your grass skirt in the surf and work from morning to night while you're off throwing spears at the people in the next village because they stole your one and only pig.

I have a family living on my farm who had nothing but a grass hut when I came here 15 years ago. They now have motor bikes, a record player, electric light, no cockroaches or fleas, and live in a timber cabin with a flushing toilet. Without us terrible exploiting settlers, they would still be in the hut next to the cesspit. This is called progress.

It is easy to fly into a place and spend a week reading the illiterate scrawls on toilet walls and think you're an expert on local politics. It is much harder to work for 15 years turning jungle into real paradise.

So how about more pretty girls and less jejune journalists poking their noses into matters they cannot understand?

J-P Simon,
Noumea, New Caledonia.

I'm astonished to find a magazine which is supposed to be dedicated to liberalism and democracy advocating minority rule. That's just what Chris Pritchard (PLAYBOY February) is doing when he says the Kanaks of New Caledonia should be given control of the country even though they make up little more than 40 per cent of the population. If anyone suggested that a minority of whites had the right to rule a majority of other races, they'd be branded as racists, but I suppose the trendy Left has its own double standards.

G.W.,
Lindfield, NSW.

PRICKLY HEAT

I was sorry to see you have fallen for the establishment line on alternative medicine. The fairly informative and mostly accurate article on sexual acupuncture (February) sold us, the pioneers of acupuncture in this country, down the river in the last paragraph, when it recommended the Australian Medical Acupuncture Society as the place to go for treatment.

As people are prepared to pay any amount of money for good health, the health field has attracted many a quick-buck merchant — some of them registered doctors.

Acupuncture is one field where, after originally knocking us, the doctors are now falling over themselves to join. Why? Because it works, and because with a minimum of study, and without bothering to understand the theoretical framework of Chinese medicine, a GP can set himself up as a specialist — and charge higher fees. It is not unknown for groups of doctors to charter flights to Hong Kong to pick up a basic working knowledge of acupuncture, a few simple tricks (curing headaches, simple anaesthesia, diarrhoea), and a certificate or diploma, in just two weeks.

Are these blokes more reliable pin-stickers because they are doctors than a qualified lay acupuncturist who has formally studied his speciality for at least four years?

Of course instant acupuncturists are not confined to the medical profession. The yellow pages list the main groups responsible for registering trained acupuncturists. If you choose one because he or she practises near where you live, ask them how long they studied for their diploma, or even what diplomas they hold, and then check with the central bodies on just what that diploma really means. While acupuncture is far safer then surgery, it is still inadvisable to let incompetent people — be they doctors or not — fool around with your health. There are few things that can go wrong, but a wrong diagnosis (which is more likely with those who haven't studied the basic theory of Chinese medicine) can aggravate a condition, besides wasting your time and money.

Your health is more important than the monopoly of the medical establishment.

G.P.H.,
North Sydney, NSW.

CUNNING LECH?

Your interview with Lech Walesa (February) revealed that he was either a very naive man or a cunning politician. As he has risen to the top in his field, he is most probably the latter. In fact, if you read through the interview for a second time, you realise he has said virtually nothing about his and Solidarity's plans and has continually backed away from any suggestions that he wanted confrontation with Russia or even the Polish Communist Party.

In the light of what has happened in Poland since then (presumably the interview was done before the imposition of martial law) the whole thing has a very ironic ring. "There is no obstacle that cannot be removed. Everything can be surmounted." No wonder they say pride comes before a fall.

Andrew Guernsey,
Mooloolaba, Qld.

EXPLOSIVE

After reading your story on Simplicity Funerals (February), I was astounded at Mr Russell's macabre statement: "In the hands of most undertakers, a shy retiring grandmother is stripped, gutted, stuffed, painted and dressed so that she can be put on show."

Has Mr Russell ever seen a body that has not been stuffed and gutted? Sure, an ex-cop has seen bodies as have most of us. But what about a body that's put in a coffin ungutted? It swells up and explodes in the coffin. That's the reason for being gutted. I am sure I would rather a vacuum cleaner up my arse than an exploding stomach.

V. Harney,
Brisbane, Qld.

RED ALERT

In the entire time that your magazine has been published in Australia, I have not missed an issue. The quality and contents are excellent.

But I have only one complaint. I have never yet seen a lady with red hair in your publication.

I'm sure there are many who share my appreciation of ladies with hair of fire. Red hair and freckles are a very pleasing combination.

Writing in hope,

M.A.,
Muswellbrook, NSW.

BANKER BLUES

Your March issue, in which you criticise the Australian banking industry, has been brought to my attention. Really, I find it quite ridiculous that such a magazine could have the hide to criticise institutions which have spent the past hundred years building up this nation — apparently for the likes of you to tear down.

The banks are entrusted with people's savings, and wouldn't have any money if people didn't trust them. True, banks loan at slightly higher interest rates than they pay to depositors. But out of that margin they must pay for the branch structure which enables people to bank without having to travel miles, the staff who look

after other people's money without losing it, and the multitude of services the banks provide.

Okay, the banking system isn't perfect — the Campbell Report rightly points out the deficiencies. But let me assure you this nation would be a lot worse off without the banking system, imperfect as it is.

Banker,
Sydney, NSW.

Your article on banks didn't really touch the surface on how they rip us off. For example, your writer glossed over the matter of cheque accounts, which make up about one third of all deposits in trading banks, around $10 billion. The banks pay no interest on these at all, even though they have the gall to complain about the way the Reserve Bank pays only a tiny interest rate on the small amount it demands be kept aside as a safety measure.

The banks also complain about having to put a certain percentage of their funds into specified Government bonds, which the banks say don't pay as much interest as ordinary commercial loans. Which really boils down to a matter of the banks taking money from our cheque accounts, on which they pay no interest, and investing it in Government Bonds, on which they earn just slightly less than the going rate; so of course they continue to make profits.

Still, I suppose I must commend you for at least trying to show the banks as greedy whingeing running dogs of capitalism. To do the full story you would have to fill the whole magazine with it; and while the capitalists may take our money at least they haven't taken your ladies over — yet!

Comrade Bob,
Townsville, Qld.

BEAUTIFUL BUMS

Lynn Maree Eason, your March Playmate of the Month, is truly luscious but what a pity that she is not smiling in any of the photographs featured in your spread. For someone enjoying "a love affair with life" she seems to be making hard work of it. How about more "beautiful bum" shots too, like the very sexy shot of Sabine Rothaus in the same issue.

Damien Knight,
Nambour, Qld.

C'MON AUSSIES

I thought the PLAYBOY Interview with Alby Mangels (March) was very well done. Considering that your edition of PLAYBOY is aimed toward the Australian market, I feel that it is important that you feature Australian personalities in your interview sections rather than people from overseas. A few that I would like to suggest that you do are Bryan Brown, Mel Gibson and Robyn Nevin. . . and do them quickly before they are snapped up forever by the Americans.

Sophie Cartwright,
Bathurst, NSW.

ABOUT THAT LOAN. . .

In a current publication of which you are the helmsperson a broad statement of derogation was aimed at the hallowed banking institutions of Australia. This has a tendency to influence people less informed to seek "help" from the usurious organisations who ply for their hard earned dollars.

This general approach causes me great concern when I look at the relationship we have, up until now, enjoyed. It prompts me to pursue an untiring and unbending search to discover the hidden mysteries which directs your personal quest for financial integrity and consideration.

So as to dispel my fears that you have not been unwittingly and unintentionally influenced to the wayward paths, I have commenced a searching scrutiny of your banking accounts. You know that it is a meticulous and difficult task but I feel the effort is worthwhile if I can again engender the right course to you as it would be disastrous to exacerbate it.

In the interim I would advise you to exercise prudence until the matter is worked out properly.

Bank Manager,
Sydney, NSW.

GOSFORD GIRLS

If I had known that there were girls like Lynn Eason, your March centrefold, living in Gosford, I would never have left there to move to Sydney. I've never been a lucky man, and this just goes to prove it once again. Please do an old Gosford boy a favor and print some more pictures of Lynn.

Fred Wylie,
Penrith, NSW.

For Fred, and many others who have never heard of Gosford, here's Lynn — Ed.

PRINCIPAL INTEREST

I was reading my second favorite magazine (PLAYBOY being the best of course), and I came across an article about how an American magazine was publishing nude pictures of television and film actresses.

I was wondering if PLAYBOY would be able to get some very revealing pictures of these gorgeous ladies.

Some of the women I have heard there are photographs of include, Victoria Principal (one of my fantasies), Margot Kidder, Catherine Bach, Barbara Streisand and Ann-Margaret.

W.M.,
Devonport, Tas.

We're way ahead of you. Look inside and you'll see the gorgeous Miss Principal revealed in all her glory — Ed.

DEAD WRONG

Your article "Keith Russell — The Underground Undertaker", February 1982, reveals ignorance of:

- the needs of the bereaved
- the procedures and attitudes of established funeral directors
- the availability of simple, inexpensive and "no fuss" funeral services from established funeral directors

Accusations by Keith Russell about how others operate are wide of the mark. A short time in the industry and a background as a policeman/washing machine repairer do not qualify him to make broad accusations. His statements seem to be directed more towards gaining publicity.

Whilst our members do not actively pursue publicity, your magazine should reassure the Australian public that they can rely on scores of established and competent funeral directors to provide "no-fuss" services at *competitive* prices. Further, that our members are backed up by facilities, experience and professional know-how.

P.D. Campbell,
President,
The Australian Funeral
Directors' Association.

GOOD READING

I read with great interest Kathy Lette's article "Major Issues over Minor Tissues" (PLAYBOY January). It was very humorous and well written. Maybe in coming issues she might tell us how to satisfy the female emotional appetite.

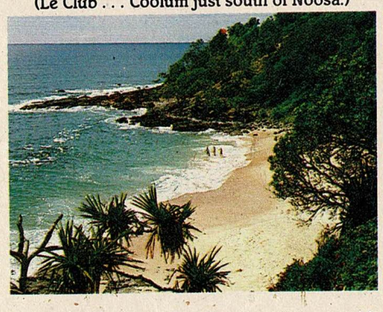
How true was Neil Jameson's "Mates" (December). Mateship is slowly going down the drain. What a pity, I have some top mates in the Army but occasionally our women try to get all of our time. I mean to say, girls are okay, but nothing beats the real thing.

You have a top magazine but I haven't yet seen a Tassie chick between your covers.

Tassie Patriot,
Oakey, Tas.

splish·splash...fizz·clink...whish!

(Le Club . . . Coolum just south of Noosa.)



("Where People Meet People")

(On Queensland's Sunshine Coast.)

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

TIE-BREAKERS

Someone has finally done for casual relationships what the Family Court did for marriage. An agency rejoicing in the name of Dump-a-Date will help you untangle yourself from the one you thought you loved (at least, that's what you told her). Dump-a-Date will give her the message in either a serious or humorous fashion. It specialises in Dear John letters, Pig of the Month awards, Kiss-Off-O-Grams and Outrageous Gag Gifts. Unfortunately, for the present it only operates in the United States. Entrepreneurs of Australia, what are you waiting for?

UNDER-EQUIPPED

Saddest advert of the year so far. In *The Australian:* "For sale, Maserati Khamsin 1977. Genuine private sale. Due to loss of D/L (driver's licence), owner forced to sell last in stable of fine cars. This is without doubt the finest machine of its type in Australia. . . air conditioning, stereo, radar detector." Perhaps he should have installed a breathalyser as well.

HALF-VOLLEY

You probably didn't notice, but Australia has just played host to two leading American professional sportsmen.

Matt Gage and Fred Zuelich came to our shores by courtesy of the airline we all own to demonstrate the joys of beach volleyball.

Volleyball, as we all *know,* is that funny game they play in prisoner of war camps and old nudist films where hordes of people stand on each side of a high net and knock a soccer ball back and forth.

Wrong. In fact, volleyball is a game of great skill, an Olympic sport no less, played by six-person teams with methods and tactics all its own. Outdoor beach volleyball is a variation played with either two or four per side. Its headquarters is California, where there is a modest professional circuit, and volleyball associations in Australia are keen to get it off the ground on ourplentiful and superb beaches.

Because the game requires minimal equipment, (all you need are a ball, two posts and a net) and it can be played by anyone, it has been adopted by the Life — Be in It people in NSW and Victoria.

Surf lifesaving clubs are also helping to promote it in Australia and, if you're lucky, your local mob will have the necessary equipment. Give it a try — it's fun and better for your waistline than ripping off ring-pulls.

SKINNY-DIVING

There's nothing new about skinny-dipping, but now there's an airborne counterpart that can really get you high. The new sport got off the ground recently at Tocumwal on the NSW/Victorian border when 30 parachutists took part in the second annual nude parachute competition.

Organisers Dick Hall from Albury and his wife Jude offered $500 prize money, and competition was fierce as skydivers jumped out of their aircraft wearing nothing but the bare essentials and aimed at the 10cm target disc in the centre of the (soft) sand pit below.

Winner was veteran paranudist Rod Whyte of Queensland, Hall skinned in second and third place went to Paul Osborne of Corowa. The ladies' laurels were awarded to Kim Barton of Sydney.

The meet was relaxed and informal. As Hall puts it: "The moment you get your gear off, a lot of social barriers drop away with it. Everyone's there for a good time."

"A bit hard to concentrate on the target, though, with naked female judges," grins Osborne.

The next competitive skinny-diving session will be a pentathlon in which divers will have to do an accuracy jump, strip off their gear, don a scuba outfit, traverse a lagoon, cross another by kayak, gallop bareback on a horse for a mile and then sprint back to the starting point by trail bike.

Considering the stamina and showmanship required for this sort of competition, there seems little likelihood of the sport becoming over-exposed.

JOBS FOR THE BOYS

Advert in the program for a gay play in Sydney. "Bobbie and Johnny — reliable electrical service to all areas. We remove your shorts. . . Ring us for that extra plug in the bedroom."

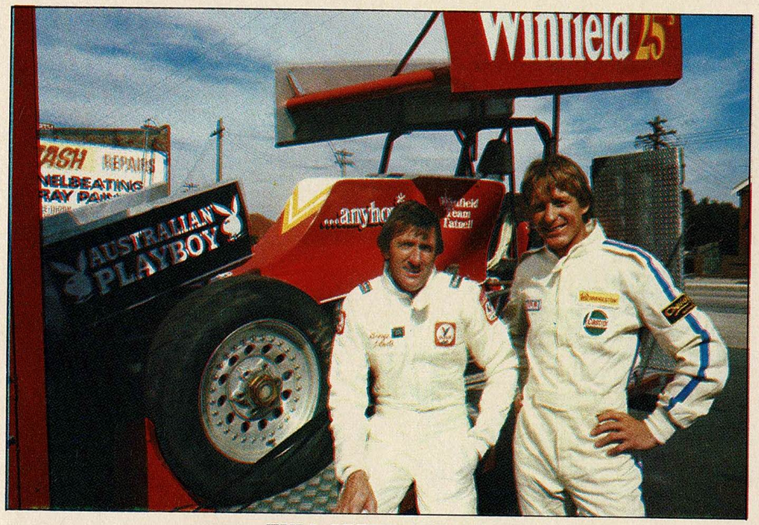
DARING DEEDS

"Up the creek without a paddle" is a vivid metaphor for being in a mess, but 12 intrepid navigators intend to be literally in that situation in the very near future.

They are all members of the Dinghy Touring Club of Western Australia and their aim is to traverse the 3500 kilometres of the Darling River. Although they won't have paddles, they will have 7.5hp Mercury outboard motors and they hope to do the trip in a record-breaking 10 days.

Our gallant lads won't be in any danger of starving or getting lonely either, for they will be backed up by a team of six in three 4-wheel-drive vehicles — rugged stuff, eh!

Their daring feat is being supported by CSR, Sheetmetal Fabricators of WA (who built the boats) and Janes Marine Service — which goes to prove what we've all suspected all along. . . that you can get financial backing for anything as long as it's completely pointless.



FULL SPEED AHEAD

Midnite Spares, the latest all-action product from Australia's successful Filmco stable will feature a speedway car decked in PLAYBOY colors under a sponsorship deal between PLAYBOY, Filmco and co-sponsors Winfield.

The movie is the story of a young speedway driver called Steve, who comes home to find his father missing and a car-stealing gang running the speedway. His efforts to get at the truth make up the plot, but if you want to find out what happens you'll have to go and see it.

Pictured above are sprintcar driver George Tatnell (left) and actor James Laurie who plays Steve.

The film is being produced by Tom Burstall and Matt Carroll whose credits include *Breaker Morant, Storm Boy* and *Sunday Too Far Away,* and director is Quentin Masters who made the international smash hit *The Stud.*

SPACE BUNNIES

The secret of success is organisation and planning. A bit of confidence doesn't go astray either. As further evidence of this, the Japanese miracle is planning to go further in the next 30 years and really pull some rabbits out of the hat — cloned rabbits at that.

Japan's Agency for Industrial Science and Technology has drawn up a 30-year plan for scientific research projects. These include space labs, home-help robots, artificial eyes for the blind, cloning fine animals for better meat, and development of a plant growing tomatoes above the ground and potatoes below.

Within five years, Japan's manufacturers are expected to be producing artificial blood, the anti-cancer drug Interferon on a commercial scale and an all-ceramic car engine.

By the turn of the century, robots with senses of touch, sight and taste will be making their own decisions.

We wonder if they'll want to go on package tours as well?

BAR BELLES

Curmudgeon sighted freeloading at SCG Members' Bar during the recent one day cricket finals and complaining about the presence of women in the place.

"They throw themselves over anyone with a touch of suntan in the hope of snaring a West Indian player, they spill their drinks, walk in front of you just as the bowler delivers, and wear such skimpy clothes it's bloody hard to watch the game."

He later complained about the removal of the huge mirrors from behind the bar, recalling the famous old-timer who once remarked that Don Bradman was the best left-handed batsmen he'd ever seen!

NO-POOF ROOF

A yachting journalist has a friend who spent three months in physiotherapy recovering from an unsuccessful dance routine performed on board one merry evening. The would-be Fred Astaire now sports a sign on his boat reminding crew and guests that, "You don't have to dance on the cabin roof to prove that you are not a poofter."

CUPBOARD LOVE

Classified ad from a local paper in California (where else?): "Large kitchen table, six chairs and middle leaf, 40 fucks or trade for sofa of good quality."

DUM-DUMS

NSW Police are seeking permission to use lead slugs in their .38 handguns because the current issue is too hard, and hasn't got the stopping power they need. Apparently the occasional member of the criminal classes displays an ability to keep on coming on even with six holes in him. The lead slug, outlawed by the Geneva Convention for use by the military, expands on impact, and if it does exit the body, makes rather a mess. They are also asking for a longer baton, following an incident in which an irate tourist set about his local consulate office with an iron bar, thence addressing his attentions to the policemen who were called to the scene. As their batons were of no use against the longer iron bar, a constable plugged him.

Some travel-worn cynics have suggested our police forces could learn from Asian countries, where the constabulary are often armed with sub-machine guns, or, as in India, carry six-foot hardwood rods called lathis. A lathi charge is guaranteed to clear up a mob of rioters, and a good poke in the nether regions will subdue the most aggressive tourist without wasting valuable ammunition.

RING OF FIRE

A certain national television performer has left an unforgettable impression on a suburban ladies' squash club. The star and his friends were in a Rottnest Island holiday house off the Western Australian coast next door to the relaxing ladies. Late at night, after some drinks, the ladies were warned to open their front door, turn their lights out and prepare for a floor show.

The star and a friend stripped, and each tucked a sheet of twisted newspaper between his legs, set fire to both ends and sprinted through the guest house. The curtain-raiser was a stunning success, but the star went second, crashed down the steps and sat on his torch.

With screams of pain and sizzling haunches, he snatched the blazing Murdoch product from between his glowing groin and flung it among the shrieking, laughing ladies. He's now known in TV circles as the Ringa — as in Ring'o'fire.

BALLS-UP

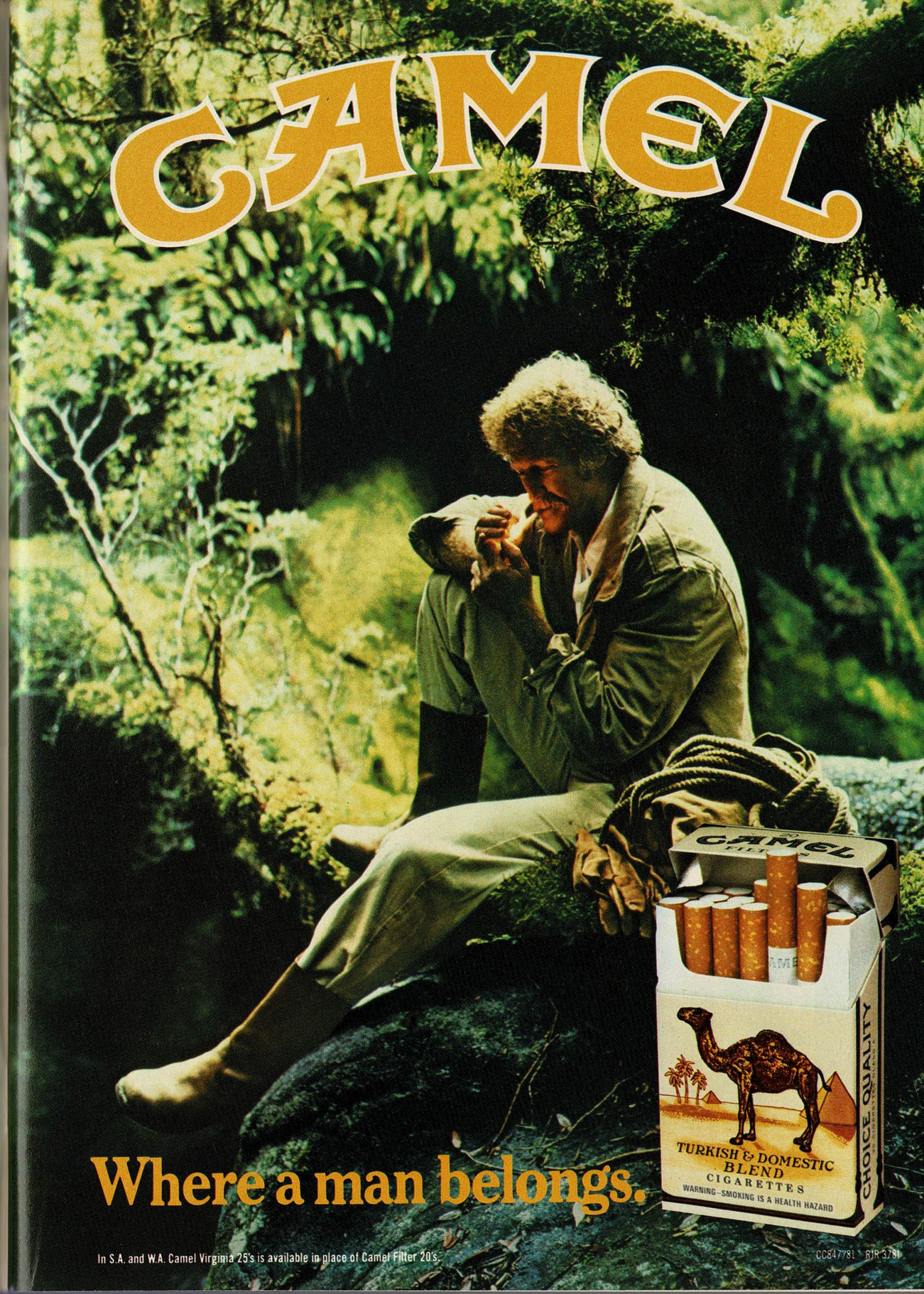
The following story appears to be gaining currency in the north and south. It was printed in *The Melbourne Truth* on January 14, but — and here's the giveaway — it was also sent to us by a Queensland reader in a letter dated January 5. It goes something like this:

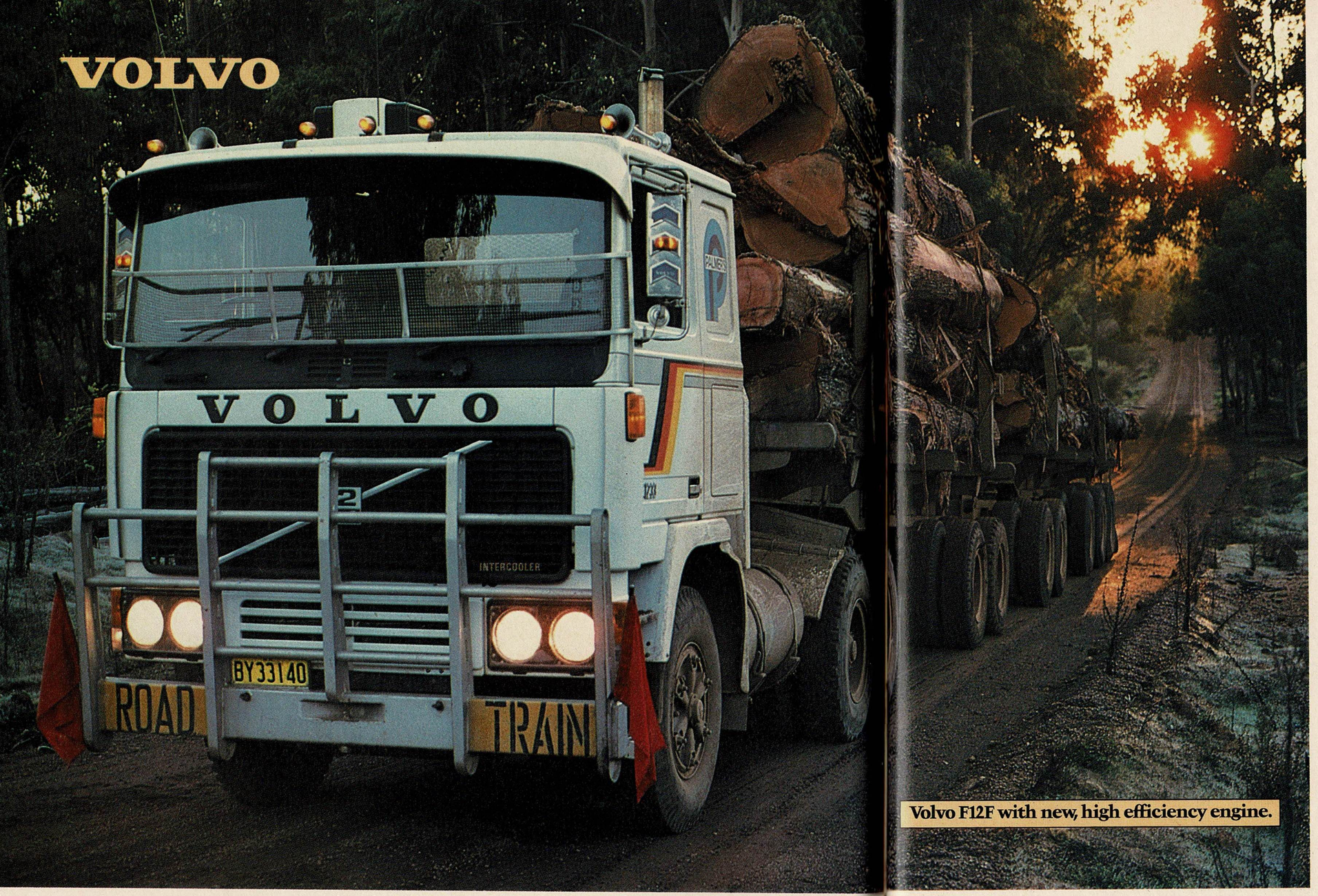
A Brisbane woman drove with her husband to a suburban shopping centre, where the car broke down. The husband told the wife to go shopping while he fixed the car.

When she returned, she found a knot of tittering people clustered round the car. Looking down she noticed a pair of male legs stretched out underneath the chassis. They were clad in shorts, but no underpants — and things were hanging out.

Embarrassed, the wife leaned down and tucked it all away. As she stood up, she suddenly noticed her husband standing on the other side of the car.

The repairman had to have three stitches inserted in his head.





Volvo F12F with new, high efficiency engine.

Big and mean.

Big on power. Mean on fuel. The F12F is a massive truck, built for heavyweight loads on line-haul or tough, up-country jobs. It is equipped with the new generation TD120F 6-cylinder Volvo diesel. This remarkable engine delivers 1570Nm torque from 385bhp. Mated to the matchless 12 speed Volvo SR70 gearbox, the engine utilises turbocharging right down the speed range to deliver maximum torque at very low engine speeds.

The advantages are many. Amazing fuel economy, in excess of 50 litres per 100 kilometres. "Amazing" is the word Truck and Bus used.

Smooth as silk operation that suits the relaxed and efficient professional driver. Understressed components that reduce servicing needs.

For over 55 years Volvo have shown that power and efficiency go hand-in-hand, so long as you drive a Volvo. The Volvo F12F and its remarkable engine have proved it again.

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SILVER VT580

TELEVISION

There are several questions that need to be asked about the double revival of *Beauty And The Beast* on the Ten and Seven networks, not the least important being why. A dozen answers come readily to mind, and as I sift through them there is one that, unhappily, emerges with a grotesque obviousness that is all but repellant.

This is the truism that television bosses tend to treat women with contempt, especially those women who are stupid enough to watch television in the afternoon when they could instead be indulging in long, gossip-strewn lunches in Toorak or Double Bay, which is what the television bosses themselves are doing.

Believe me, this is true. On frequent occasions I have heard senior executives, over their fifth or possibly ninth bottle of Bollinger, refer to women as "dumb bitches who'll watch anything".

Give 'em old movies. Give 'em repeats. And if you *must* manufacture your own shows, give 'em crap. (Maybe the reason for this lies in the fact that a number of senior executives are closet homosexuals — in one station the executive corridor is known as the "gay gallery" — but I don't intend to get involved here in a Freudian discussion.)

Some of the blame must, of course, fall on the women viewers, who do *not* storm the doors of the studios in protest, who do *not* write angry letters or reach furiously for their telephones. They simply cop it, as they do the exploitation of monopolistic food manufacturers and supermarkets.

So the stations are virtually encouraged to serve rubbish, in spite of the fine-sounding promises of intellectually stimulating programs they made when originally applying for their television licences. Of course, some may suggest that the *Mike Walsh Show* could be placed in a different category. I do not go along with that thinking. I hold the view that the *Mike Walsh Show* is nought but crap dressed in tinsel, like a package in a cheap lucky dip.

Another reason for the sudden revival of the *Beauty And The Beast* programs is that they cost damn little to produce. A check with the female members of the panels reveals that most are paid between $100 and $200 a show, not exactly the money of stardom. The beasts are paid around $400.

Yet another question to be answered involves the letters sent to the shows by members of the public. We are led to believe the public is so incompetent, so out of touch, so lacking in help from friends that it sends urgent inquiries on how to deal with wayward husbands and wives, passing affairs, troublesome children or the standard of cooking in the household.

In fact several panelists agreed that only about a third of the questions were genuine which, if true, would make both shows little more than confidence tricks.

I was once in a similar situation when, as a junior reporter on a weekend newspaper I was forced, under threat of the sack, to look after the Uncle Earnest advice column. It was a popular column with readers and I was required to fill a tabloid page with questions and advice, but I considered it a good week if I received more than two genuine letters. I made up the rest, always aiming one letter and subsequent advice at the particular young lady whose knickers I was trying to remove that week.

Like the so-called letters to *Beauty And The Beast*, it was probably harmless. But it was a fraud. (And, no, I could never be sure if it helped in the removal of knickers, although one young lady refused on the grounds that the advice of Uncle Earnest, whoever he was, must be ignored because he was obviously a degenerate.)

So *Beauty And The Beast* has returned twice-fold, a program that began with Eric Baume in 1963 and continued with such others in the beastly role as Stuart Wagstaff, Noel Ferrier, Rex Mossop, Don Lane, Ronnie Fraser, Alwyn Kurts and John Laws.

The Ten Network resurrected John Laws, a man whose sallow and sunken face indeed looks as if it has emerged from the grave. He sits in front of a shelf half-filled with obviously unused reference books, which in itself says much about the show. It is not researched, the panelists saying whatever comes into their heads, and one can only feel a certain sympathy for those who actually do write genuine letters.

John Laws looks bored as he faces the cameras. His panelists, who include Diana Fisher, once married to the Archbishop of Canterbury's son, Barbie Rogers, formerly an adornment in a quiz show, Margaret Throsby, of the ABC, Ena Harwood, an elderly person, and Ann Wills, a TV hostess, appear uptight, purse-lipped as they answer questions.

On the other hand, the Derryn Hinch version on the Seven Network has a more down-to-earth image, reinforced by such practical ladies as Suzy Jarrett, Noeline Brown and Geraldine Turner.

I'm less certain about some of the other panelists. There is, for instance, Denise Drysdale, who entered show business via the gyrations of a go-go dancer, and Jane Priest, whose main claim to fame is that she once, rather crassly, kissed Prince Charles for the benefit of photographers.

The Hinch show also has a person from Queensland called Vilma Ward who, coming from the northern State, is not well versed in the peculiarities of the human race. As Noeline Brown tells it: "The other day we had to advise someone about bondage and our Queensland panelist, Vilma Ward, didn't understand what it meant. She kept saying she couldn't understand how somebody could get their kicks being swathed in bandages."

That about sums up the two shows. And should you see someone dressed in bandages, like a refugee from a casualty ward, you'll know they've been watching *Beauty And The Beast*. Or gone berserk trying to find a resonably intelligent afternoon program — NEAL AKERMAN

BOOKS

Sixty years ago, in a country farmhouse near Gundagai, Hannah Jane Peden was found dead — her throat cut from ear to ear. She had lived and died a virtual nobody except to her family and relatives. So who kills a nobody? Her family or relatives? A maniac? Herself?

Lawyer, Tom Molomby's latest book *Who Killed Hannah Jane* (Potoroo Press) is not the whodunnit the title suggests, but it is the "psychological puzzle" that he mentions in the introduction. It's an account of the trial(s) of her husband, Arthur Peden (another nobody) who was convicted of her murder by a jury of his peers despite indications from the judge for a contrary finding. The evidence was circumstantial, her family's testimony hostile and obviously biased, and the opinions of the "experts" confused and confusing. Eventually a Royal Commission was required to reverse the jury's decision and set him free. If that's not impressive enough, then it should be added that there have been only four such Royal Commisions in the legal history of Australia.

Another thing that impresses is the death-dealing wound itself, and there's one of those ghastly photos of the corpse at which the book will always somehow open, revealing a hideous grin beneath the chin, scrubbed clean and clear for forensic examination. . .

"Her throat was cut from an inch behind one ear to an inch behind the other — a huge gash some 10¼ inches long, which was so deep that it nicked and bared the vertebral column in the neck, and came close to severing the head from the body."

A carotid artery had been cut and the jugular vein severed in two places. Would not any assailant have been drenched in blood? Would not the victim be cut substantially on the hands as they flew up to protect the throat? Or could such a deep slash be self-inflicted? Could someone have the strength to go on making such a cut, even as their life-blood spurted out of them? Stranger things have been known — one medical expert in the case related the story of a suicide who burnt himself to death over a candle "and got up now and again to write an account on his sufferings. . . to prove that suicides were not cowards". Hannah Peden had a long history of manic depression and a particular mania about her throat.

If this seems sensational, the book is not; it is a sober presentation of facts. Molomby has a higher reason for re-presenting the case. His point is that it highlights the serious inadequacies of the trial-by-jury system which remain to this day without a mechanism to correct ill-formed verdicts. Many innocent people have been imprisoned or even executed without the benefit of a Royal Commission to exonerate them. Regardless of the many unexplained aspects of the case (such as the whereabouts of the half-witted younger sister at the time of the death), what remains is the "reasonable doubt". This is central to Molomby's argument and it is the finding of the Royal Commission: "Such a degree of doubt as. . . to give the benefit of it and return a verdict of not guilty."

— PETER CULAINN

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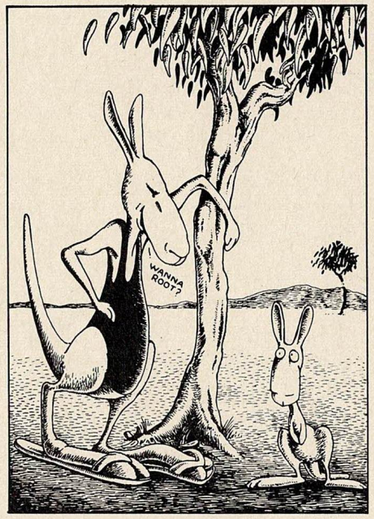

ROOMANCE

From the demented mind behind Bear Dinkum, *illustrooter Neil Curtis, comes* Roodimentary Roo Words, *a limited edition pocket book distributed by Lamella, 15 Harris Street, Paddington, 2021.*

Like good wines, some books become classics within their own time — stamped for greatness from the beginning. So it is with *Automobile Year,* released each year in limited numbers from the cloisters of Edita Lausanne, an exclusive Swiss publishing house. Like the liquid classics, such books become instant collector's items, their restricted issue eagerly snapped up by dedicated enthusiasts.

The latest issues (1980/81) has special significance for Australian collectors, as it is the record of the year in which Alan Jones secured the World Motor Racing Championship.

Unlike the other European slick super-glossies, *Automobile Year* has its bias tilted towards motor racing, the sport consuming three-quarters of its heavy art pages, leaving the minor part for a concise but incisive review of general motoring matters.

The Industry coverage is noteworthy for its introspective examination and imaginative analysis of cause and effect, trends, statistics, the oddball and the enigmatic. This issue picks out some influential zones — the rise of the Japanese industry, the ground-breaking novelty cars — and contrasts them spectacularly against the dreams and hopes, forged and forgotten, of yesteryear. In this respect the review of the replicar explosion in the US, and the fate and fortunes of the dream cars of the last decade are compelling studies. But it is the patient and detailed photographic analysis of the world's great motor races that fires the imagination and captivates the reader.

Automobile Year captures all the agony and ecstasy of motor racing's greatest moments on a brilliant canvas of color plates. The glamor circuits, the colorful circus, the drivers, the girls, those fatal moments when fortunes were won and lost — each one is brilliantly captured with living graphics from the world's top camera craftsmen.

Produced in the European super-size, this volume runs 240-odd pages of high-gloss art and words on some of the best paper stock issued for public consumption. A limited number of books is available from Karl Maier's Universal Publications at 45-47 Walker Street, North Sydney, NSW, 2060, the sole distributor who is accredited in the fly cover by the publishers. Maier also holds a limited number of back issues —which he sells modestly marked up (the 1978 issue which retailed then for $26 now costs $36). By comparison, collector copies are bringing more than double that and complete collections have realised thousands of dollars. The latest vintage, Volume No. 28, retails for a reasonable $47.50. It is a very good year.

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It seems there are persistent ego strains running through the hearts and souls of most modern men. Two obvious examples are lovemaking and driving — arts in which most automatically assume they are exceptionally well qualified. Frank Gardner pointedly excuses himself from dialogue on the first, but uses the example to underscore his analysis of driving talent in his entertaining book, *Drive to Survive.*

Gardner is about as well qualified as an author in this field could hope to be. He's a former multi-titled European touring car champion, car constructor, director of advanced motoring schools, tutor to the rich, famous, fast and wise. None of this is sufficient, of course, to have the slightest impact on a subject quite so droll as driving motor vehicles. What makes it work for Gardner is his marvellous sense of humor and his ability to impart information by anecdote rather than lecture.

Long recognised as motor racing's most laconic humorist, Gardner uses his

HOW TO CHOOSE A WINE WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

FOLLOWING the overwhelming response to the first edition of "Australian Wine Vintages", The Benson and Hedges Company are proud to announce the release of "Australian Wine Vintages – Second Edition".

Author Robin Bradley has designed it to be a superb complement to the first edition, rating an additional 170 wines and making it the most comprehensive and authoritative vintage wine reference available for those who appreciate and enjoy the pleasure of wine.

Some 330 of Australia's best wines are expertly rated by their makers for each vintage, and assessed for their best year for drinking.

Other features include an expanded rating scale, and comprehensive winery location maps in colour.

A wallet-size vintage area card is enclosed with each copy.

Whether one is browsing through a wine shop, entertaining at home, stocking a cellar, or perusing a restaurant wine list, "Australian Wine Vintages" is an invaluable guide to selecting the best.

This 100-page pocket-book edition is available in two versions: The Deluxe Edition, bound in brown English calf with 24 ct gold titling at $20 per copy, with the option of personalising at $1.00 extra; or the gold Soft Cover Edition at $7.50 per copy.

Prices include mailing and all handling costs. Orders will be accepted strictly in order of receipt. To ensure your copy, post the order form (situated on opposite page) to: "Australian Wine Vintages", The Benson and Hedges Company, G.P.O. Box 4515, Melbourne, Vic. 3001.

The **BENSON** *and* **HEDGES** *Company*
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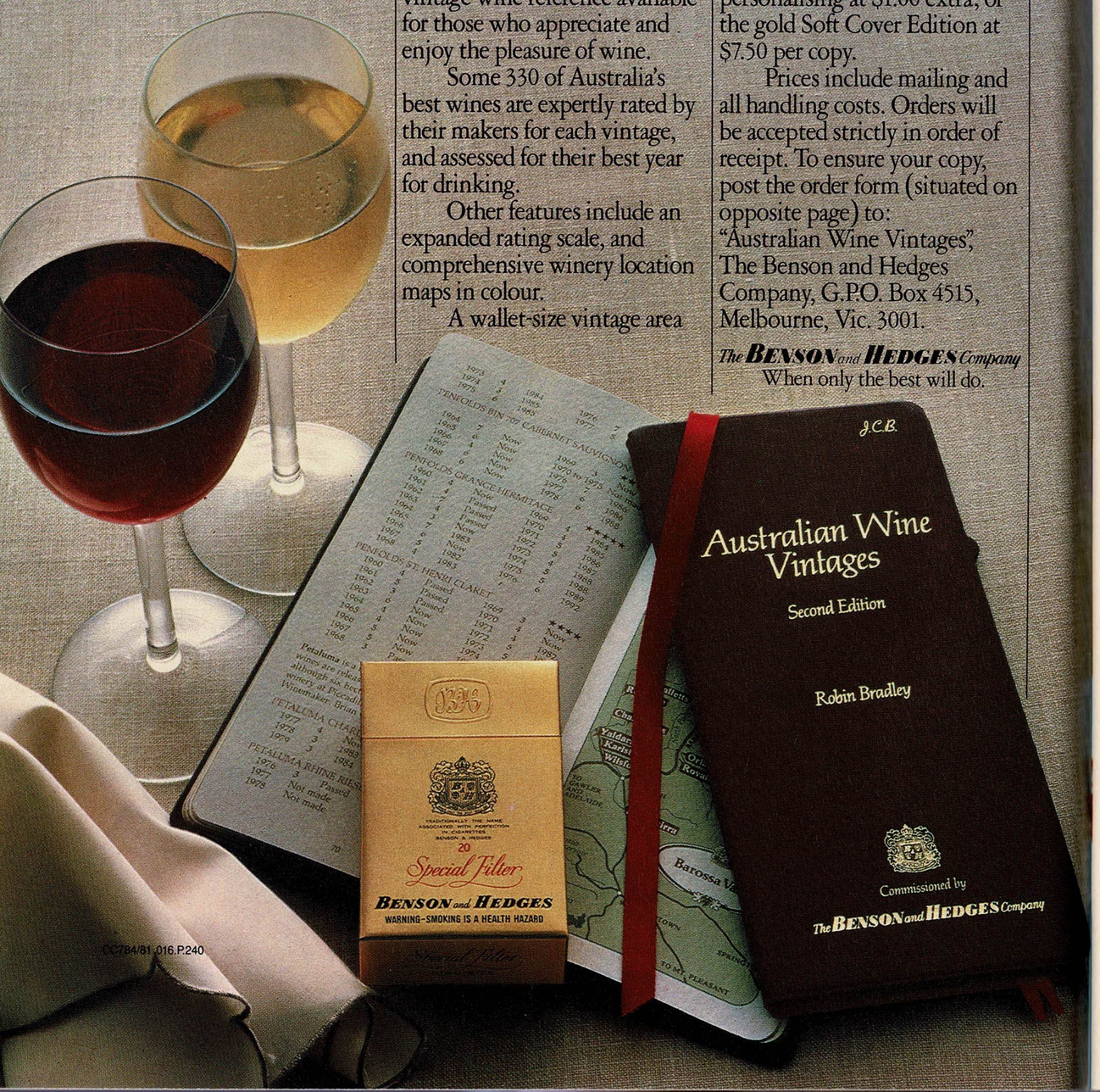

secondary skills to get the primary information across in the language of the street. Aided by some good cartoon stuff from the irrepressible and under-rated local automotive artist John Stoneham, the jabbing Gardnerese succeeds in breaking down a deadly dull subject into a compact (150-page) chunk of good old motoring entertainment.

It's all a matter of expression. In Gardner's dialect, people are not forced to brutally confront their inadequacies, but rather come around to read them the easy way. . .

"Even trees and poles have performed scientifically difficult feats of getting in the way of the driving skills of some individuals."

Having established the point that the driver might just be the major cause of most accidents, Gardner dissects bit by bit the ways in which the accident might be avoided in the first place. As Gardner says, the way in which many people, "spend a good deal of their time trying to drive inside other people's cars," is no laughing matter. By way of contradiction, you can spend the whole book laughing at the ways to avoid that sort of approach to driving. It's as entertaining as that.

Expect to have to find $9.95 (post paid) and a spare night towards saving your life. Formerly available from Avis (a sponsor) and other general outlets, the first 20,000 are now gone and it's into its second print. Apply to Drive Publishing Pty. Ltd., PO Box 303 Gordon, NSW 2072.

As motor racing events go, Bathurst's enduring sedan enduro is the Indianapolis and Le Mans of Australian competition. End of discussion. That's the justification for the title of a new book by Bill Tuckey, *Australia's Greatest Motor Race — the Complete History* (Lansdowne Press). History has a callous way of demolishing the best endeavors of mere mortals, and this one is already knocked over by the running of the 1981 event — which is not only not included in the book, but somewhat undermines the reputation of the event itself, due to the circumstances in which its full running was aborted.

Like many enthusiasts who have made the Annual Pilgrimage To The Mount, I have many fond memories of this great motor race. Unfortunately their re-collection in this book is buried in a morass of somewhat self-indulgent detail. This will ensure its enduring popularity with the great inner sanctum of motor racing — the drivers, crews, sponsors, organisers, pit pests and others who religiously scour the pages of monthly documents like *Racing Car News* in the hope of seeing their enterprises and activities faithfully recorded. But it is somewhat tedious digestion for the vast majority of the event's devotees — that curious mixture of class and rabble that goes to make-up around 50,000 reputed trackside observers each October and many hundreds of thousands (millions?) of television spectators. And in that respect, it has missed its mark as a popular work destined for volume consumption.

There has to be a reason why Bill Tuckey's purple prose, long regarded as some of the most entertaining writing in motor racing, fails to hit the reader between the eyes with its normal point-blank force. There is. It is called unashamed commercialism. It rears its ugly head on the fly cover in the form of blatant credits for the race's longest and strongest sponsor (now James Hardie) and marches steadfastly on through the book — not so much in the prose, which obviously aims at being true to events, but in the glossy color advertisements and the pervading feel that this is really a record of events designed to glorify its creators and perpetrators, a sort of luxury archive document.

Tuckey's talents deserve a better theatre for presentation, and the race deserves immortalisation in some more entertaining, and universally appealing medium.

— ROB LUCK

●

The beauty of the English language is that it travels damn well, a factor which gives William Jones' *The Great Australian Blue Joke Book* (Grass Roots Books) appeal far beyond these shores.

In compiling a stock list of thousands of jokes from which he culled a couple of hundred, Jones found that pubs were by far his most fertile grounds for research. That might account for his first wife's decision to divorce him on the grounds that he spent too much time at the bar.

The product of 15 years of liquid endeavor is embodied in this book and while many of the jokes are not Australian, Jones has liberally applied the local gift for form and lyric to embellish their telling. Editors of the PLAYBOY Party Jokes page are familiar with the skill required to convert that hilarious verbal thrust into snappy, written form, and Jones evidently possesses the gift.

The most obvious criticism stems from his selection of an older, traditional Australian style which says more of C.J. Dennis that Paul Hogan. However, this does litttle to detract from the content humor which surprises by offering a majority of tales new to this reviewer. His "butts" are as traditional as ever as depicted by the preface script which assures that "any similarity to bishops, vicars, parrots, commercial travellers, nuns, drunken sailors, elephants, alive or dead, is impurely coincidental."

That said, the reader can be sure Jones has not removed his tongue from the cheek several pages later when he advises the book should be stored in a safe place as collectors will later view it as a great contribution to Australia's Folkleer".

— NEIL JAMESON

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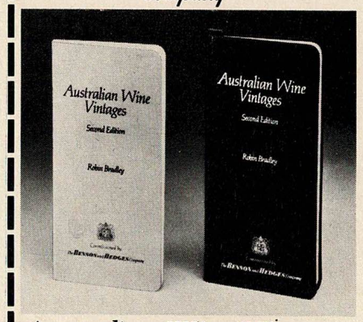

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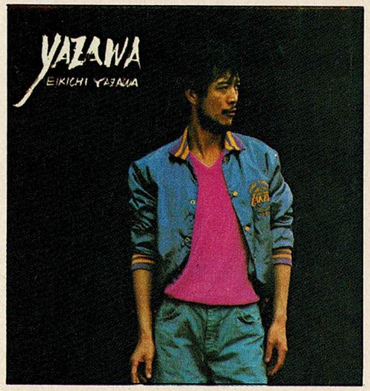
BENSON and HEDGES WORLD of WINE

016.P.264R2/P

It's fitting that Mushroom, faithful purveyors of the home-grown item, should be closely involved with the next leg of Mike Rudd's rock and roll career. Mike Rudd and the Heaters are on the Mushroom label for an album quizzically dubbed *The Unrealist*. We're not sure how unrealistic Rudd is these days. His reputation as the old, scarred rock and roller stemmed from his late Sixties, early Seventies experiences when the dominance of AM radio meant no-frills acts rarely got a fair run.

His Someday I'll Have Money, with its plaintive, prophetic pitch, highlighted his role as leader of Spectrum, a clever band which lived a Jekyll and Hyde existence by appearing on occasion with a different, wackier act under the tag of the Indelible Murtceps (Spectrum backwards). Later, in



Ariel, he copped great live acclaim but never cracked it in the studio.

Perhaps the durability of Ross Wilson (who he partnered years ago in a band called Party Machine) prodded him back into strong circulation because *The Unrealist* is an interesting return. Rudd led the three-man Heaters into Melbourne's Yarra Bank Studios, seconded the production talent of Howard Grable and Peter Walker for engineering and saw that it was whipped off to Trafalgar in Sydney for mixing.

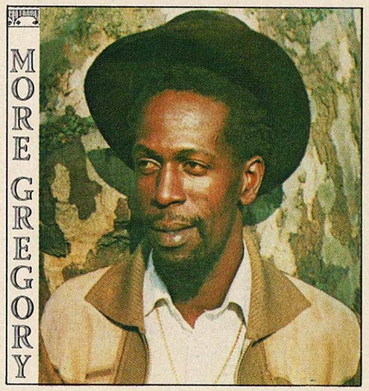
The impact comes from the simplicity of a four-piece band structuring a tight musical format around Rudd's creative songs. Keyboardist Tony Fossey, with his musical scope and support vocals, adds enough melodic depth to ensure Rudd's cynicism doesn't run away with the mood. Tracks like Keeping Your Distance depict Rudd as the battle-scarred veteran, but I'm An Animal hints at renewed grit and rock and roll optimism.

●

Writers Kerry Crabbe and Daryl Runswick have taken a rough biographical theme devised by the singer and crafted it into the 12 tracks of Cleo Laine's latest album *One More Day* (Sepia). The effect is an album of rare balance because it melds the mood of a wondrously gifted vocalist with a continuous theme so obviously close to her own heart.

Cleo Laine has worked with many fine musicians, sometimes on a one-to-one basis to highlight the virtuoso skills of singer and player, and sometimes to project her brilliance against the versatility of a large band or orchestra. Here she is offered lavish support with a range of electric and acoustic players supported by strings, a brass section, woodwind and four backing vocalists.

Runswick, who wrote the music, joined producer Ken Gibson for the musical arrangements and between them they have extracted the guile, depth and startling versatility that are the trademarks of a Laine performance.



The music is a journey in itself, plotting mirth and pathos of awkward school days to the questions posed by maturitiy. Such is the lyrical skill of Kerry Crabbe that it is hard to imagine anyone but Cleo Laine, with her perfectionist pronunciation, doing it credit.

The album is laced with highlights. Laine is memorable roistering through the rough-edged lyrics of Tomboy or waxing philosophic on The Year Is Gone. Listen how comfortably Tony Coe's clarinet and sax solos frame the vocals and daub the Runswick-Crabbe tapestry with greater texture.

With Laine's maturity heralding even richer moments for that fabulous voice, *One More Day* demands a place among any Cleo Laine collection.

●

Examining the 1981 chart charges by such US schlock-rock acts as REO Speedwagon and Styx, it's hard to believe Sad Cafe don't have a better grip on the greasy pole of sales success. The Manchester-based band opened in Australia with *Facade* and have maintained their confrontationist stance with *Ole* (Polydor), complete with artwork of an angry tin bull.

The reference to Speedwagon and Styx is not to parallel Sad Cafe's music with that of the US acts, but merely to mention if those guys can warrant so much attention, then surely their more inventive British counterparts can do likewise.

Sad Cafe's appeal flows from the writing of vocalist Paul Young, keyboardist Vic Emerson and guitarist Ian Wilson. This is inventive, rock-based music fuelled along by twin layers of acoustic and electric textures. The band have the guts to welcome guest players aboard for the journey and the total effect is one of power with poise.

Don't make the mistake of comparing their originality with anything as lofty as Supertramp's, but the standard of playing is more than worthy and Young's moody vocals grip the imagination.

Sad Cafe's relative obscurity has more to do with the fact that they don't fit a classic British vogue than their all-round ability. Thankfully, many of those dumb rules don't apply within the Australian context, so you've our permission to sample Sad Cafe any time you like.

●

Check the credit lines of some better reggae albums and it's no surprise to note Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare rate a mention. Jamaica's rhythm supremos have padded out the syncopation on a rash of reggae albums, and their power off the isle has attracted the patronage of other performers including Grace Jones and Ian Dury. They back Gregory Isaacs on three tracks of his *More Gregory* album (Charisma), a collection of uncluttered tunes which escort the form back towards its roots.

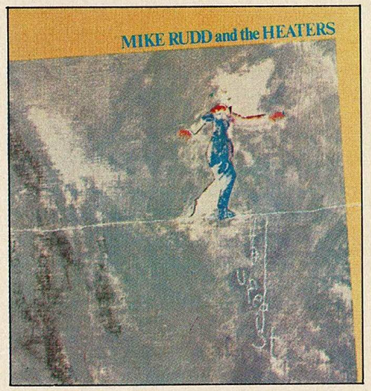
If reggae has suffered from the demands of "Babylon" or pandering too much to white commercial taste, Isaacs and his backing band, the Radic, have accomplished a reversal. Now that Island's infatuation with reggae is not as strong as it was four or five years ago, the UK-based Charisma label has taken the option on some of the post-Marley stars.

The result is a more simplistic, yet romantically based format which deals less in the strong socio-political ideology of "dem belly ful but we hungry" but opts for a broader, emotive style.

If I Don't Have You, with Dunbar and Shakespeare in support, is a perfect example of Issacs' well-rounded technique, and he fills it out when accompanied by the Radic on Permanent Lover and Hush Darling. Isaacs uncluttered arrangements and tight production are appealing and support the belief that reggae was never really intended as a vehicle for superstars.

●

The tremendous cultural influence of Western rock on the musical taste and subsequent expression of the Japanese is embodied in *Yazawa* (WEA). As the first



album from Eikichi Yazawa to surface through Australian channels it could finish as one of the more surprising albums of the year. Japan has won its rock and roll rating for the eagerness with which the local fans buy albums or snap up concert tickets for established Western stars.

But Eikichi Yazawa has taken the system almost full circle by bobbing up in Los Angeles to record an album of astonishing musical depth and texture.

The Japanese have a habit of perfecting almost every Western development and Yazawa's credits stem principally from his ability to impress Western musicians with the quality of his writing.

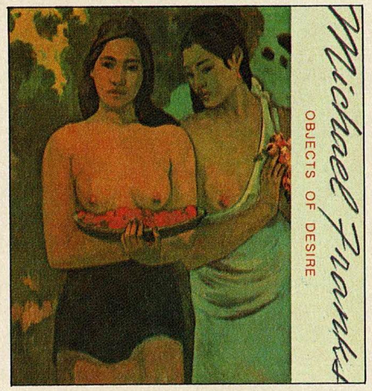
Bobby Lakind and Paul Barrere have adapted the English lyrics to Yazawa's music, but it is the Japanese writer and vocalist who takes on the task of putting them to voice. As producer-arrangers, Lakind and Barrere were partially responsible for bringing Yazawa's work in contact with some of the best West Coast musicians including much of the Doobie Bros line-up. Consequently, they've produced a bit of honest rock, boogie, rhythm and blues with the odd lush layer of funk.

It takes Lakind and Barrere to provide the final twist in the tale by adding Kokoro, the only track not written by Yazawa, and the one with the strongest Japanese influence.

●

Cozy Powell, flamboyant drummer from a rock generation which has all but slid by, has grabbed a portion of the past and present to mould *Tilt* (Polydor). Produced by Powell and Guy Bidmead and recorded in England last year, the album and Powell's status in the British rock and roll community has roped in an assortment of players who don't constitute a band but more a collection of musicians held together by Powell's direction.

The work is neatly divided into an A side of vocal treatments backed by a flipside of instrumentals.



The material itself projects *Tilt* into the don't-miss-this class, but the impression here is that the album is almost entitled to sell on the reputations of its players. Count 'em: Jeff Beck, Jack Bruce, Gary Moore, vocalist Elmer Gantry plus brilliant keyboardist John Cook. Powell doesn't confine himself to that format but weaves it all around a variation of line-ups which at times might support Frank Aiello's vocals or showcase the sax playing of Mel Collins.

Living A Lie, five-and-a-half-minutes highlighting the combined writing skills of Powell, Don Airey and guitarist Bernie Marsden, is the earcatcher on the vocal stretch and its lengthy, non-commercial strength is a suitable tailpiece on the preceding rhythm and blues and sheer rock energy.

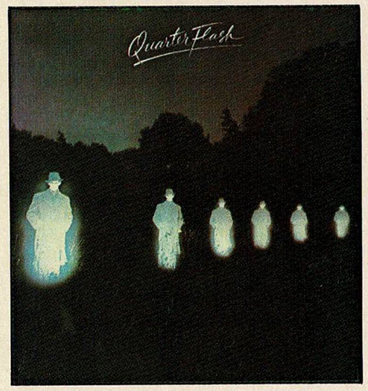
It is also a fitting preparation for the blues/jazz influences to follow from Bruce and Beck on Cat Moves and Hot Rock, and the stinging clarity of Moore's lead playing on The Blister. — NEIL JAMESON

●

It was a pleasure to play the new Michael Franks album, *Objects Of Desire* (Warner Bros), for the first time because I knew it would be good. No disappointments, no radical change in style, just Franks doing what he does best. This time he's a little heavier, but there's still the style, feel and musicianship one expects from a Franks album, and gets.

Objects is probably the best album he's done in years and, as usual, he's gathered some of the finest players to help out. Standout performances include David Sanborn's alto sax on Love Duet and Tahitian Moon, Bonnie Raitt's duet on Ladies' Nite, and Larry Carlton's guitar work. Add to this the talents of Joe Caro, Randy and Michael Brecker, Victor Feldman, Steve Khan, etc, beneath Franks' distinctive writing and vocal style, and you have a great album.

The album cover is also exceptional — it features Paul Gauguin's *Two Tahitian Women*. One of my favorite painters and



one of my favorite performers together on the same album. Amazing!

●

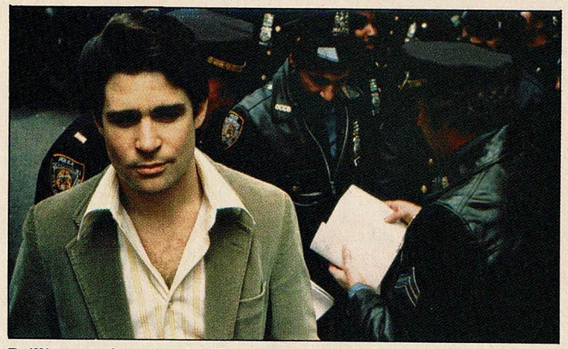
Quarter Flash is an American group who sound like Fleetwood Mac with a bit of Pretenders thrown in. Their album, *Quarter Flash* (Geffen Records through CBS), which was produced by hit-maker John Boylan, is predictable but well done —enjoyable listening with no great demands. This slick, commercial production will certainly establish the group here. — CAROL ASHDOWN

SHORT CUTS

Graham Bonnet, still one of Britain's better rock singers, gets back into stride with *Line-Up* (Vertigo). And what a line-up it is. Shades of Rainbow and other heavy acts with Cozy Powell on drums, Jon Lord (keyboards), Micky Moody (guitars) and Gary Twigg (bass).

Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret (Mercury) is a lush, steamy album from Soft Cell who made such a success of their revamped version of Tainted Love, a single lifted from this set. The album is sometimes bizarre, humorous and funky but never dull.

MOVIES



Brilliant performance by Treat Williams in Prince Of The City.

Sally Field and Paul Newman in Absence Of Malice.

The New York Police Department's Special Investigating Unit was never known to apologise for the brutal methods that guaranteed its performance. The same can be said of Sidney Lumet's brain-snapping movie, *Prince Of The City,* nearly three hours of a walk on the wild side that leaves you with more misgivings about human nature than you'd get from a 10-year jail term.

Prince Of The City closely chronicles the fate of former SIU cop Bob Leuci — identified in the film as Daniel Ciello — on whom the sky fell in when he decided to go straight. An average, routinely corrupt narc, Leuci chose to assist the Knapp Commission investigating police corruption and, unwittingly, wrecked the lives of more than 50 members of his own unit.

Lumet's fan flings shit out over the wall into civilian street. The moral complexity of law enforcement lands squarely in the lap of every member of his audience. Lumet's contention is that the protected sector of society can't dictate a code of behavior to those who have to do the protecting. "We're all that stand between you and the jungle," explodes Ciello defending his colleagues.

Prince Of The City is tough on everyone, not the least Treat Williams who, as Ciello, brilliantly portrays a man with the personal dilemma of carrying on his shoulders a whole social dilemma. It is a microscopic investigation of a man on a wildly out-of-control emotional roller-coaster ride. . .a man struggling to cope with the torment of a moral blackout. Williams is superb, a mixture of blind anguish and naive cockiness that stands up to a study so penetrating it invades the very fabric of his character.

But there is no mistaking Lumet as the architect of the film's success. Director and co-author of the screenplay, he masters the magic of involving the audience not only in a totally-absorbing human drama but in the complex moral issues that nag for an answer long after the film is over. If a few twists in the storyline leave you stranded, don't fret. . .authenticity is not always as convenient as a manufactured plot.

In 1978, Australian director Phil Noyce stole a few claps of thunder when his modestly-produced *Newsfront* took the honors from the big names. *Heatwave,* his new film, comes to us with a $1.6 million budget and a lot of expectations, and Noyce makes a pretty honest endeavor to justify both. It is a powerful film which stands up to a social issue that had stirred up the community in which he operates.

Heatwave also marks something of a breakthrough for Australian cinema for, instead of championing the "Fair Go Digger" idealism of the Brave Young Nation, *Heatwave* takes a long, hard stare at the capitalistic immorality that prevails in a big city getting bigger. It is a classic urban class struggle identifiable to many as Sydney's Victoria Street battle which involved a similar unpleasant interaction between developer, union and resident action group.

Noyce involves his audience by striking a spark from the flint-and-stone central characters Steven West (Richard Moir), the architect of a huge housing scheme, and Kate Dean (Judy Davis), a committed urban activist. Unfortunately, the architect of the screenplay's plot is almost baroque in his intricacy and many a coffee bar hour will be spent unravelling the nooks and crannies of unexplained intrigue. What we are aware of, is that they're being sucked into a vortex of violence that sooner or later is going to dump someone down the gurgler.

In many ways, the tension of this inevitable fate is nicely sustained by the hopefully-intentional device of snatching at events and characters by the ends of their threads. The soundtrack adds to the impression that much of the film is being improvised in the style of Altman's *California Split.*

Judy Davis will neither be remembered nor forgotten for this performance, and Moir gives notice that, maybe, next time. Noyce is happy to explain it away as "a mosaic of social realism and surrealism". . . and tell us about his next project, *The Umbrella Woman,* filmed around Peter Kenna's first screenplay.

Sydney Pollack's *Absence Of Malice* is a sort of Forgive-Us-Our-Press-Passes study of the moral complexity of modern journalism. There are parallels to be found in *Prince Of The City,* but where Lumet's work achieves epic proportions, Pollack is satisfied to treat his as a damn good story in the style of his *Three Days Of The Condor. Absence Of Malice* questions the moral dilemmas raised by the power of the press. Journalist Kurt Luedtke's screenplay introduces us to the torment of a man who opens his paper and finds he is a headline. . .under investigation by an unknown agency for unknown reasons.

The by-line on the story belongs to a journalist who becomes just as much a victim of her scoop.

A ruthless federal investigator has masterminded the bogus investigation and cunningly organised the news leak to see if it flushes out any activity.

Paul Newman as Michael Gallagher and Sally Field as Megan Carter volley lines like Borg and McEnroe as protagonists in the classic confrontation of tenacious journalist and reluctant subject. As the story develops, the balance of power shifts until all involved become victims.

Absence Of Malice is a strong, demanding film that illuminates the conflict between private rights and public interest. All concerned in the intelligent plot feel justified in the liberties they take with democracy. . . and all fall victim of the same conflict. "It's not true," Megan Carter explains to a newspaper colleague assigned to tidy up the scandal, ". . .but it's accurate."

Director Pollack is well served by a splendid cast with notable contributions from Wilford Brimley, Melinda Dillon and Bob Balaban. Brimley also gets some of the best lines in a laconically-witty script. Faced with the awesome implications of the incident, which someone terms "a leak", Brimley retorts: "Last time there was a leak like this, Noah started building a boat!"

— ROBIN INGRAM

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

My girlfriend is soon to move up here to the air base where I am stationed, and is bringing her best friend with her. The problem is that her friend and I once spent the night together, before I met my girlfriend, though it wasn't anything special. The friend, who is 18, some time later asked if I had said anything about the incident to my girlfriend, and when I said that I hadn't, she made a big point of wanting to keep it a secret. I had the feeling that she was trying to manipulate me, so I decided to tell my girlfriend the whole story and get it out of the way. My girlfriend was quite understanding, but her friend then seemed to become determined to break us up, spreading rumors and half truths about me. The result was that my little lady, who had earlier been so keen to join me up here, put off coming for a while, and even cancelled arrangements she'd made to transfer with her job, putting herself in a very difficult position with her employers. I'm not sure whether the friend has done all this out of jealousy over me, or because she cannot spend as much time with my girlfriend as she once did. I also don't know how an 18-year-old girl can have such a strong influence on a woman of 23. Can you suggest any way to politely, but effectively deal with the problem? — B.G., Qld.

Never mind trying to be polite. You have probably been too amiable and understanding already, with the result that your lady's rather mixed-up friend has been able to involve you in her childish games. The fact that you once spent a night with her, before you'd even met your present girlfriend should be of no importance to anyone. That your girlfriend knows about it makes the game-playing even more ridiculous. You have every right to be fed up with what is going on, and it is time you made this clear to all concerned. If the relationship you have with your girlfriend is a solid one, then you will not be putting it at risk by taking a firm stand, and you will remove the danger of further humiliation.

Just the other day I got the disastrous news that I have contracted herpes simplex. As you can imagine, I'm not exactly bubbling over with good cheer about it. Now, to make matters more complicated, I can't work out exactly who I got it from, so perhaps you could give me some information about this rotten complaint. I can narrow it down to three women with whom I've gone to bed in the past four months. Before that there was a long gap in my sex life. I haven't seen the first woman for a couple of months, and second for a few weeks, but was seeing the third only a couple of weeks before my herpes was diagnosed. —P.J., Vic.

An outbreak of herpes can occur anywhere between one day and about three weeks after sexual contact, though the average incubation time is six days. This suggests that your most recent lady was the one who gave it to you. There are cases, though, of a person contracting the disease without the symptoms showing up at all. They may carry it round for many months, without knowing about it. It is just possible, therefore, that one of your earlier partners passed it on to you, and out of consideration for them, you could have a quiet word about the matter.

saunas are great if you don't overdo it.

Could you please give me some information about saunas and spas. I've been going to a health club quite regularly over the past few months, and using both the spa and the sauna a lot. I really enjoy them, but I've started to wonder whether they could be doing my body some harm. After the sauna I sometimes feel very drowsy, and after the spa feel as if I'm starting to shrivel up. Do you think there are many risks involved? — L.S., NSW.

If you are already in reasonably good health, and don't overdo your sessions in either the spa or the sauna, there should be no risk involved, and you are likely to feel invigorated and refreshed afterwards. It is worth remembering however, that both are unnatural environments, and you could take some time to adapt to them. The extreme heat will naturally raise your body temperature, and perhaps also affect your blood pressure. You will also lose a great deal of salt and water through perspiration. Try cutting down the length and frequency of your sessions for a while, and see what the effects are. You can then gradually build up again, until you reach the right level for you.

At 55, I am able to look back on a full and satisfying sex life. But while I now find the mental urge still as strong as ever, the physical response lower down has lately been quite lacking. Some time after my wife and I divorced, I employed a female housekeeper, a very westernised Asian lady of about 35. After some months she began living at my house, though I didn't intend it to turn into a de facto relationship, partly because I knew that she was very proper, and strongly religious. However one day, out of the blue, she offered to "pleasure me" as she called it, because she didn't think I had any women friends (which was untrue) and felt sorry for me. She stirred me up, and I responded in kind, though she refused me entry, other than with manual massage, saying that she was still a virgin (in spite of having once been married). I found that strange, especially as she was obviously very experienced, and gave me the best oral sex I've ever had. This happened a number of times, though always she would go back and spend the night in her own room. She has since returned to her homeland, and now, 12 months later, I still find myself unable to raise a strong enough erection to achieve penetration. I am now reluctant even to make the approach, which is causing some problems between me and my female friends. My doctor, who knows me well, has run out of possible causes, but it all seems to lead back to when my housekeeper left. I am very healthy, and still have a strong sex urge, but the only time I get a real erection is early in the morning when there is no one to share it with. I am not ready to retire from sex just yet, so I would like your advice. — K.L., Qld.

If, as you say, you are still capable of achieving a substantial erection under certain conditions, it is reasonable to assume that your problem stems from your attitude to sex, rather than from any physical defect. Your housekeeper sounds like a very strange lady, and the interlude with her must have been both exciting and mysterious. You may, in your relations with the women you know, be still expecting the bizarre, and if their tastes and appearance happen to be fairly conventional, it would not be surprising if you found yourself unable to fully rise to the occasion. Try to remember that any sexual encounters you may have are to be enjoyed for their own sake, now, not compared with highlights from the past.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HIGH PRAISE

I was thrilled to see your publication devote a few pages to the marijuana issue — A Potted History of Pot (February).

For too long, debate about this matter has been unnecessarily charged with over-zealous emotion which has achieved nothing but an obsolete law of prohibition.

Prohibition assures the criminal mafioso-style, large crop vendors of a continuing market and illegal profits. It inhibits, however, the hundreds of thousands of private users — tax-paying citizens — from enjoying a smoke when they see fit.

Ignorance and pot's political combustibility appear to be the major hurdles facing pro-marijuana lobbyists. The SA Royal Commission into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs (1979) cost close on one million dollars to conduct. Among its findings came the recommendation that individuals be allowed to cultivate cannabis for their own use. It took the then Premier, Mr Corcoran, 10 minutes to dismiss all the findings of this highly expensive and time-consuming exercise.

This was a great pity, as legalised personal cultivation would eliminate the need for illegal, exploitive and monopolistic marijuana conglomerates that often have heroin and other hard drug affiliations.

The removal of the archaic laws prohibiting marijuana would logically expose heroin traffickers, end black-marketeering in pot, allow police to deal more effectively with real crime and allow those in society who enjoy their pot to do so without fear of persecution.

Boy, imagine what a high that would be!

R. Harrison,
Seaview Downs, SA.

PRIORITIES

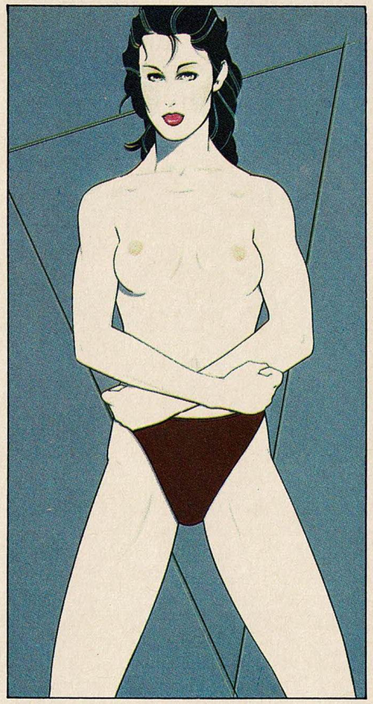
In reference to Hank Lawton's article, The Other Thriller in Manila, (January). I fail to see how any female could hold my interest for 12 hours.

Any horny paperback, whether fiction or non-fiction, will almost always tell of hours or even days of grunts and groans, screams, sighs, deep breathing and various positions.

I am not complaining. I know that sex is a wonderful thing. Something I indulge in myself as often as possible. But. . . 12 hours? Obviously, these people do not allocate their daily and nightly entertainment correctly.

A day's event should, in my view, be as follows:

The morning should be spent in preparing for the day's telecast of play at the Gabba or MCG, icing the tinnies, warming the Chikos, and cooling the already heated female.



Lunch, depending on the number of wickets taken or lost, the amount of runs scored or how much of the Esky's contents you've consumed, is the time to run into the bedroom to your companion — who has previously been provided with a timetable slipped under the locked bedroom door — have a quick "experience" and be back in the chair by one o'clock.

At 5pm (Queensland time), an hour should be spent before dinner in either sheer delight or deep depression, depending on Greg Chappell's batting average.

Then, a full three hours of lovemaking is at your disposal before the highlights at 10pm.

I ask you — would you rather see Australia score runs or waste your time looking at something you *know* is going to be there in the morning anyway?

I suppose it's a case of each to his own, but I believe that unless The Marathon Orgasm becomes a world event, Australia should be supporting the Dennis Lillees and not the long-distance screwers.

Yours till 10am (Queensland time).

J. Gain,
Buderim Mountain, Qld.

GOING SPARE

A few weeks ago, I read your article on the spare parts business. I would like to put forward a few ideas regarding the price difference between genuine parts and your K-Mart prices.

Firstly, when you are buying a set of distributor points from K-Mart have you ever asked a technical question like, "Could you tell me the point setting?" Well I can tell you the answer: "Fucked if I know, why don't you ask your local Holden dealer down the road."

Secondly, you mentioned in the article purchasing a set of mud flaps. A few months ago, I also purchased a set of mud flaps from good old K-Mart, and I can tell you the first thing I had to do was buy a complete set of nuts and bolts to mount the flaps as the fitting kit supplied was as weak as cat's piss. If the bolts didn't strip in the nuts, the self-tapping screw heads fell off when you attempted to tighten them.

Lastly, I would like to say that K-Mart etc, mainly only carry fast-moving items such as plugs, points filters etc. So where do we go when we want such things as crankshafts, mudguards, pistons etc?

We go to our local genuine dealer who is expected to carry all the slow moving shit that K-Mart will not carry because they don't make a quick dollar.

I could go on and on as there are a dozen and one reasons why K-Mart and the like can sell parts at a cheaper price but I just wanted to clarify a few points. I still believe experience, knowledge and, more importantly, quality come before low prices.

Ray Barwick,
Ingleburn, NSW.

SURVEYS AND FREEWAYS

Your report on the Dos and Don'ts of Hi-Hi (March) was a very constructive and relevant article. I think it would be a good idea if PLAYBOY regularly ran reports of this nature, dealing with popular consumer commodities such as video equipment, cameras etc. I'm not suggesting that you enter into the sort of hard-core comparative surveys run by *Choice* magazine, but I do feel that authoritative reports such as the one I'm mentioning have a definite place in your intelligent and entertaining magazine.

I don't, however, think there's any place for comments such as those about squatto-cracy made by J.B. of Drummoyne in March Forum. Surely we must do everything possible to preserve what history and heritage we do have in this country. I do agree that the squatters should be turfed out, but I don't concur that the old buildings should be torn down in the process — particularly so that an ugly sweep of concrete can take their place. Must the burial of our precious heritage be the price of progress?

S.D.,
Summer Hill, NSW.

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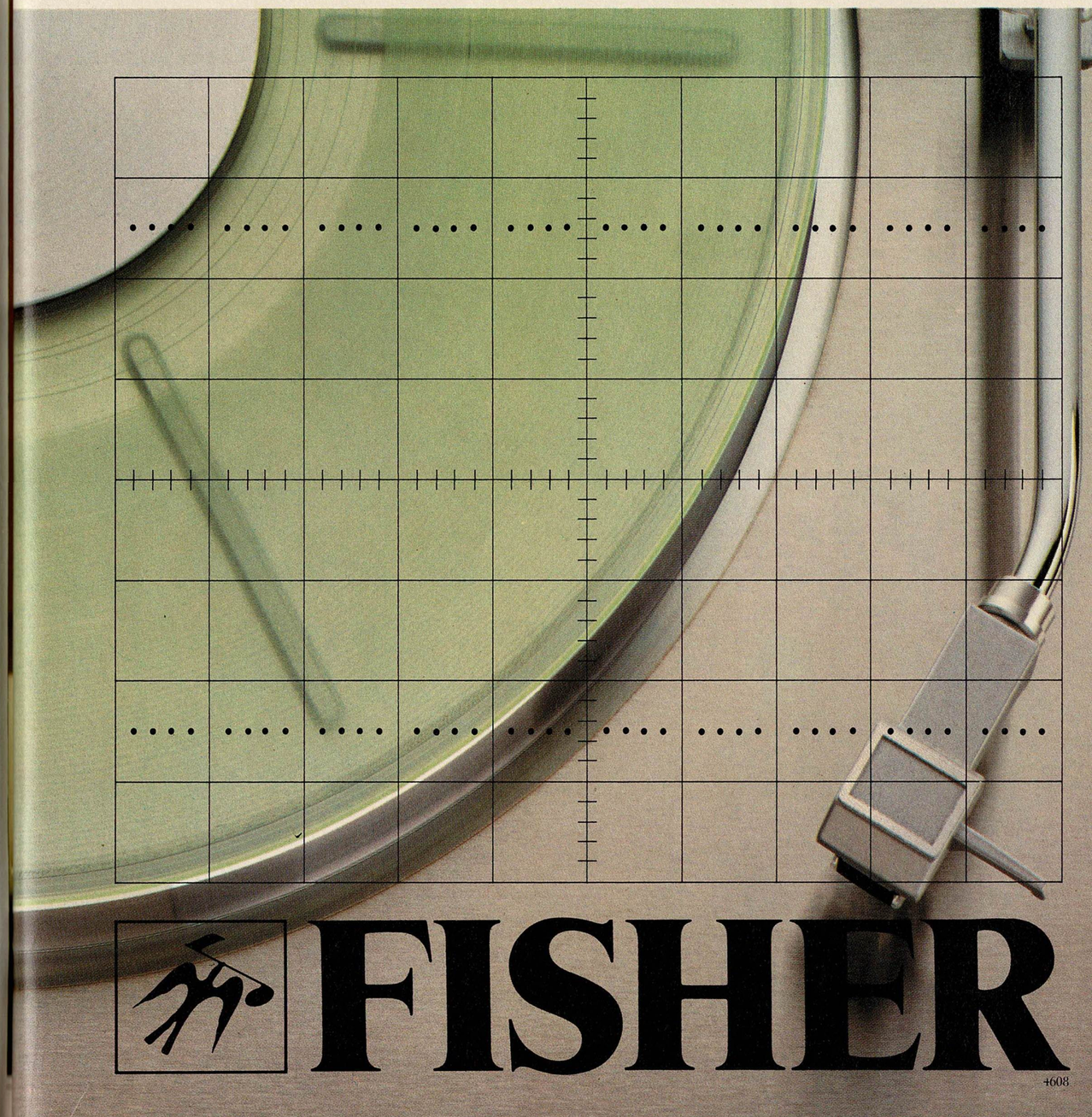
Fisher made the first dynamic range expander back in 1939.

The first transistorised preamplifier/equalizer in 1956. Fisher also introduced the first stereophonic AM/FM receiver in 1959.

But if you have not heard what we've been up to lately, we suggest you get along to a Fisher retailer. At your retailer you'll find some products that not only sound familiar. They sound fantastic. **The first name in hi-fidelity.**



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PATTY HEARST

a candid conversation about kidnapping, brainwashing and bank robbery with the young heiress who was once the world's most famous fugitive

Before the night of February 4, 1974, few people had heard of Patricia Campbell Hearst. To those who knew her, she was a 19-year-old Berkeley college student majoring in art history and living with her fiance, Steven Weed, 24, a graduate student in philosophy. Her family, of course, which controls America's largest privately-owned media-and-land conglomerate, is well-known, not least because of the exploits of Patricia's grandfather, the publishing tycoon immortalised in Citizen Kane. *But until that night, Patricia's own concerns didn't extend beyond the butterflies she felt over her impending high-society wedding.*

Then, abruptly, her life turned upside down and her name became a household word. Kidnapped from her apartment and thrown into the trunk of a car, she disappeared for 19 months, and the question "Where is Patty Hearst?" became a national guessing game.

Her abductors were a group of eight people led by ex-convict Donald DeFreeze, known as Cinque, who called themselves the Symbionese Liberation Army. They first achieved notoriety by claiming responsibility for the November 6, 1973, slaying of Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster. Two of the original SLA group — Joe Remiro and Russell Little — had been arrested for the murder.

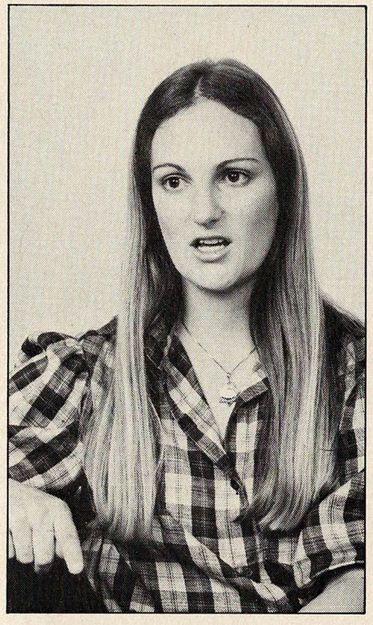
As Hearst would later tell it, she was originally kindapped as a way of releasing Remiro and Little — a political swap, in other words — but when her kidnapping caused a world-wide sensation, the SLA changed its objective. Thus began an extraordinary year and a half — for Patricia Hearst and for America.

For 57 days, this child of affluence and privilege was kept bound and blindfolded in a small closet as the SLA demanded "reparations" for poor people and issued statements to the media. Then came an astonishing announcement: Patricia Hearst, according to her own taped statement, had decided to join her captors and fight against the "corporate ruling class": "I have been given the choice of being released in a safe area or joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army and fighting for my freedom and the freedom of all oppressed people. I have chosen to stay and fight. . . I have been given the name Tania, after a comrade who fought alongside Che [Guevara] in Bolivia. . . I have learned how vicious the pig really is, and [my] comrades are teaching me to attack with even greater viciousness."

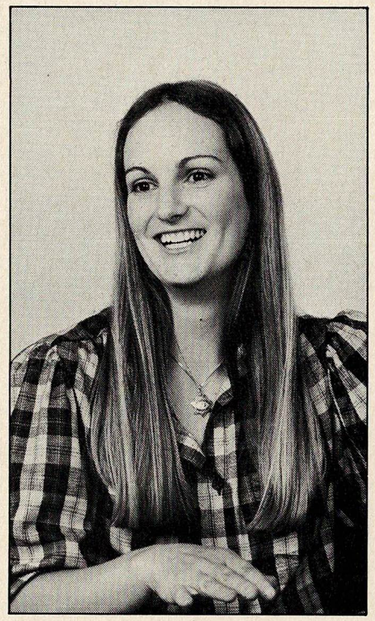
A short time later, another shock: the SLA, armed with automatic weapons, robbed the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, wounding one person. There, as photos taken by the bank's cameras later revealed, was Patty Hearst, holding a weapon and covering her comrades. Her conversion was apparently real. As Patty would later testify, Cinque moved the group shortly after the bank robbery to Los Angeles, where they holed up in a "safe house" in a black neighborhood. Cinque sent his "soldiers" out on practice missions in three-person teams, and it was on one such expedition that Patty and her team members, Emily and Bill Harris, emerged again into the public spotlight. It was also the last time the three of them would see the rest of the SLA alive.

Outside a Los Angeles sporting-goods store, Bill Harris was caught shoplifting and was wrestled to the sidewalk. In a van across the street, Tania "instinctively" reached for her automatic weapon and opened fire. Bill and Emily Harris escaped and the three took off, abandoning their van, hijacking another vehicle and eventually fleeing to a motel in Anaheim, near Disneyland, where they were to await a rendezvous with their comrades. In the motel room, they switched on the TV to witness the LA police and the FBI shooting their safe house into flames and smoke, killing all of the other SLA members.

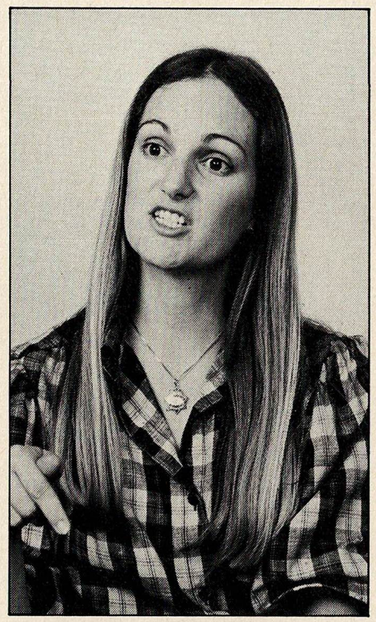
The remaining three embarked on what has become known as "the missing year". Squabbling among themselves, they returned to San Francisco, where they met Jack Scott, a sportswriter and radical sympathiser, who had previously helped another fugitive,



"It would have been crazy for me not to have joined the SLA, because they would have killed me."



"I was more scared when I started realising they weren't going to ask for money for ransom. It was so hopeless then."



"I'm not talking about compassion for my fellow man; I'm talking about total hatred for two specific people."

Wendy Yoshimura. Scott offered to get them to New York and set them up at his Pennsylvania farmhouse. The agreed and Scott, along with his parents, personally drove Tania to New York.

The odyssey continued, eluding the FBI as they moved from their Pennsylvania hide-out to one in the New York Catskills and then back west again to Las Vegas and Sacramento. Though separated many times from her companions, Patty made no attempt to escape — and, indeed, never even considered it. As she explained at her trial, she felt there was no place to escape to. The FBI was after her, then-Attorney-General of the US, William Saxbe had called her a "common criminal" and she believed her parents would want nothing to do with her.

In Sacramento, the three were joined by radical sympathisers Jim Kilgore, Kathy Soliah and her brother, Steven, Wendy Yoshimura and Mike Bortin. There they staged a holdup of the Carmichael Bank, during which Myrna Lee Opsahl, 42, mother of four teenage children, was shot and killed. Patty did not directly participate in that robbery but did drive a getaway car. The group then decided to flee Sacramento and return to San Francisco. There they began a series of police-car bombings, and it was there, finally, that they were arrested in September 1975.

Patty Hearst's fugitive life was over, but her ordeal continued. Her parents hired flamboyant attorney F. Lee Bailey to defend her. The trial became a carnival of psychiatric testimony, in which psychiatrists claimed that Patty was a victim of "coercive persuasion" — brainwashing — and wasn't responsible for her actions, while prosecutor Jim Browning argued that she fully knew what she was doing. In what was perhaps the most damaging evidence of all, an Olmec monkey-head charm that SLA member Willie Wolfe had given to her was found in her possession, even though she claimed at the trial that she detested Wolfe. The little charm apparently was construed as proof that she had loved him — and had participated voluntarily in SLA crimes.

Hearst was convicted of bank robbery in 1976 and sentenced to seven years in prison. After she had served nearly two years, her sentence was commuted by President Carter. Since it was not a pardon, Hearst is still trying to get her conviction reversed by the courts.

While she has been the subject of at least nine books, including ones by her ex-fiance Steven Weed and her former prison guard, Janey Jimenez, her own story has just appeared for the first time in a book she and author Alvin Moscow wrote called Every Secret Thing.

Now married to one of her former bodyguards, San Francisco policeman Bernie Shaw, and the mother of an eight-month-old daughter, Patty agreed to sit down with Contributing Editor ***Lawrence Grobel*** *and give her first indepth interview ever. Grobel reports:*

"She was everything I expected her to be: arrogant, sarcastic, conservative, forceful. . . yes, funny and likable. But being interrogated was nothing new to her: she had gotten used to it after months of probing by the FBI, court-appointed and personal psychologists and psychiatrists, lawyers, DAs and prosecuting attorneys. I couldn't help thinking of T.S. Eliot's lines in Prufrock: *'When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall/ Then how should I begin/ To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?' Patricia had been through at least a few circles of hell and had managed not just to survive but to persevere. And she was only now beginning to spit it all out."*

PLAYBOY: Simply put, after all this time, why the book — and the media blitz surrounding it?

HEARST: Because I just wanted to get on with my life. It was actually fun to finally be able to just write what happened. I didn't have to say, "Well, the prosecutor said this, but what *really* happened. . ." Forget it! They had their day in court, and I don't have to answer anything they said! I just had to say what happened. And any old lie they want to tell, they can, but not in *my* book. I answered some major things, like, was I a bad girl all my life? No, I wasn't.

You just don't comprehend being kidnapped unless it happens to you. I don't believe there's anything like it. I just remember feeling numb and scared.

PLAYBOY: With the $800,000 you received for your book, plus whatever sums you'll get from the paperback and possible movie rights, and the $50,000 *Look* supposedly paid you for exclusive pictures of your wedding, it certainly seems like you're cashing in on your celebrity with a vengeance.

HEARST: No. With *Look*, our attitude at the time was kind of like, why not? We didn't get the full $50,000. But it was a nice little chunk of money and it paid the down payment on our house. As for this book, I didn't want some schlocky, high-powered promotion. That would be cheap and sensational and I've had plenty of that. I just wanted a nice, low-key promotion and that's what I got. I'm not going on the Johnny Carson show to sit and listen to those dumb jokes. I'm not an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Well, low-key promotion or not, you certainly have been in demand by journalists and the media. What's your opinion of those of us who want a shot at your story?

HEARST: I have a very hard time respecting reporters. That seems like such a sleazy job, chasing people, a pencil and pad in your hand, annoying people. They're so undignified. In New York, they're nuts. I have never seen in my whole life a more unsophisticated press. They just cannot control themselves. We had one girl jumping on Bernie's back. Then they hit our car. These were people from the press wanting an interview! Then there was a *National Enquirer* reporter who came running at me at my home. I didn't know who he was, just this scruffy, scraggy man who jumped out of a car and leaped at me. I ran inside and called the police. Within minutes, they came, threw him over the hood of it and frisked him. They found out he was from the *Enquirer*. Yuk! So then, of course, they ran an article about how I lived in terror!

PLAYBOY: What about the Hearst-owned *San Francisco Examiner* — are there any reporters that you respect?

HEARST: I don't know. They change. There's a big turnover in this reporting business. I don't read the by-lines. Hey, you know, *anybody* could write that stuff. Isn't that awful! I don't know who *any* of them are. And I'm not the only one in my family who doesn't know any of the reporters.

PLAYBOY: Were the media guilty of overkill in your case?

HEARST: It was getting to the point where people were so sick of me, they just couldn't stand it anymore. They'd go, "I don't care what happens to her. Please, no more! No more!" [*Laughs*] That's how I felt, too. I *know* how they felt!

PLAYBOY: Well, before that happens again, let's turn over the tape and examine what happened to you.

HEARST: This is the first time I've given an interview with a tape recorder. I absolutely have a *thing* about tapes. I'm always afraid that some jerk will get hold of them and play them on the radio. Funny thing, I don't know why! How odd!

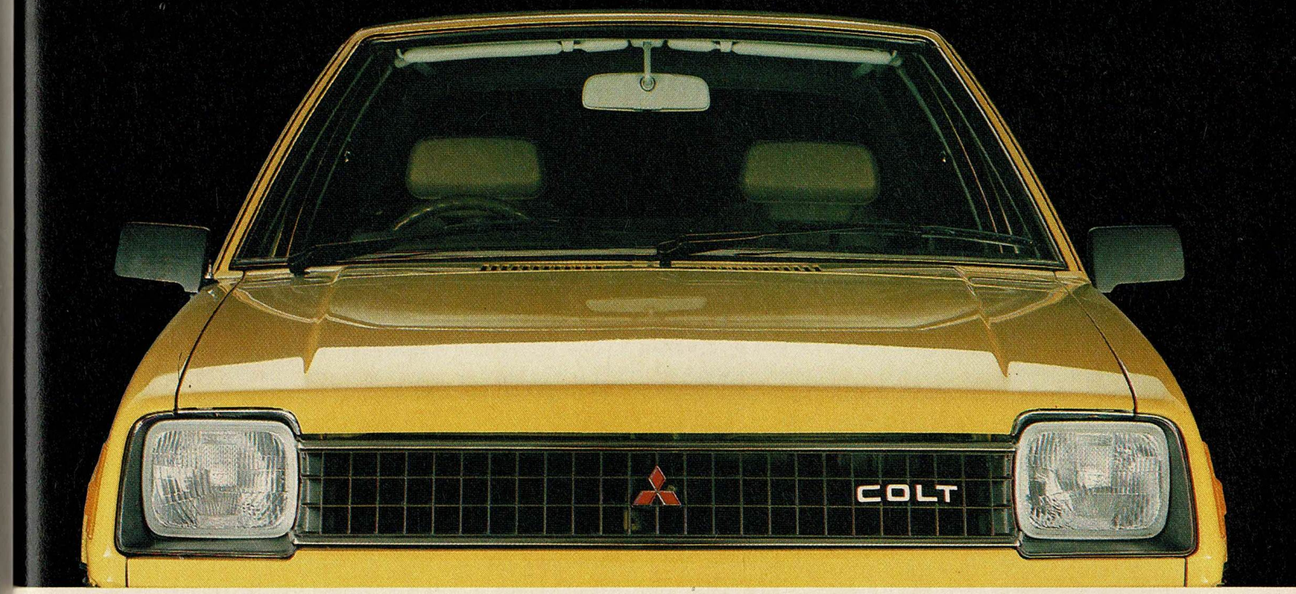
PLAYBOY: Since your story will be retold often by the time this interview is published, we'll try not to cover details that are too familiar. But let's go back to that night of February 4, 1974. You and Steven were in your Berkeley apartment when there was a knock on the door. The next thing you know, you're being carried outside, screaming, and thrown into the trunk of a car. What was going through your mind?

HEARST: I just remember screaming my head off as loud as I could. I wanted the whole world to hear. It's really hard to describe sheer terror. You just don't comprehend being kidnapped unless it happens to you. I don't believe there's anything quite like it. I just remember feeling cold, numb and scared.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have a premonition four days before that you might be kidnapped?

HEARST: Probably because they were following me all over the place; that's why I had that creepy feeling. When people are following you, you don't always know it, but

"We punished it unmercifully from Sydney to Perth and it didn't miss a beat." *MODERN MOTOR, MARCH 1981*



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Y&R ANE41

you know how you feel. Suddenly, you will look over your shoulder and somebody will be looking at you. They said later they'd been following me for a long time, back and forth to classes. They thought it was a big joke to tell me: "You always take the same route home." They had been watching that apartment all day long.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find it darkly humorous that Steven was shouting. "Take anything you want," to them and —

HEARST: Yes, of course. Right. "Gee, thanks, we'll take her." That's probably why I said: "No, no, not me." [*Laughs*] Take the stereo!

PLAYBOY: Not long after, the *Chicago Tribune* titled an article, "HIDDEN CYANIDE BULLETS FOUND IN PATTY'S APARTMENT." The implication was that the bullets were yours.

HEARST: Not true. DeFreeze lost his bullets in the struggle and they got kicked under a bookcase, which is where they found them. Then, promptly, the FBI assumed they must be mine. Thanks a lot, you guys. This is, like, a day after I'm kidnapped, and they think I'm doing it to myself. And you can't get that out of people's minds. They read something like that and it doesn't matter what else they see — all they remember is that. "Well, you know, she had bullets in her apartment. *Cyanide* bullets!" Or, "She took her driver's licence with her; she must have known she was being kidnapped." *I* didn't take my driver's licence; *they* did.

PLAYBOY: Do you still care what people think?

HEARST: Yeah, I do. I care if somebody thinks that I kidnapped myself or knew these people beforehand. There was no way that I knew *any* of these people! There has never been any evidence or any presentation on the part of the Government that that was so. And yet, it's this incredibly long-lived rumor.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect the SLA to try to exchange you for Joe Remiro and Russell Little? Or to ask for a ransom?

HEARST: The original plan was to exchange hostages. But then they got caught up in all the publicity and they started thinking of something else. They were media freaks. They just couldn't control themselves. The news, press, they were addicted to it! They never, ever really asked for anything as a ransom. The money [for the food program] was just a good-faith gesture; that wasn't even the ransom to them. Well, what kind of a hope is that? I was more scared when I started realising they weren't going to ask for money for ransom. It was so hopeless then. "What are they going to do?" I asked myself. Why me? I couldn't have been *that* bad! [*Laughs*] I certainly hadn't been that good, either — a few minor transgressions, but I certainly don't think I needed some kind of testing.

PLAYBOY: Most of the world knows you were taken to a safe house in Oakland and kept blindfolded in a small closet for 57 days, with a bare bulb as your only light and the radio turned up loud to keep you from overhearing them and a foul-smelling mattress on the floor. Other than staying alive, did anything seem very important to you?

HEARST: It seemed important to try to understand what they were talking about. They thought I was so stupid and bourgeois and horrible that, if I could understand what they were saying and spit it back at them, it would make it easier to get along with them. So that was important.

PLAYBOY: Was that when they were calling you Marie-Antoinette?

HEARST: That's how they felt about me: that I was just so oblivious to everything; that by my lifestyle I was saying: "Let them eat cake." My lifestyle! I was just some dumb kid going to college!

PLAYBOY: So you didn't see your kidnapping as a political act?

HEARST: I don't think it's a very political act to kidnap somebody's daughter instead of her father, whom they could just as easily have kidnapped at that point. But [*sarcastically*] they were afraid to go kidnap the great big man, so they went after a little bitty girl.

For a long time, I really thought I would be rescued — you know, a tunnel up through the floor or some Mission Impossible *type of rescue.*

PLAYBOY: Do you think that had they gone after your father it would have made as much news as their taking you?

HEARST: It certainly would have. *And* it wouldn't have created all the lurid fantasies that went along with it: "Ah-hah, there's a black man there. Lots of women revolutionaries. We know what's *really* going on." If it had been my father, it could have been more to the point, but that's not how they operated. They wanted to sneak around. Their motto was: "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day."

PLAYBOY: At the beginning, did you see them as crazies or as revolutionaries?

HEARST: At first, I thought they were just absolutely insane, and that in itself was frightening. Later, I stopped viewing them as being insane and decided they had some kind of purpose. But their purpose was really very confused. You just have no idea how *creepy* they were!

PLAYBOY: During the first days, did you think you'd probably be rescued?

HEARST: For a long time, I really thought I *would* be rescued — you know, a tunnel up through the floor or some *Mission Impossible* type of rescue. But at the point where Cinque came to the closet and gave me my ultimatum — 'Fight or die" — I started thinking I wouldn't be rescued for quite some time.

PLAYBOY: Bill and Emily Harris say that you were never told to join or die.

HEARST: Well, they're liars.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you write that Cinque was alone in the closet with you when he told you that. So isn't it possible that the others — including the Harrises — never knew he said that?

HEARST: It's true, they may not be lying. They may actually have not known that he said that. It's possible, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And, of course, Cinque is dead, so we have to take your word for it.

HEARST: Or else you can just not believe me. But he definitely said it. He said that in other revolutions, it's common practice to capture people and make them join, and they never see their families again. I never believed I had a choice. I still don't believe it. I'll never believe it.

PLAYBOY: It's been well publicised that you were raped during your 57 days in the closet by both Cujo [Willie Wolfe] and Cinque. Emily Harris has said: "What is so disgusting is that Patty would just fabricate this tale about Willie assaulting her."

HEARST: More disgusting is the fact that he *did* it.

PLAYBOY: Were you forcibly raped?

HEARST: I sure was. And it was humiliating. There've been plenty of times I just wished I hadn't even bothered to say I was, because I get questions like: "*Really* raped?" When you're in a closet, blindfolded. . . I'm sorry, I don't care what your definition of rape is — I don't care how willing somebody is to do it rather than be killed or whatever she thinks might happen — that's rape!

PLAYBOY: During your trial, your attorney Al Johnson dramatically described a time when Cinque entered the closet and lifted you off the floor by your nipples. Did that happen?

HEARST: By my nipples? Wow. That's amazing. I don't remember that. I wasn't lifted off the floor. I was pinched very hard, but I was not lifted. That's the kind of thing I try very hard to just forget.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a fear that you were going to be a sexual pawn for them all — women as well as men?

HEARST: Yeah, I did. But it didn't happen. One the trial psychiatrists, Dr West, was *so* positive that I slept with women. He would have been the happiest man if I had said: "Yes, I did." I thought it was just too strange: Why does he want to hear me say this so desperately?

PLAYBOY: Maybe he was trying to see if you had reached a point where you had repressed it and couldn't remember it at all.

HEARST: Maybe that was it.

PLAYBOY: How long did your fear of homosexual advances last?

HEARST: Until after I got the blindfold off and started seeing exactly how they were interacting with one another. The women were too uptight to have forced sex with me. They were so repressed themselves, in spite of everything they said. It's one thing to have it with the men, but to force two women to have it, no way; they were just way too uptight.

PLAYBOY: They couldn't have been that uptight. You describe in your book how all the women, including yourself, often walked around topless during the day.

HEARST: It was a very conscious thing on their part to be casual about nudity, but it was not this relaxed atmosphere. They all thought it was revolutionary.

PLAYBOY: During your captivity, did you ever worry about getting pregnant?

HEARST: I sure did.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your living conditions with the SLA?

HEARST: I was living in filth.

PLAYBOY: Did you all actually share a communal toothbrush?

HEARST: Isn't that disgusting? All those horrible people and all their cooties! But it was bourgeois to think that you needed your own toothbrush.

PLAYBOY: How similar were you to the SLA women?

HEARST: Probably brought up fairly similarly. I don't think that they were necessarily better educated than me, though. I had an awfully good, solid background in high school.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider them feminists?

HEARST: No, I don't think they were feminists at all. They mouthed a lot of feminist slogans, but their behavior was sexist. And it was a weird kind of sexism, too. Like: we're really feminists, but in order to be revolutionaries we have to be *macho*. Most feminists are not heavily into violence. These women thought that they needed men to teach them, because men are more violent and that's really the best way to be. That's not my idea of any kind of feminist. Women are historically the pillage of war, and so I was just one more bit of plunder.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the women who were involved in your kidnapping. What was Patricia Mizmoon Soltysik, who was called Zoya, like?

HEARST: She was a scary person, because she was very, very cold, just icy cold, to everyone. Unapproachable and cruel. She'd turn on the charm and be sweet occasionally, but not very often. She talked about slitting a chicken's throat once and the blood going all over everybody, how it was good practice for killing people, a toughening, ritualistic blood bath. You know, people read these descriptions in papers, like, they were just a bunch of nice college kids — a little mixed up, but nice. They just *weren't* nice.

PLAYBOY: Let's go on to Gabi: Camilla Hall.

HEARST: She *would* have been very nice had she not been involved in this group. She was an artist, but DeFreeze thought her artwork was bourgeois and didn't want her to talk about it. She was forced to repress her artistic feelings. You could see she was upset. It was really crummy.

She didn't seem to belong there at all, not just artistically but sexually. DeFreeze was very, very uncomfortable with her homosexuality. It's like he was afraid of her, almost phobic when it came to her, and since he was the leader, that made it awfully hard for her. It's really sick the way they treated her. She was miserably unhappy, but she didn't leave. She was in love with Patricia Soltysik and followed her into this happy little band of weirdos and ended up getting killed in LA.

PLAYBOY: Were she and Soltysik still lovers?

HEARST: No, that had ended. And when Zoya would sleep with DeFreeze, Camilla Hall would cry. It was a terrible, terrible situation for her.

PLAYBOY: What about Gelina: Angela Atwood?

HEARST: I describe her as being giggly. She was livelier than the rest, the comedy relief of the SLA. She was the only one who would joke around with DeFreeze. Like, if he told her to do push-ups, she could give him a phony, silly salute and not get knocked across the room. She'd still do push-ups. She was definitely the easiest to pass the days with. She was Joe Remiro's girlfriend and she wanted nothing more than to get him out of prison; that's what she was doing there. She'd sit and practice drawing her gun and then say: "The prison pigs are dead!"

I feel about the Harrises like I do about a terribly sick dog, that they'd be so much happier if they were put out of their misery — put to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Her purpose, then, was romantic? A love story?

HEARST: She was romantic, but she was also political. I hate to call it radical politics, because it wasn't. It was terrorist. The purpose was anarchy, and that is antipolitics.

PLAYBOY: Nancy Ling Perry, who was called Fahizah?

HEARST: She was much more mystical than the rest of them, in a weird way. She worshipped DeFreeze, really believed he was a prophet from God.

PLAYBOY: Yolanda and Teko — Emily and Bill Harris — are still in prison, and we'll be talking more about them as we go on, since you were intimately involved with them throughout your 19 months underground. Is there anything you want to say about them now?

HEARST: Just that I now think I know them better than they know themselves.

PLAYBOY: They'll love to read that.

PLAYBOY: Oh, of course. They're so busy lying about themselves. Like, when they stood in the courtroom and Emily cried: "I'll miss my wonderful husband so desperately." This is their plea at sentencing? Come on! Those two were hardly together even when they were arrested. They loved and hated each other. But to use that as a ploy! All my family wants them dead. My mother is the one who really thinks they ought to be dead. She would like to kill them. The satisfaction of getting her own hands on them! [*Laughs*] She says she'd like to slap their sassy faces.

PLAYBOY: And yourself?

HEARST: I feel about them like I do about a terribly sick dog, that they'd be so much happier if they were put out of their misery [*laughs*] — put them to sleep.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you repeatedly say you'd like to have killed the Harrises.

HEARST: Yeah. Thank goodness I didn't. I'd probably be charged with their murder and executed for it. [*Laughs*] It's hard to believe that they will really be out of prison soon. They got a terribly good deal in their sentences in Alameda County. They were extremely lucky. Maybe after my book something will happen; maybe charges will be brought against Emily Harris.

PLAYBOY: We're jumping ahead of our story now, but let's go to the killing of Mrs Myrna Lee Opsahl, the 42-year-old mother of four who got shot during the Crocker Bank Robbery in Carmichael. You say, unequivocally, that Emily Harris killed her. Did you witness it?

HEARST: No. She admitted to me right after she did it that she'd done it.

PLAYBOY: What was said, exactly?

HEARST: Someone said something about the woman who was shot. I said: "Who did it?" And Emily said: "I did." Now, Doubleday's lawyers are confident enough to leave that in the book. Doubleday's not having any problem with that. If they thought for a second that it wasn't true, it wouldn't be in there. It's true. It's been told to the FBI. It's been told to the Sacramento County DA's and Sheriff's offices.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, wasn't Emily Harris brought to trial on a murder charge?

HEARST: Hey, don't ask me. I'm not with the DA's office. They haven't done it. They *should* do it. I feel what they've done is hope that by not thinking about it, it will just go away. And I think it's outrageous. I mean, they could conceivably try *me* for it for writing about it in the book and saying that I know about it. And they could use Emily Harris as a witness against me! That's how crazy it is. But it's not right for them to just pretend it didn't happen and try to ignore it. Here she goes and kills someone and immediately justifies it by saying: "Well, she was just a pig, anyway, her husband was a doctor." Well, God!

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BECKMAN/SCOOPIX

A RIVER IN TASMANIA

the fight to save the franklin is the last stand for the australian wilderness

article by james mcqueen

IT'S DIFFICULT to write a piece like this. How do you make some sense, in a few thousand words, of the confusion and conflict and ambiguity and uncertainty that surrounds the Franklin River issue? That single, seemingly simple, issue — whether or not a unique wilderness river should be flooded to produce hydroelectric power — has grown, expanded to the edge of Tasmania's political horizons, spilled over those horizons, reached far beyond Tasmania, beyond politics. It may well have changed Tasmania's direction, politically, economically and environmentally, for generations to come.

But how do you write about it? Long-accepted truths seem to have lost their meaning, and the framework of party

politics has become anachronous and irrelevant. It wasn't a bi-party issue in the beginning, and it has never become one. The conventional wisdom of economic growth at any price has been challenged, exposed as the shoddy rag it is, and rejected by a large part of the community. And in the process the character of the Tasmanian Parliamentary system may well have been permanently altered; the Labor Party machine in Tasmania may have destroyed itself; the previously unchallenged authority of the monolithic Hydro Electric Commission is showing its first cracks; and many of Australia's largest industrial companies are faced with a peasants' revolt.

And if facts, twisted, teased, distorted, no longer seem to tell the truth, then where does the truth lie? Deeper, certainly than headlines and press statements and threats and warnings. If it can be found at all, then I think it will be found in the actions of a small handful of people; people who stand, and who will probably continue to stand for a while longer, at the centre of things. The trouble is that all these people are involved, directly or indirectly, with politics. And if a writer ever needs what Hemingway called a built-in, shock-proof shit-detector, he needs it when he listens to politicians.

Tasmanians have always been a little casual about environmental vandalism. Burnie is one of the worst polluted towns in Australia; the Derwent and the Tamar were filthy years ago with heavy metals and sewage; the woodchippers are clearfelling our forests at the rate of 250 hectares a day, and the last of the wild rivers is under threat. Why?

Part of the answer may lie in the fact that it happened so *quickly*. One generation was stunned by the rapidity of the change; the next never knew it any other way. And besides, like most Australians we Tasmanians live mainly in towns and cities — the bush is where other people go. And secretly, perhaps subconsciously, we probably resent the ones who do go. Many of us fear the wild places, not for their real enough dangers, but because if we do go to those places we find ourselves alone; and when we are alone we must confront not only the indifference and danger and beauty of those elemental places, but also ourselves; and that is a truly frightening thing. So we envy and ridicule and fear. And we rationalise, we vote as we are told, as we are permitted, we take the easy way, the safe way, the smooth way. And we allow those fine and terrible benchmarks of worth — the mountains and the forests and the rivers — to be taken from us, defiled, defaced, destroyed. And in the end we are left, truly, with nothing.

Perhaps then it is not so strange after all that what is happening in Tasmania has exposed so much that is shallow and second rate and expedient; because what began as a matter of expediency has become now a matter of conscience; and because expediency is a collective vice, and conscience a solitary virtue, we may be moving slowly towards a new conception of personal freedom and responsibility. We have learned from a very few people, that action may indeed become truth; and we may never be the same again.

How did it all start?

In the beginning. . .

In the beginning there was just the river. Few people in Tasmania or anywhere else had heard of it, let alone seen it. It was just a river, doing the things rivers do. But by 1976, although it had not changed, it had become different from other rivers. There was no detergent in its waters, no heavy metals or sewage; there were no beer cans or broken bottles or old iron in its bed; there were no blackberries on its banks, no ragwort or willows; there were no sparrows or rabbits, no bridges or culverts or boat ramps. It had, in fact, by remaining unchanged, become the last wild river in south-eastern Australia, and what Sir Edmund Hillary called "one of the last great wilderness areas in the world".

So, the river.

Few people in Tasmania or anywhere else had heard of the Franklin, let alone seen it. It was just a river, doing the things rivers do.

Down the river in 1976 came two young men in yellow rubber rafts, bobbing and spinning through the wild rapids, paddling slowly through the peat-brown silence of the smooth stretches; alone, lost in a silver-splashed green dream that twisted and unwound as magically as the river. . .great dark myrtles and thousand-year Huon Pines. . .rocky canyons and strange limestone caves. . .rushing narrows lost in spray and haloed in light. . .sharp echoing birdcalls that only deepened the immensity of the silence. . . wild river. . .

Then one day on the lower reaches of the river the magic was broken. Around a sudden bend. . .men. A survey team belonging to the Hydro Electric Commission.

Wild rivers are the raw material for dams and power stations and transmission grids.

It was all just a matter of time, then. And it wasn't very long before the HEC released details of its scheme to flood the Franklin.

Six years have passed. The river is still unflooded, and it is still a matter of time. But time seems now to be on the side of the protectors of the Franklin.

One of the young men who rode the rafts down the Franklin in 1976 was Bob Brown. He knew then it would not be easy to save the river, and that it would take time; perhaps, he thought, as long as two years. Now he says simply: as long as it takes, as long as there's breath. . .

The South West Action Committee, forerunner of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, was formed in that year of Brown's first trip down the Franklin. There were 16 members at the first meeting at Brown's small farmhouse at Liffey, under the northern face of the Western Tiers. Today the TWS has 3000 members and offices in all Australian capitals; it outnumbers the combined membership of both major political parties in the State; and Brown may well be Tasmania's best-known public figure.

Brown has an unlikely background for the role in which he finds himself. He was born near Bathurst in NSW, son and brother to country policemen. He took a medical degree and went into practice at Wentworthville. The turning point came when, tired of what he calls 'stress-related illness', he took a job as locum in Tasmania. That was in 1972, when he was 27. Ten years later he is still here. He has no paid job now, no car, one suit. He still owns the little property at Liffey, and returns there when he can. But for a very long time now he has been working 18-hour days, seven days a week, on Wilderness Society business, and last year managed only three weeks at Liffey.

To most Tasmanians, Brown *is* the Wilderness Society, and he fascinates them. Perhaps the fascination lies partly in his having turned his back on a prestigious and well-paid profession, partly in the spartan regimen of his life, partly in his low-key, sane and rational approach to the fight for the Franklin.

I wanted to meet him, and arranged to drive to Liffey where he was having a rare weekend off.

Liffey is a tiny farming community set under the Tiers, south of Launceston. Brown's old house stands foursquare in a sloping paddock, cramped, uncompromising, locked firmly to its pediment. Behind it, beyond the old walnut tree, Dry's Bluff looms 1000 metres above.

Brown came down from the house to meet me. There was no other car in sight, so I knew that he was alone, that someone had brought him there, and that someone would come tomorrow or the next day and take him away.

He wasn't quite what I had expected from the pictures I had seen — somehow less gaunt, less intense. Tall, dark wavey hair cut quite short, gold-rimmed glasses. He looks younger than his 37 years. He was dressed in a shirt and old shorts, heavy boots, and has the clear tan and heavily-muscled legs of the hiker. His eyes are more grey than blue, and very friendly.

We sat in the shade of the back porch, drinking tea, looking up at the great dolerite scarp of the bluff. Yes, he's climbed it a few times. Once, he says, the Forestry Commission tried to put a road across its face. No more is said, but there is no road and you know why. He talks easily, slowly, his voice clear and deep, without any particular accent or mannerism.

He used to worry about the image that the press had built up; worry because he might not be able to live up to it.

He's never tried to cultivate it in any way. But he's conscious of its usefulness.

Abandoning profession and money? Well, he says, in Tasmania he's among the richest one percent in the world — what's the point of struggling to make the last 0.01 percent?

Does he *use* the fact that he's a doctor to influence people? For a moment he's silent. Then: yes, he says, he does — six years of training, and he's never going to get anything else out of it, and it does help. He speaks to a lot of Rotary Clubs and so on, and the first question nearly always is: what sort of doctor are you? And they are reassured. . . the medical doctor still has a certain cachet.

What does the Franklin mean to him?

He says, he sees it as much in terms of other people as in what it means to him. It's one of the last wild rivers of the world, it's a unique non-renewable asset. Above all, it's an environment for finding a new kind of self, something better than the self that exists in the everyday world.

We talked for a little about the quasi-Berkleyan attitude of many Tasmanians (who want to flood the river because they will never go there anyway, and Brown carried it a little further: nothing, he says, can exist for them unless it can be dammed or mined. . . they are infected with that kind of selfishness that finds its expression in our society — male, aggressive, Judaeo-Christian, Old Testament. (And I wondered if it is really a coincidence that the "subdue the earth" passage from Genesis has been read more than once in the chamber of the Legislative Council, Tasmania's Upper House.)

Why, I asked him, is the TWS so successful? Why so many members, so many full-time unpaid workers?

Mostly, he says, because it has shown that, contrary to that common feeling of ineffectuality in bureaucratic societies, it *is* possible for people to influence events, to do something positive. Yes, it has crossed party lines. And it has been asked to take up other social issues; and it has been tempted, but it believes that its effectiveness depends on its concentration on the main issue.

Its greatest strengths?

Its total concentration, he says — there are no red herrings, no wasted efforts; it has never been caught out in matters of fact; and the tremendous amount of personal support it can muster — 1500 doorknockers at referendum time, 10,000 marchers in Hobart. Its opponents may be vocal but they can't find that sort of support from people.

Where does the finance come from?

All from small individual donations, says Brown. The referendum campaign cost them $100,000, yet their biggest single donation was $1000.

Harry Holgate, the new Premier, has promised that the Franklin will be flooded. Will that happen?

No, he says. The difficulties of funding are enormous, and that alone is enough to stop it. Also, even if the money was found, it would take a long time, 10 years perhaps, to build the dam; and pressure against it will continue to grow. The Federal Government won't fund it because it doesn't want to become involved in what is rapidly becoming a national, even an international, issue. The Federal Opposition would oppose it for the same reason, and because the project is against the ALP conservation policy.

If Brown were to stand for Tasmanian Parliament, he would certainly get a seat. Would he stand?

Only, he says, if it was necessary to save the Franklin. He has nightmares in which it is lost by one vote in Parliament. But he is very much afraid that if he entered Parliament he would be categorised as a politician, and would lose his usefulness.

Even if the money was found, it would take a long time, 10 years perhaps, to build the dam, and pressure against it will continue to grow.

What does the TWS need most?

Time, he says, time — and the recognition that "one person, one vote" is not enough; there must exist the right to be informed.

Does he see himself as an altruist?

Well, perhaps, in the sense that altruism is just a form of selfishness that benefits others.

Any personal animosities towards his opponents?

No, he says quietly. Then: if I'd been in Nazi Germany in the Thirties I'd have been in the Hitler Youth — and God knows what I'd have been doing in the Forties. . .

And that's it. Time to go. He walked me down to the car, shook hands, turned back up the hill. He walked slowly up towards the silent house, not looking back.

●

Now we have to skip back in time again.

While the TWS was beginning to make its influence felt, it received support from an unexpected quarter. The HEC was under challenge for the first time — and by the new Premier, Doug Lowe. It had never happened before. The HEC had gone on, year after year, decade after decade, for more than half a century, choosing its own projects, building its dams, completely free of ministerial control, and supported by a succession of Labor Premiers. (Except for three years, Tasmania has had an uninterrupted series of Labor governments since 1934.

Then Lowe came along.

An ex-industrial electrician, he entered Parliament as a Labor Member in 1969 at the age of 26. Over the years he gained a reputation as a competent Minister in a number of portfolios; and in 1977 he became Premier and Minister for Energy. Almost immediately he had the temerity to issue a *direction* to the HEC. He instructed the Commissioner to provide, not a *fait accompli*, but a program with a range of options.

The HEC gave as its first choice the Gordon below Franklin scheme, which would flood the Franklin. Lowe says their alternatives were presented in a misleading fashion, and costed pessimistically.

The report was tabled, subjected to public scrutiny. The Upper House, heavily lobbied by a number of ex-Premiers and by the unions, stood with the HEC; the lower House, the House of Assembly, was in favor of an alternative scheme; and the rising voice of the TWS called for no dams at all.

Finally, in July 1980, the Lowe Government decided on the alternative that became known as the Gordon below Olga, a scheme that would cost more, but would save the Franklin.

Lowe had been returned to Parliament in 1979 with a massive personal vote of 25,000, and was accorded by the Parliamentary Labor Party a reverence only slightly less than they might have shown to Jesus Christ or Max Walker. But Lowe was moving quite quickly now into very dangerous territory, because by this time he had antagonised not only the powerful HEC, but the unions controlling the State Labor party; he had rejected, quite brusquely, a demand for a 35-hour week. Also, despite his standing the PLP, he had made enemies within the Government. He had sacked one Minister after a rowdy Cabinet Meeting; the Speaker of the House, Davies, and another Minister were removed; Polley, chairman of the PLP, was refused the job of Speaker, which he would have preferred over his current portfolio. All of them hated Lowe bitterly.

By December 1980 Lowe's time of testing had arrived.

In that month the Upper House rejected the Government's Gordon below Olga legislation. And there existed no machinery to break the deadlock, so the whole matter was stalemated.

At this point Lowe, despite his enemies inside and outside Parliament, still seemed safe enough. But there were other factors at work. In October 1980, Neil Batt, then Deputy Premier, had resigned his post and left Parliament. But in leaving he had paid off some old scores. One of these was

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Davis/Farrell

ANIMA

surrounded by women all his life, robbie needed a holiday. . . or a change

1. I'm sitting looking into this mirror. It's a type of meditation not taught by any of the hundreds of recognised schools of meditation that seem to have sprung up like turtles after a rainstorm. But it works for me.

It's a round mirror on a dressing table in a motel room halfway between Sydney and Brisbane. I don't have any idea how I got here. I just packed my bags, and lit out for the sun.

But I'm not sure of anything any more. There doesn't seem to be anything left that doesn't slip and slide around, I'm not sure that I ever was sure of anything, after I met Josie.

I'm going to sit here staring at the mirror until I'm at least sure of what I'm seeing in it. Maybe a description of what's staring back at me might kick it off.

American male, 31 last March, short — not tiny, short — fair thin hair, sallow skin tending to greasiness, a dob of a nose, two small grey eyes. There's a tiny mole almost on the edge of my nose, not quite, but almost on the left side of my face, just where the cheek rears up to become the nose. Very light beard, only shave once a day, if that. And then there's the swelling.

I have given some thought to this problem before sitting down to stare at my reflection — nothing organised, but two recurring thoughts have floated to the top, through the disorganised whirl of colors and shapes and dark fears that passes for organised thought these days inside my

fiction by john newton

head. Firstly, it's got to do with all the bits and pieces of my life, the physical components. Too many, far too many.

One wife, six daughters, a third share in a design business, a flat in Sydney, the furniture in that flat, a farm in the Snowy Mountains, the furniture there, three horses there, two cars, a motorbike, a sailing boat, and a mountain of miscellaneous junk.

When I first arrived in Australia, six years ago, it was a lot easier. One wife, two daughters, some books, paintings, a little furniture, a typewriter and a drawing board. And an ormolu clock we bought in a junk shop in Brooklyn. A huge gold fin-de-siecle thing with nymphs and shepherds frolicking around trees under a glass bell jar.

Now, I'd have to count 2000 books, (every coffee table book published in the past five years), statues, smart little stainless steel things with balls that go click, copper-bottom saucepans, an antique ice cream churn, a collection of rocks from walks in the mountains, clothes collected and discarded, a decaying pile of the dolls of different daughters, baby bottles, tiny shoes with the soles worn off, the list is beginning to depress me even further.

When Josie moved down to the farm, we filled two Grace Bros trucks. And I kept some stuff for my flat in Darlinghurst.

But all these things — and, for the purposes of this narcissistic meditation, I'm including Josie, Amelia, Abby, Andrea, Aimee, Anouk and Alice as things, as well as my father, the hidden ghost of his eight wives (not to single out my mother from the other ghosts) as things — they all began to weigh me down from about this time and when I saw that giant green juggernaut of a truck pulling away from the kerb in front of the rented house to the farm, it was like a weight lifted from my shoulders, like I was suddenly free of the past.

I remember that day very well. When the second truck ground off leaving Josie and me alone in the house. The girls were playing at a friend's house, the baby was asleep upstairs. We were going down later in the Kombi van, I figured we'd beat the truck anyway.

It was early morning, and as I walked in through the front door, my footsteps sounded hollow on the bare boards. Light streamed in through the curtainless windows to the dark brown living-room, now as empty as a church hall on Monday morning. Josie was standing in the middle of the room, looking down at the floor. Her hands were by her side. The light shone through her short blonde hair, and she was a long way from home.

"Well," was all I said. And I lit a cigarette, and gave a little giggle. This house had been the bringing together, I had thought, of all the different colored strands of our life, like different colored electric wires all coiled together to start an electric motor whirring and humming. I was just beginning to realise that all those strands, all those babies and pieces of stuff we'd collected were all that did hold it together.

That's why I giggled.

She shrugged her shoulders and turned on her heel, which made a nasty squeaking sound of rubber on the bare wood floor. She padded silently off to the kitchen to put the sandwiches for the trip into a brown paper bag, or to heat the baby's formula for the last time in that silent empty house. I don't know.

I remember feeling very angry, because I knew she'd be crying out there in the kitchen. She was like that then, silent crying filled a lot of time. After we'd made love, at the end of a party.

2. Collecting babies. Standing alone in that sunfilled brown room, all the ferns in chamber pots and Victorian jardinieres in the back of a lumbering truck on the highway, a faint smell of peanut butter from the kitchen, the muffled cries of the children playing on the street, I wondered about collecting babies.

You might be wondering how, at 31, I could have six children. Or why, more to the point. We married at 17, so how's no problem. But why? It seemed so logical. My father, as I mentioned, had eight wives. And only one child. Me.

It was what has come to be called a transcendental experience by the kind of American that made me glad to have left America.

Four weddings, I remember, four different perfumes wafting through our house. Four different faces smiling at me with varying degrees of insincerity from a lot more than four huge fluffy bedrooms. Not just the perfume, either, but the cloying smell of powder, and another smell, then unfamiliar. Now I know what it was. The salty fresh smell of fucking. I could never work my father out, grey hair, solemn banker's face, a square cut man, tall, with a stoop, with all those fluffy females. He always looked sad, embarrassed, out of place, propped up on a mountain of down pillows, horn-rimmed half glasses drooping down his lean Yankee nose over a tight smile.

It seemed so logical, if you had a lot of babies, why, you didn't need to have a lot of wives. I became convinced of that at the age of 12.

Not that that was the argument I used to defend myself from the righteous indignation of my liberal ZPG friends during the serious Sixties, when all this manic fecundity took place. No, I would say, gazing reflectively into my hand-made wine glass after a long dinner from our hand-adzed refectory table, no it's not irresponsible. Look, I would add, shifting in my seat, leaning both elbows on the table, gazing earnestly and boyishly into whatever flushed Australian face happened to be glaring belligerently into mine, we live in Australia, maybe the last place on earth you can make a good life for a big family. And besides, I'd laugh charmingly, Josie and I love kids. And, she would invariably chime in, coming in from the kitchen where she'd been hand-churning ice cream. How can you argue with that?

And gee, love them we did. Serious little Amelia, the first born with my nose and Josie's mouth. And Abby — Abby, I always think of Abby as a smile, a bundle of laughter giggling and tumbling down the staircase towards my open arms as I came home from work. But I don't want to convince myself I loved my kids. Because as I get on with this meditation, maybe I'll drum up a charge of hypocrisy.

I'm developing a tic. A tiny nervous twitching of the muscle below my right eye. I can see it through the blue eye shadow.

3. Josie. From what I've just said about her, silent crying in the kitchen, she sounds damp and mealy.

Ha.

There ain't nothing mealy about my Josie. Why do you get married at 17? What can you know about time when you're 17? All I know was I saw Josie standing on a stage in a crappy little clapboard theatre in a summer resort in Massachusetts. I'd walked in off the street, and she was there with her father, rehearsing. They were down from New York, playing a summer season, I forget the play, something by Ibsen? Or something her father wrote? Is there a part for a 16-year-old girl with a big nose in Ibsen? I forget.

She was standing on that stage wearing a cotton dress and silly black shoes, I remember that clearly. Both hands were on her hips, and there was a little guy lying at her feet on his back, gesticulating wildly. She was looking down at him, and listening very closely. There was the sound of the afternoon breeze off the Atlantic, and a piano being played in another hall. Sunlight, and except for the tight whispering on the stage, nothing more.

It was what has come to be called a transcendental experience by the kind of American that made me glad to have left America. I tiptoed up to the stage. Neither of them heard or saw me, so totally engrossed were they. I was wearing sneakers and jeans, and the back of my knees started to sweat. I stood rooted, both in the Australian sense and in the more traditional sense, transfixed.

About five minutes passed like that, then she turned slowly towards me with that strange quizzical squint.

"Who're you?" she asked, interrupting a tense whisper from the dwarf on the floor.

"Robbie" I said, totally sure of myself for the first time in my life.

The little guy leapt to his feet like a cat, stalked springily to the edge of the stage and peered out at me.

"Are you an actor, kid?" he snarled in a nasally New York voice.

"No."

"What are you?" she asked as if it was perfectly natural for a 16-year-old kid to be something in the way that grown ups are, like bus drivers or stock brokers.

"Aaaah, I was just passing, and I kinda thought I might see something. I'm just down from New York for the summer." The guy on the stage put his hands on his hips and leant back, mocking me.

"Well, listen kid, you can just turn around and walk right outta here. We're working here and we don't need no snotty. . ."

"Shut up George" she snarled. And he did. We both looked at her.

"Sit down Robbie. I'll be through in an hour, and we can go for a Coke or something. I don't know anybody in this town."

For an hour I sat there staring at the halo of gold around her head. I thought I had her figured, just in those few words. She was just like me, we weren't kids. We were just waiting to be adults.

I found out later I was right. Me, because I had a father who never really wanted to know about this strange being who'd accidentally dropped out of his first poor silly wife. He thought he could buy me off. And Josie, well, she was pretty useful to George, but she was just as accidental as I was. George was a faggot, later he told me he couldn't even remember screwing a *woman,* let alone Josie's mother, who just disappeared anyway.

I went to see that crappy play in that run down theatre in Massachusetts every night for two weeks. Some nights I was half the audience. And all I remember was Josie. She wasn't acting, she was talking to me, for me, through me. But I guess I wasn't listening. Mostly, I was looking at her ankles, because George had shoved me in the front row.

When the play closed I told her I wanted to marry her. She said, yeah, she knew, and she wanted to marry me, but George didn't want her to. I asked her how she knew, and she said she'd already asked him. He'd said I could come along with them, that I could work, shifting scenery or putting up posters. He'd said I was too snotty to work.

And all this was before I'd said a word to her.

"What about your old man?" she asked. That was no problem. "Don't worry," I said, "we can go to Mexico, we can fake our ages. You can do anything in Mexico, I was there last year, and we smoked pot and ran around the beaches, we'll do that, okay, huh? What about my old man? I don't even know who he's married to, let alone where he is." It was true. The family lawyer just rang me at school and said go down to the place in Hyannisport and open it up for the summer. I didn't even ask about Dad. Why bother? The lawyer sent me a cheque.

She looked up at me, slowly, as old as the sun and as young as the morning.

"Yeah. Okay. Mexico."

And that was it. Now? Well, now. Seventeen, what do you know? Everything. I knew she had the kind of strength I wanted. I knew that she was something I'd never met before. A strong woman. And that was all I needed, I thought.

4. Women. My father's eight wives, my six daughters. Women in the streets. Mothers, mothers for getting Christmas and birthday presents out of, for following down long staircases, for flying around America with. For getting in between me and my father. Always another mother, a different color, a different smell, a bigger smile, rounder, shorter, longer, taller, but always there. Turn around and you've got a brand new lady to call Mom.

"Son, I'd like you to meet Betsy/ Shirley/ Elizabeth/Anne, say hello to your new mother, Robbie."

Always another mother, a different color, a different smell, a bigger smile, rounder, shorter, longer, taller, but always there.

"Hi."

"Hello darling. Gee, I hope we can be real good friends."

They were never around long enough. A few months spent courting the son, then the indifference of the father. The fights, the tears, slamming doors, bulging suitcases, Reno. Silence.

"Dad. . . is that you Pop?"

"Hi son, how are you? I can just hear you. What's the weather like in New York?"

"I'm in Washington Dad, listen, can I see you for a day or two, I can fly down tomorrow, huh, maybe tomorrow?"

"Listen son, I'm going to Frankfurt tomorrow, then I'll be in Paris for a while. But I'll give you a call when I get back. Now there's plenty of money in your account, and if you need anything, ring Mr Peabody in New York. Okay?"

"But listen, Dad, I want to get married. . ."

"No son, don't worry, I'm not getting married again (chuckle, chuckle)." Click.

Well, we came back from Mexico and Josie told me she was pregnant.

I went to Art School. We lived in New York, Morningside Heights. Kind of Jewish intellectual. Eventually, after about six months, I heard from my father through the lawyer. He'd got married in London to a Greek model he met in Paris, now she was divorcing him. He'd be back, he was in London right now, maybe I'd see him in a month or so. Close, real close.

I really didn't give a shit. We had our life. Jo's father didn't think I was a snot any more. He called in with his faggy friends, and they all had a good laugh at the newlyweds.

So we had Amelia. And then out popped Abby. And then we'd had it with America. It was, we decided, no place to bring up kids. Where to go? Australia seemed like the right place. I finished Art School. We packed our few bags and just went.

This thing was building up in us. We'd broken out. We were fine. It was our parents who were crazy. My marrying father. And Josie's faggy father. We looked down on them from great indulgent heights. Morningside Heights.

We got to Sydney, I figured, what the hell, let's have another baby. Jo said fine. For us, it was as easy as taking the subway. You just did it.

So here we were in Sydney, Australia. Pretty damn happy. Behind us, six (at that time) mothers, two fathers, one unlikely, one unwilling, and the United States of America.

5. I had a dream just the other night. I used to dream a lot, but mostly happy dreams, the kind you wake from reluctantly. This was a horror dream. I've had it a few times now, a strange rhythmic dream. I'm lying naked in long green grass, almost like feathers so soft is this grass. I'm very young, soft and fluffy myself, but only physically; mentally, I'm as I have been for some time, halfway between despair and hysteria. But this, this is a wonderful moment, rolling on my bare back in the tickling grass. The sky is the blue you see only in Australia, midmorning blue, deep and inviting, inviting you to drift weightlessly up to it. But the grass, the grass was too good. And then slowly, it begins to grip me, wrap long stems around my arms and legs, around my neck and waist, curling over my belly. At first this is pleasurable, but from deep inside me a sick feeling tells me what is going to happen. Then the grass is stronger, prickly, like hemp rope, sticking into my soft velvet skin. Gripping tighter. I begin to panic, I fight for breath crying out, but strangled and silent. The earth is opening beneath me, stuffing me in a tight-fitting grave, like a grasshopper being pulled and crushed into an anthole.

I wake, whimpering, still feeling those hairy scratching fronds around my waist, cutting into my arms.

I had that dream first just before the birth of Anouk. We had a flat, I had a studio, it was in Rose Bay, before we moved to Darlinghurst. Jo was studying and writing, God knows how she found time with the four girls to look after. Our life

(continued on page 116)

wowsers were protecting our morals before we knew we had any

HER breath came quicker," Sir Arthur told the House. "Each lingering stroke, like a violin bow, made her palpitate for the next."

He paused dramatically for a few seconds, glancing around at the expectant faces of his parliamentary brethren. For once, there were no interjections. The attention of every person in the Legislative Assembly was fixed on Sir Arthur Rylah, Victoria's Deputy Premier and holder of the senior portfolios of Attorney-General and Chief Secretary.

"Then, all of a sudden," Sir Arthur continued, "she seemed to explode in a series of long, uncontrollable contractions that embarrassed her, like the hiccoughs".

The House remained motionless and completely silent for several moments; the stillness was almost post-orgasmic. Then, with a flurry of coughs and paper-rustlings, the Legislative Assembly resumed normal business.

Sir Arthur Rylah's extraordinary address to the Victorian Parliament in 1964 followed the vice squad seizure of Mary McCarthy's novel *The Group*. He read an offending segment to the House to demonstrate its corrupting qualities.

A sexual conservative of some note, Sir Arthur had previously scored a blow for moral rights in Victoria by ordering that the color of women's nipples in a men's magazine called *Squire* be the same hue as the rest of their breasts. He'd stated that the rouged-up nipples in *Squire* could "corrupt my teenage daughter, if I had one."

His imaginary teenage daughter may or may not have figured in his reading to Parliament of an account from *The Group* about the defloration of a young virgin. But in his eagerness to show just what a piece of filth the novel was, Sir Arthur apparently failed to consider the presence of the Hansard reporting staff at the table in front of him.

The erotic passage which the Deputy Premier had described as "frightening" was printed in full by Hansard. Members of the public were able to buy copies for a mere four pence, courtesy of Sir Arthur!

Across the border in New South Wales, erotic books were encountering similar resistance. In 1960, a NSW MP called Lawrence had threatened to change his name

article by tony maguire

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

if D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* went on sale in his State.

As we all know, the Sixties saw a revolution against such sexually repressive attitudes, but wowserism had prevailed since the early days of European settlement in Australia, and over the years, we'd had our morals protected in a horribly patronising way. At one stage, there were 5000 publications on the censor's banned list. Local writers who dared to pen even mildly erotic works had been slapped in jail. Art books had gone on sale with entire plates blacked out. Nipple-less women had appeared in men's magazines. The weapon wielded by the authorities in their rampant thought-policing was the obscenity laws.

The first time I can remember encountering the word "obscene" was as a 14-year-old at a Christian Brothers school. An aged brother was addressing his new charges on the first day of the school year. Brother O'Crane told us about Jim Kollozzi, the class captain elected by our predecessors who had cynically betrayed the trust placed in him.

A slightly demented look twisting his features, Brother O'Crane told how he'd found Kollozzi in possession of *obscene magazines*. The Captain. Obscene magazines!

Brother O'Crane's eyes burned with the light of a thousand hells as he said: "You know what I mean by *obscene*, don't you boys?"

None of us knew exactly what obscene meant, but we certainly knew what Brother O'Crane meant. And each pupil knew he would be checking his desk at the first available opportunity to see if Kollozzi had left any legacies.

The good brother was later to "censor" sections of Shakespeare and other set literary works in the name of obscenity.

●

Australia's first piece of allegedly-obscene writing was penned by a bankrupt Sydney surgeon called Thomas Revel Johnson. In the early 1840s, he edited *The Satirist And Sporting Chronicle*, a sixpenny mixture of satire, sport and scandal.

From the outset, Johnson attracted libel writs by writing items like this one: "If Mr C_____ is not a little less flash with the odious *strumpet* he attached himself to since his brutal conduct drove his unfortunate wife to the lunatic asylum, we shall give him a place in *The Satirist*."

"Doc" Johnson was also given to writing little pieces of verse in *The Satirist:*

"Not yet is she fit in the 'jorum',
To enjoy the old 'cock-a-lorum'.
She's too tender for the bull's rushing,
Too delicate for a man's pushing."

In April 1843, Johnson appeared in court charged with the serious offence of obscene libel: "wickedly and immorally devising, contriving and intending to corrupt the manners and morals of all the subjects of our Lady the Queen, in the colony of New South Wales. . ." He pleaded guilty.

I was unable to locate the copy of the issue in question, but according to *The Sydney Morning Herald*, Johnson had "set forth a supposed dialogue between a number of lewd women, of a most obscene and disgusting description".

Judge Burton gave Johnson a two-year jail sentence. His printer and publisher were each jailed for one year. Said *The Sydney Morning Herald:* "This brands us more deeply than ever with the odium of Botany Bay depravity."

Many others felt the same way, and Governor Gipps was petitioned to release Johnson from jail. Even the Attorney-General made representations on his behalf. But the Governor felt bound by Judge Burton's sentence.

Thomas Revel Johnson was finally released after serving 18 months of his jail term, and continued his newspaper career with *Bell's Life Of Sydney*.

Between Johnson's conviction and the next chapter in Australia's obscenity saga, a British Chief Justice called Cockburn established the legal definition of obscenity.

The prosecutor read "several revolting passages" before giving his opinion that such literature could lead to the overthrow of society.

In 1868 he ruled: ". . .the test of obscenity is this: whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences." However, Australian authorities were to take an extremely loose interpretation of Cockburn's ruling.

During the early 1880s, the Freethinking movement became popular in Australia. Freethinkers were republican, anti-clerical — and pro-birth control. Bookshop proprietors sympathetic to the cause sold literature on contraception, and some even specialised in it. *The Bulletin* stated that someone who frequented such a library of lechery was "not a fit associate for even a leprous Chinaman." (Apologies to our Chinese readers, especially any suffering from leprosy.)

Freethought bookshops in Sydney and Hobart were raided by police in 1883, and in a notable case in the following year, Sydney police seized almost 1000 books. The *Daily Telegraph* reported how, at the subsequent court case, the prosecutor read "several revolting passages" before giving his opinion that such literature could lead to the overthrow of society. The bookseller was fined £20 and the offending works destroyed.

The Freethinkers finally won a round in 1888 when they successfully appealed against an obscenity conviction for selling Annie Besant's *The Law of Population*. Judge Windeyer said: "The time is passed when knowledge can be kept as the exclusive privilege of any cast or class. . . ignorance is no more the mother of chastity than of true religion."

Meanwhile, State customs officers had started seizing spicy European literature. In April 1884, *The Bulletin* reported how Victorian customs had impounded a consignment of Emile Zola's novels. The report continued: "Some wharf purists of snivelling Adelaide trumped this Christian trick by impounding an oil painting shipped from Melbourne for the local gallery. It happened to be a nude figure — *The Spanish Girl.*"

The confiscation of 162 French novels by Victorian customs in 1889 marked the first significant chapter in Australia's history of literary censorship. The books included classics such as Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho* and Guy de Maupassant's *A Lady's Man* and *A Woman's Life*. They were seized on the orders of State Customs Minister James Brown Patterson, nick-named "Jingo" Patterson. A stout Christian, he had a strong following among groups such as the Social Purity League, the Society for the Promotion of Morality, and the Women's Temperance Movement.

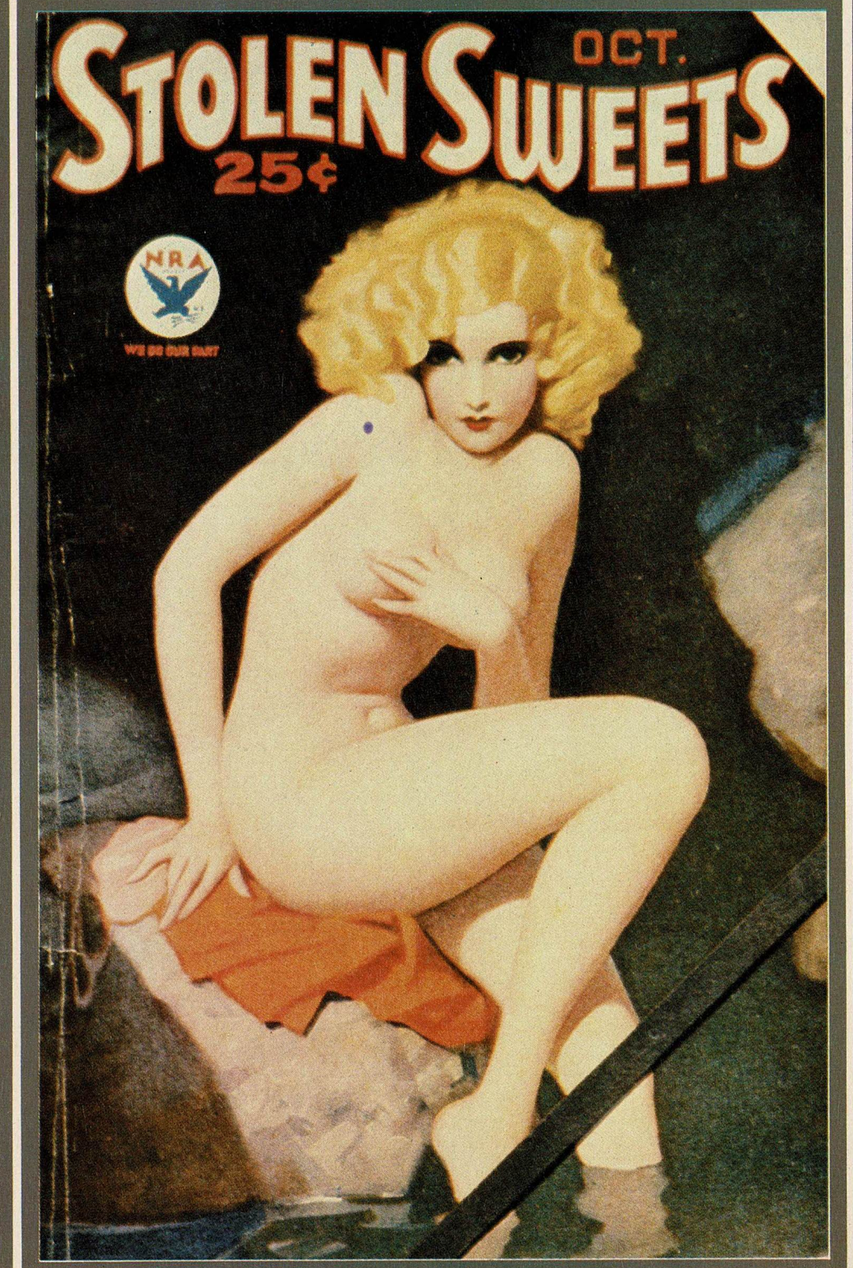
But Patterson never went ahead with prosecuting the bookseller who had imported the "obscene" novels — because of the controversy that followed the seizure. Although there was wide agreement on the need to control the new-wave realist novels which ignored Victorian convention, a public debate raged on how it should be done. *The Age* said the public's choice of books should not be limited by a "possibly illiterate minister". It recommended a panel of classically-trained literary experts. The conservative *Daily Telegraph* said the Customs Department should continue to vet novels.

In the end, Patterson retired from the field without ordering any more seizures, happy to leave the organisation of censorship to the proposed Federal Government which would be taking over State customs departments.

The new Federal Customs Department made its first swoop in July 1901 in Melbourne. It seized a consignment of French novels, incuding Honore de Balzac's *Droll Stories* and Paul de Kock's *Monsieur Dupont*. The importer was taken to court, where the star prosecution witness was a literary professor from Melbourne University who made a complete ass of himself.

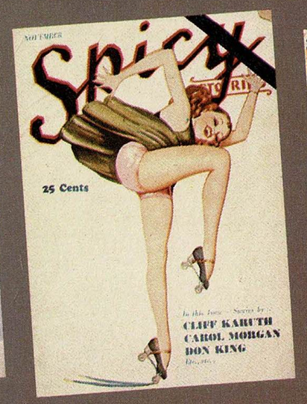
Professor E.E. Miller told the court that he felt he needed a bath after reading the books. They were certain to corrupt the reader. In fact, said the professor, he wasn't sure that *he* hadn't been corrupted by reading them.

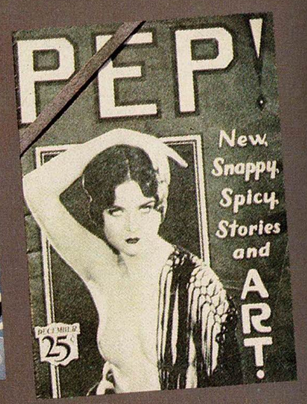
(continued on page 54)



a noted cartoonist shares his collection of cover girls from the era before the camera replaced the paintbrush

FRANCIS SMITH, better known as Smilby, is a fastidious and talented English cartoonist whose work has appeared in US PLAYBOY for many years. When he is not at the drawing board, he is out collecting vintage cover girls. He has recently published *Stolen Sweets* (named for a magazine of the Thirties), a loving look at his collection. Smilby writes: "The aim of this book is to share my interest and pleasure in the drawings of the cover girls of what, for want of a better name, one must call the girlie magazines of the first third of this century. For this was their heyday — the days from the turn of the century until the mid-Thirties, when photoprinting in color finally became technically good enough



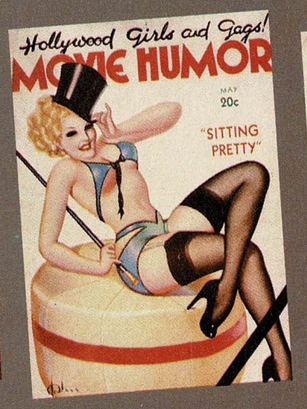


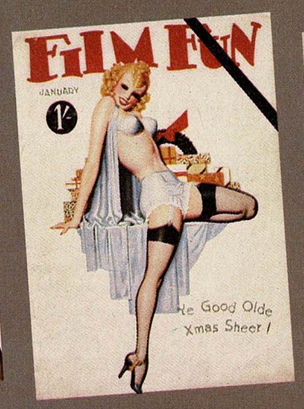
The French invented l'amour, *but Americans invented glamor.* La Vie Parisienne *was the original magazine for men.* Reel Humor, Spicy Stores *and* PEP! *were cheap pulp spin-offs;* Snappy *was one of the few large-format magazines.*

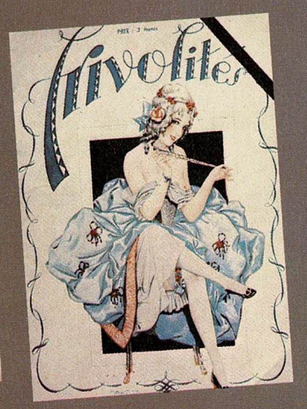
for the photograph to replace the drawing. . . These paintings are as fresh, as lively and lovely as the day they were painted."

During the Depression of the Thirties, America had the greatest cheap-magazine industry in the world. It took the notion of the French girlie magazine and gave it a unique twist. Smilby writes: "For if France had invented *l'amour,* America had invented glamor — one of the two curiously opposed images that it created and contributed to the girlie world. The first of these, the polished beauty, all flaws retouched, was the glamorous, unattainable movie star dream girl. And the second — the one so often revealed in this book — the cheerful, happy-go-lucky, fun-loving girl next door. . . The fundamental difference between the French and the American girl in this genre can be summed up by one broad generalisation: the sophisticated Frenchwoman is consciously pleasing, whereas the great American invention, the girl next door, is unconsciously pleasing. [These girls] positively glow with rosy-cheeked extroverted normality. They swim, they dive, they roller-skate, they throw balls. They're active, athletic, bursting with enthusiasm and those old virtues — vim, vigor and vitality. Real get-up-and-go girls. . . When popular art, for whatever reason, is at a high level of achievement, the cheap and vulgar can be lifted above itself. Good artists can lift a tawdry product to a level where some degree of critical appreciation is possible."

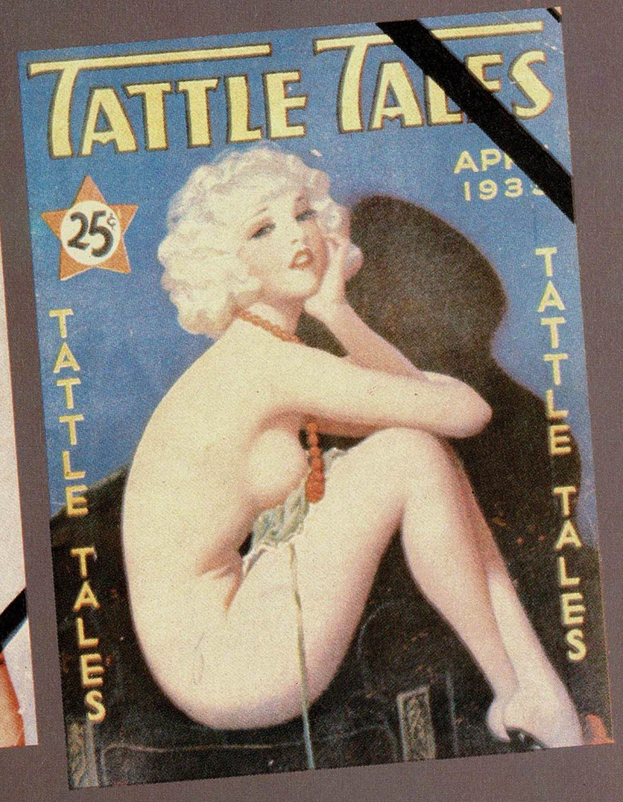
Girlie magazines in the Twenties and Thirties ran the gamut from PEP! *and* Frivolities *to* Movie Humor *and* Film Fun. *The latter were filled with stills of popular stars such as Ginger Rogers and Joan Blondell.*







The success of Film *spawned several imitators — among them* Movie Merry-Go-Round. Silk Stocking Stories *catered to the leg man. it was filled with photos of curvaceous cuties, carefully posed for maximum exposure of calves and shapely ankles.* The Tattle Tales *cover shown here is noteworthy for its tasteful, elegant nudity.*



Counsel for the defence pointed out that the novels had been freely imported for 40 years without any moral decay setting in. Also, book traders did not sell them to under-age people. After a long retirement, the magistrate said he was sorry the case had been brought to court. However, there did appear to be evidence that the books were obscene under the Customs Act. The statutory fine under the act was £100, but the magistrate used his powers to reduce it to £25. And he did not award any costs.

The press proceeded to give the Customs Department a severe mauling from which it took many years to recover. For almost three decades, all it did was ban some editions of Balzac, Boccaccio and Rabelais plus a handful of other publications.

During this lull — which coincided with a similar stay in obscenity proceedings in Britain — Australian readers enjoyed an unprecedented freedom, with libertine literature imported and sold unhindered. The new liberalism peaked in the Twenties, when artists finally felt free to produce unabashed erotica. There was a rush of sensuous nymphs and satyrs, led by Norman Lindsay. Admittedly, there was a great deal of opposition to the works of Lindsay and others of his school — the Australian Women's Reform League described them as "bestial" — but not enough to prevent exhibitions and publications in art books.

But Lindsay was to be one of the first victims of the conservative clamp-down which occurred with the onset of the Depression. In 1930, his novel *Redheap*, which had been printed in England, was banned by Australian customs. Two James Joyce novels, *Ulysses* and *Dubliners*, were outlawed around the same time, along with Defoe's 18th Century classic *Moll Flanders*.

Although *Redheap* was ruled obscene by the Solicitor-General, it was the book's observations on morals in a small Victorian country town, rather than any obscenity *per se*, which got it banned. This is the "hottest" part of *Redheap*:

"Experimentally he unbuttoned her blouse, but the intrusion on its privacies was not resisted. Still, inspiration was begotten by the tender caress of breasts. He began to kiss her, and a responsive shiver enlightened him. This pacific pose was her admission of desire, the mute offering of her body to love. It was a jumbled, unarranged consummation, but it was divine."

Was *that* likely to, in Chief Justice Cockburn's words, "deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences"? Hardly. But the ban on *Redheap* was to remain in force for almost 30 years.

Under a customs minister who declared "fine writing by prominent writers will not save them if their work is tinged with obscenity," more and more books were banned. In the early Thirties, the list of banned publications accumulated an amazing 5000 entries. They included Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, George Orwell's *Down And Out In Paris And London*, Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell To Arms*, Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* and John O'Hara's *Butterfield 8*.

The appointment of the Literature Censorship Board in 1937 helped ease the hysteria. About a hundred books were released on the board's advice in its first year of operations. They included *Moll Flanders, Farewell To Arms, Brave New World* and *Ulysses*.

But while one arm of the censor was relaxing, another was cracking down on a less-esteemed literary species — American pulp magazines. In the mid-Thirties, there was increasing opposition by women's and church groups to publications specialising in crime, sex and romance. Yes, even *True Confessions* and others of its ilk were considered too salacious, with articles such as My Strange Honeymoon Experiences and When I Went To His Room. Despite the suggestive headings, the stories themselves were invariably quite innocuous.

O'Reilly frequently outlawed British films for the following reason — they did not depict English life as accurately as Hollywood.

They never involved more than a lingering kiss. At first, Customs Minister White resisted demands to ban pulp magazines, saying: "Many of these cheap periodicals fulfil a demand by the poorer sections of the community, who are not in a position to purchase dearer publications of a better type." But White finally passed the buck by going overseas in May 1938, leaving the acting minister — a newsagent called A.J. Perkins — to handle the matter.

Handle it Perkins did. Within two months, he banned 48 magazines. The Lyons Government was so pleased with the favorable reaction from sections of the public that it made Perkins Customs Minister in November 1938. On his appointment he promised that his scissors were "going much deeper yet". After the outbreak of war, Perkins banned all American comics for "economic reasons". They remained a prohibited import until 1960.

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The authorities regarded many films in much the same light as American pulp publications. Movies were hacked with all the delicacy of a Yorkshire Ripper. Although not each case of film censorship involved obscenity, all resulted from the same form of moral protectionism.

Australia's first film censor was a lay preacher called William Cresswell O'Reilly. He occupied the position for 14 dreadful years, from 1928 to 1942. One of O'Reilly's first acts was the banning of all films featuring (or even hinting at) extra-marital intercourse. "Why should we wash Hollywood's dirty linen in public?" he asked. But even more extraordinary bans were to follow.

O'Reilly frequently outlawed British films for the following reason — *they did not depict English life as accurately as Hollywood!* By this time, you might be wondering whether O'Reilly was living in some kind of dream world, his job having got on top of him. Well, it's possible. He proceeded with further bizarre bans — anything which hinted at Australia's convict heritage, for example.

The man who succeeded O'Reilly as Chief Film Censor in 1942 was almost as repressive. He was John Alexander, teetotaller and professional public servant. In 1948, he banned all foreign horror movies, saying: "Horror films are neither entertaining nor cultural. They cater for a small minority of the moronic type." Australians were thus deprived of an entire *genre* of cinema.

Alexander also cut out shots of bikinis, as they were prohibited on Australian beaches. And too many kisses on the neck could not be permitted because "audiences got tired of it".

●

In 1944, Australia's first prosecution for obscene poetry took place. The accused was Max Harris, who was then co-editor of the avant garde Adelaide literary magazine *Angry Penguins*. The Crown case involved the works of a recently-discovered Australian poet called Ern Malley. Sole prosecution witness was a Detective Jacobus Vogelsang. Of a poem called *Night Piece*, the detective said: "Apparently, someone is shining a torch in the park. . .I have found that people who go into parks at night go there for immoral purposes." Discussing another poem, Vogelsang said: "I do not know what 'incestuous' means. I think there is a suggestion of indecency about it." On the strength of this expert evidence, Harris was found guilty and fined £5.

In fact, the Ern Malley verse was a hoax by two young Sydney poets, James McAuley and Harold Stewart. They put together a lot of meaningless verse, choosing words and phrases at random. Their aim was to find out whether those who wrote and praised obscure poetry could tell the real thing from a nonsensical hotch-potch. As it happened, Harris and his co-editor John Reed acclaimed the verse with enormous enthusiasm. Today, Harris still asserts it is top-class poetry.

Melbourne police scored a further blow for moral righteousness in 1949 with the removal of drawings from an art exhibition. They were the works of Rosaleen Norton, a Sydney artist and active exponent of black magic who was to become known as the "Witch of the Cross".

Miss Norton was cleared of a charge of showing obscene works, and the drawings were returned to the exhibition. But three years later in Sydney, her book *The Art of Rosaleen Norton* was the subject of another obscenity summons.

The drawings in the book were rife with sexual symbolism. Women embraced panthers, serpents rose from the groins of Pan-like creatures. . .it was very erotic stuff. And also most artistic. Accompanying the drawings was abstract verse by a young Sydney poet called Gavin Greenlees. He and publisher Walter Glover were also summonsed.

At the court case in February 1953, Rosaleen Norton said her drawings were based on the work of Jung and Freud. Her *Woman With Panther* demonstrated a "potential new consciousness". Asked by the prosecutor what she meant by the "new consciousness", she replied: "The egg." That was why a broken egg shell figured in her drawing of a male nude figure with a goat's head and serpentine penis. This plate and one other were ruled obscene by the magistrate, who imposed a £5 fine. After this, *The Art Of Rosaleen Norton* went on sale with two plates blacked out.

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A fresh blight of book-bannings got underway in the late Fifties, starting with J.D. Salinger's *Catcher In The Rye*. Recognised as one of the innovatory novels of the modern era, it had been circulating freely since its publication in 1951. And shortly before the ban, the American ambassador presented copies of *Catcher* to Canberra libraries as an example of his country's literature. Meanwhile, something was rotten in the State of Victoria, where *God's Little Acre* — recently liberated by Federal Customs — was declared obscene.

Customs banned Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy* in 1959 because of 51 lines of borstal songs touching on masturbation and bestiality. Heinemann's proceeded to publish an expurgated Australian edition — something which was all too common. In 1964, there were two prosecutions by NSW police which were to have a profound effect on Australia's obscenity laws. One involved *Oz* magazine, the other the University of NSW's student paper *Tharunka*.

Both were focused on something called The Gas Lash.

The Gas Lash, a hand-written satirical piece by artist Martin Sharp, appeared in *Oz* in February 1964. Although its aim was to lampoon the coarse ocker type, the magistrate at the subsequent obscenity case took a very dim view of it indeed. So dim that he jailed editors Richard Neville and Richard Walsh for six months and Sharp for four months. The public was horrified at the sentences, and the Oz Legal Defence Appeal was launched.

Meanwhile, a full-page, illustrated version of The Gas Lash appeared in *Tharunka*. It chronicled how a tuxedoed young ocker took a girl to the university formal with high hopes of getting her into bed at the end of the night. But this was not to be. When they arrived "pissed as farts" at his mate's place, he'd no sooner got the "frog" out of his wallet than "she chucked all over me tux". At the *Tharunka* obscenity case, the prosecution suggested the piece could lower the moral tone of young readers. But as one of the defence witnesses — journalist Mungo MacCallum —pointed out: "If one goes to a party, gets hopelessly drunk, and ends up being vomited over, it's not a good recommendation to do such things." The defence counsel was one Neville Wran, who argued that the cartoon and accompanying words attacked the modes of behavior depicted in The Gas Lash.

The magistrate found Sharp and the other defendants guilty, although he only imposed small fines. In October 1964 these convictions were quashed by an Appeal Court judge. And the following February, *Oz* also won its Gas Lash appeal. The tide was slowly turning.

Until adults are free to read what they choose, the abhorrent practice of censorship will remain alive and well, and living in Australia.

Around this time, the anti-sexual censorship lobby brought out a publication called *Obscenity*. It told how 25 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY had been banned. . .and how customs had confiscated a copy of PLAYBOY sent to Sydney journalist Harry Newton by a lady friend in Canada. According to *Obscenity*, Newton was contacted by customs who gave him the option of having the magazine destroyed or returned to Canada. He told them to send it back to Canada. A couple of months later, his friend wrote to him saying she'd received a copy of an Australian shipping directory in the mail. . .

Nineteen-sixty-five was an election year in NSW, and with the State reverberating from the outcome of the *Oz* and *Tharunka* cases, obscenity became a hot political issue. In his policy speech, the Leader of the Opposition, the then Robin Askin, promised that future obscenity cases would not be tried by magistrates, but by juries. He fulfilled this promise after being elected Premier.

Don Chipp became Customs Minister after the Federal election in October 1969. One of the most agonising decisions he was faced with was whether to outlaw the controversial *Little Red School Book*. "I sweated five lonely weeks before I made my decision to release it," Chipp said later. He maintained that the section on drugs was anti-drug, the section on sex was commonplace, and as for the third section on politics, Chipp stated: "While I'm Minister for Customs, there will be no political censorship."

Chipp later lifted bans on several other books, including Harold Robbins' *The Carpetbaggers*, Grace Metalious' *Peyton Place* and T.E. Lawrence's *The Mint*. In the first major government statement on the matter since the Thirties, he said censorship was "evil". He told a TV audience: "It is a monstrous thing that there is one man, a Don Chipp or whoever the hapless incumbent of the portfolio might be, who can say to you as an adult: 'I say you cannot read this or see this or hear it.' It is an evil concept."

When the Liberal Government was defeated in the December 1972 election, the reins of censorship were handed over to Labor's Attorney-General, Senator Lionel Murphy. Like Chipp, he was hotly opposed to censorship. Under his regime, the machinery was revamped and liberalised, and a new tribunal was set up to hear complaints publicly and give published reasons for its decisions.

This *laissez-faire* approach to sexual censorship has continued under the Fraser Government. The trend has been for authorities in each State to make their own arrangements.

Last year, Melbourne record importer Gil Matthews, now drummer with the band Mondo Rock, was convicted of keeping an obscene article for gain — a Marianne Faithfull album. He'd sold the LP *Broken English* to a Victorian vice squad officer who objected to a song called D'ya Do It.

More recently, Brisbane police raided a Myers department store and confiscated copies of *The Joy Of Sex* on the grounds that the book was obscene.

Which brings us to the present. Officially, outside Queensland which has its Literature Board of Review, there is no censorship of adult material in Australia. But in practice, the laws enacted to protect minors are being used to censor adult publications — like this magazine — and dictate to the community what it may or may not read.

Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania have all recently introduced restrictive classifications which make it difficult for newsagents to sell adult publications to anyone, regardless of age.

We can laugh at Detective Vogelsang's incredible ignorance or Sir Arthur Rylah's prurient readings to the House, but how much has changed, really? Until adults are free to read what they choose, the abhorrent practice of censorship will remain alive and well, and living in Australia.

Playmate of the Year

The third Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year is 21-year-old Lyn Barron, the blonde, long-legged beauty from the Gold Coast who graced our pages as Pet of the Month in October 1981.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

Our Playmate of the Year wins more than $40,000 in prizes, including an Alfa Romeo GTV 2.0 and two first class return tickets to London from Qantas. Turn to page 114 for full details.

Lyn, who hopes to find fame and fortune as an actress, says: "I know it sounds trite, but I can't think of a better word than thrilled to describe my reaction to being named Playmate of the Year."

DRY JANUARY

in which livers are rested and reworked, wagons fallen on and off and in the long run, virtually nothing achieved

January 1, 1982

Dear Diary: It is now almost 4am. I hope the pen hand is secure enough to render this legible when I wake up around lunch-time today. I am not in the habit of keeping a diary, largely because today's brilliant observation is so often tomorrow's embarrassing wank. However, for this month, and this month alone, I shall be recording my spiritual and physical progress in these pages. I am only sorry that this first entry should be so sullied by the demon drink, these being the hours immediately after the celebration of the New Year, such as it was.

Later on today, when I wake up full of remorse and barely able to move my head, I shall type and correct this entry, so that the world at large will never know

article by phil jarratt

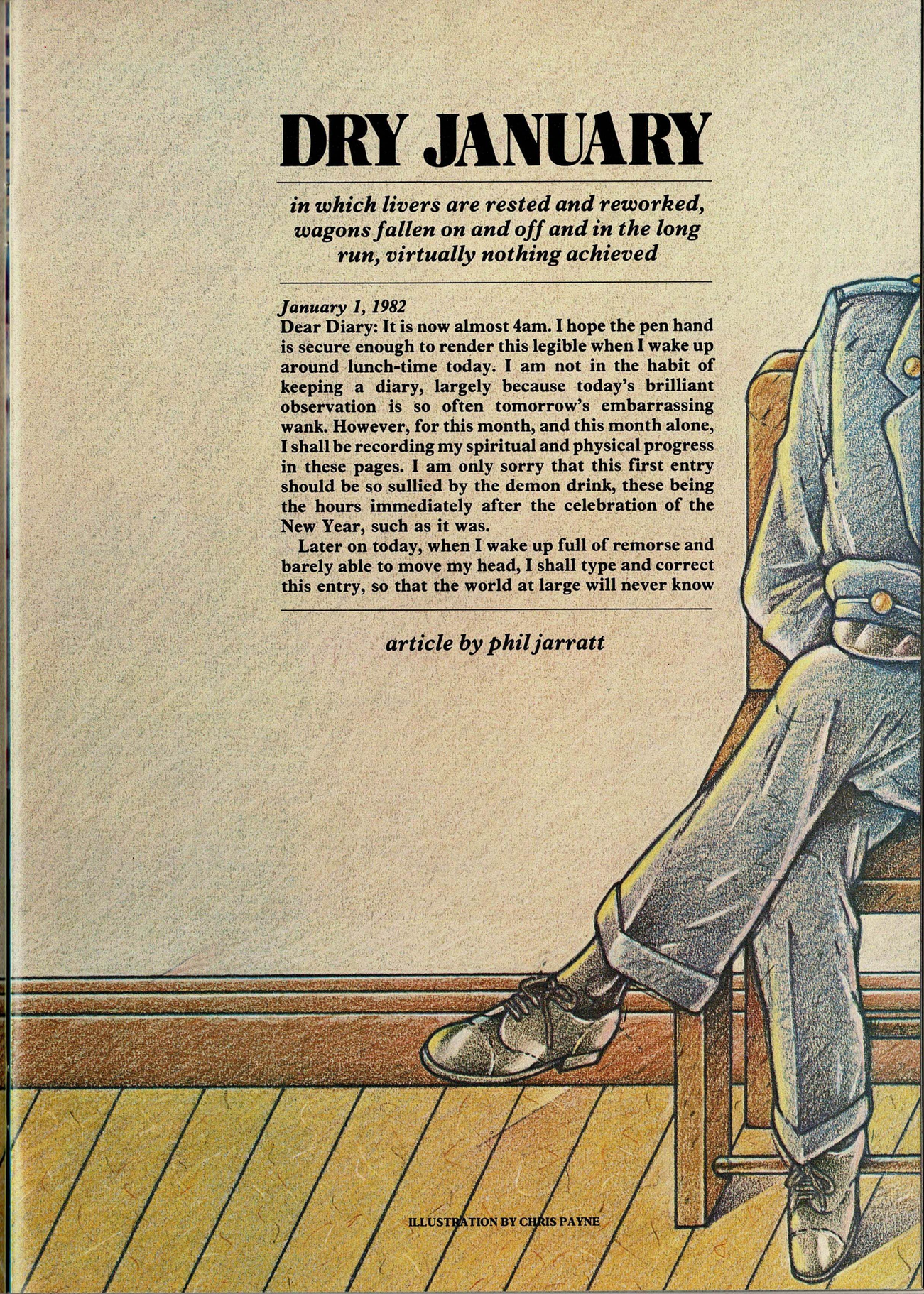


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

how badly I write when I'm pissed. And believe me, it won't happen again. Not this month.

January 2, 1982
Dear Diary: Let me recap the events leading to the wagon, on which I am. Firstly, this is a social experiment for which I am a willing guinea pig. A moderate social drinker (average consumption four to six drinks three times a week) I find that during the month of December moderation, logic and large sums of money go out the window and up against the wall, if I may mix a metaphor or two. And why not? I'll be mixing bugger all else this month. In fact there are large chunks of December of which I have no recollection. I know my children seemed extraordinarily excitable on the morning of the 25th, but I don't recall the exact nature of the fuss owing to the legacy of the previous evening's festivity.

This sort of thing is not much fun, I am the first to admit. Therefore, I have arrived independently at the conclusion that it is time to get off the piss, take the pledge, give the liver a break, dry out, go on the wagon, have a Claytons, not have a drink, bore the shit out of all around me with obsessive and self-conscious references to my new-found virtue. Hey, go right ahead, don't worry about me. I don't drink, myself, but if you feel you must, then go right ahead. No distension of my liver, ho, ho, ho.

Secondly, and most importantly, I want you all to know that there is absolutely no necessity for me to do this. I am in terrific health and of sound mind at all times. I am a loving husband and a kind father at all times. I do not need alcohol to get me through the day and frequently go half a week without noticing its absence from the pattern of my life. The red blotches under my eyes are not burst blood vessels but squint lines known to all keen sportsmen. The slight pot-belly-like protuberance is in fact a buildup of muscle tissue from years of feverish surfboard paddling. No, this is purely a voluntary act of self-discipline unrelated to my physical condition.

Now, 36-hours into the experiment, it is worthwhile recalling the last drink to pass these lips. It was a large hit of tequila, delightfully packaged in a tumbler originally designed to carry mayonnaise, with a splash of grapefruit juice thoughtfully stirred into the mix by the oversized digit of my mate Harry. Earlier in the night we had drunk the Pegasus Motel, Yamba, NSW dry of Minchinbury White Seal champagne style sparkling white wine. It being New Year's Eve the management had thoughtfully put three bottles of this — the only stuff approaching champagne in the house — on ice. After that we drank it warm. On the stroke of twelve I also wore it warm, my drunken behavior becoming too much for my wife to tolerate without physical reply. Then we moved on to the nightcaps, and then the tequila.

"Right," I said, downing the Mexican Madness and thumping the table. The mosquitoes stirred in the alcohol-free zone beyond my breath. "I'm off the piss for a month."

"You're drunk, don't know what you're saying," said Harry, and fell off his chair unconscious.

January 4, 1982
Dear Diary: Back at work. Now comes the hard part. While it is all very well to sit calmly in a bungalow on the sun-drenched North Coast and swear off the fire water, it is another thing to face the daily crises of the publishing world without succor. As we keep telling ourselves, booze is a working tool of the media, enabling us to establish contacts with people who would otherwise ignore us and to solicit vital information from politicians, crooks, cops and others partial to a drop. It — the booze — also feeds the flame of creativity, so we tell ourselves. Thus it is that many novels are begun, screenplays drafted and schemes schemed during the rush, the great ascension which occurs before the bottle

The red blotches under my eyes are not burst blood vessels but squint lines known to all keen sportsmen.

that really shouldn't have been opened is, and words grow shorter, pauses longer and ideas more ridiculous.

So today at lunchtime I strode purposefully into our little bar around the corner with the words, "Perrier, please," pursed and ready to be spat speedily in the direction of Liam, the bartender. Unfortunately I have an ungainly gait and my approach can be monitored by the sight of my head bobbing up and down at the street-level window. By the time I reached the bar a Heineken was uncapped and smoking in the bottle, its phallic green neck urging me closer. "Satan, get thee behind me," I cried, flinging the offending brew at another and weaker-willed regular. I am not much given to public displays, but the point was made. In an instant I had joined the growing army of Perrier poseurs, those Titans in tennis shoes who believe that taking the waters is an act of upward mobility. Such is not the case. Let me tell you that Perrier is, in fact, passe. Too many people have switched on to its delightful nothingness. The tres chic of the non-drinking set have moved on to the ultimate non-high — the non-drink. All over Sydney, Melbourne, Gunnedah and other world centres, the former Stuyvesant smarties — the crew who were drinking pina coladas before they were invented — are ordering iced water. Economic considerations aside — and in Perrier's case a buck a bubble does seem a little steep — water is rich in history. Water drinkers date back to the beginning of time. Water is something we share with every living thing that has ever inhabited the earth. Water is the great leveller. It is cheap, efficient, and in the way of curing thirst it seems to do the trick. When we take a glass of water we are expressing, in the most basic way, the philosophy which will save the planet. We are all equal, man and beast, before the bubbler. But Lord God I'd give my right arm for a real drink.

January 8, 1982
Dear Diary: Against all odds and despite some very humid weather, we have survived Week One. My thirst and I, triumphant we sit in the late afternoon, here at Barry's Bar, nursing a Perrier. It has not been easy, I am telling myself, my thirst and anyone else who will listen. (No one will. In seven days the legend of my boringness has spread far and wide through Darlinghurst.)

No, it has not been easy, I repeat. Six late arrivals scatter beyond earshot. First there was the Perrier rejection syndrome, followed by the iced tap water stage. Then came a dreadful day and a half in the grip of addiction to bitters. Hot Thursday produced a lemon squash fad — bendy straw, slice of lemon, the works — and now a pleasant, albeit alcohol-free Friday lunch has seen me revert, sodium poisoning be buggered, to the little green bottle of over-priced bubbles.

"Why do you drink that crap? Here, I'll buy you a beer. Two beers please." This is my old mate from Hong Kong, the serpent sent to try me. I'd made it abundantly clear on the phone. A drink? Sure, love to buy you one. I'm not having one myself but I'll gladly watch.

"Ha ha. See you at six."

So here he is, pulling money out of well-pressed pockets and being insistent. "Right, here you go," he says, handing me a big, frothy, brown mother of a beer, all hops and wonderful secret things. The head just rolling over the lip of the icy, misty glass and a trickle of the brew cascading down to the Queen Victoria's snuff box part of his fist which is now directly in front of me. . . at eye level where I can see, smell and feel its presence. Trembling, I reach out, hold the glass briefly, lovingly, and replace it on the bar. No, I won't, I say. Thanks all the same but I'm on the wagon.

"You weak prick," says my mate, his mouth curling in disgust, then finding solace in a beer of its own. "You piss weak little prick. There is absolutely no point in what you're doing. The key is moderation in all things. A couple of beers never hurt anyone. And anyway, how often am I in town? And furthermore, blah, blah, blah."

This sort of thing, this peer pressure, is something of which I have been aware for a long time. Usually, however, I dish it out. On the receiving end one suddenly realises how effective it can be. While certain arguments repeated ad nauseum will merely reinforce your opposition to them, the repetition ad nauseum of a strongly-worded invitation to partake of a cool glass on a hot afternoon has the desired effect of whittling away all resistance. I could escape, run screaming out of the bar and into the garbage-lined street. But what would people think? And here he comes again. Hand in pocket, money on bar, lips pursed and. . .

". . . wouldn't hurt, you weak, lily-livered bastard. Thank you barman, and my friend here, he'll have. . . c'mon Phil, one beer won't hurt. Get him a beer."

Okay, I'll have a Heineken, I whisper, hating myself.

"Oh no," says Liam the bartender. "Don't do it, you'll hate yourself in the morning."

Right, that does it. When the barman starts warning you off it's time to take stock of the situation. Too much abstinence can be a dangerous thing. The bottle is uncapped, the long glass filled, the head formed. A masterpiece of pouring, it waits for me on the rim of the bar, beckoning.

"Cheers," says the man from Hong Kong, raising his glass to his lips. Cheers, I reply, and in walks my wife.

January 11, 1982
Dear Diary: Friday night was a close call. Too close. Maybe I should avoid bars, forget the Jack Thompson principle. My wife, of course, would rather see me drunk than morbid (although sometimes I am both) and is, in fact, bored by my obsessive abstinence. But I can't bear to give her ammunition for future battles. You couldn't even give up the grog for a few days, etc etc. So either I cart her around the watering holes or I avoid them completely. Abandon the Jack Thompson principle, which is simply a sales ploy developed by the makers of Claytons. It is based on the premise that men seek the ambience and mateship of their local, rather than the alcoholic relief which resides within. Thus we see Thompson — the epitome of hard-living, rough and tumble Good Blokeness — yarning at the bar with his sycophantic mates and ordering a soft drink. But just as Claytons is the drink he has when he is not having a drink, it is also the soft drink that is not really a soft drink. It looks more like a watered-down Scotch, and its appearance enables Our Jack to remain the centre of attention at the bar even though he is clearly not occupying the same head space as his lushed-out, giggling cobbers.

He looks like he is having a drink, and this, the television commercial implies, is enough. I am here to tell you it is not.

January 16, 1982
Dear Diary: Halfway through this dreadful month and I can tell you now that I am out of danger. This is the part I've read about in books, the time after the alcohol works its way out of your system and almost out of your mind. I am now going half an hour, an hour sometimes, without a single thought of booze. Indeed, when I do think about it, it is usually to reflect on how much better off I am without it. My fellow workers think I'm a pious bore, but I've come to expect that kind of negativity from drunks. My friends — close friends — are full of admiration. Take last night for example. I'd pretty much cleared the deck, socially speaking, for the month of January, but last night we had a long-standing obligation to entertain some dear friends. Unselfish to the end I uncorked a Rouge Homme for them and a Taurina Spa for myself, which I sipped at while they drank and became increasingly full of merriment. It was a splendid evening. They drank, I explained the advantages of not doing so. Our guests left shortly after 9pm and before I was able to show them my diagrams of what alcohol does to your liver. Never mind, there is always next time.

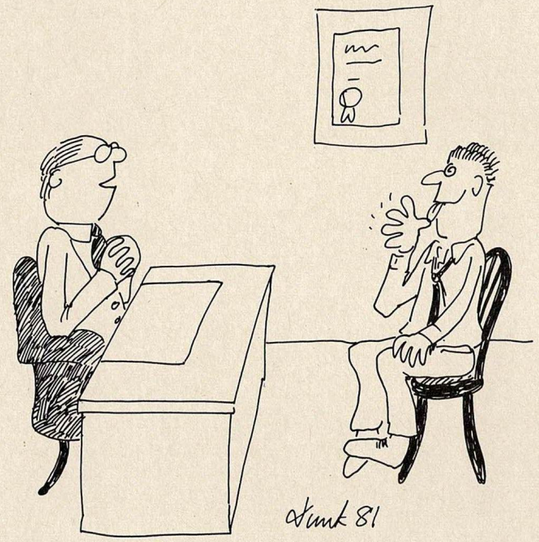
January 24, 1982
Dear Diary: In direct response to a national trend which I established on January 1 this year, the national organ of trendy record, *The National Times,* is publishing a serious series on the evils of booze. This goes at the front of the paper, the wine column and ads for Farmer Bros' mixed doz and so on down the back. This is rather like PLAYBOY running a series on the evils of sex. I read the serious anti-booze stuff while I lay on the beach this morning, free of a hangover and feeling, well, pretty great but a bit thirsty. I read about Bob Hawke, still sober-sided after all these months. All very well, but I don't want to be Prime Minister. A week to go and my piety is slipping.

January 27, 1982
Dear Diary: There are some things about an Australian summer of which one never tires — cold beer and barbecued sausages after a day at the beach, a swim before work, the view from the bar of the M.A. Noble Stand at the Sydney Cricket Ground, an icy seven in the hand, half an hour to go, three wickets to get and Lillee bowling from the Paddington end with the benefit of the nor'easter. This is the good life as it occurs to me, sitting here at my typewriter, full of remorse and the pain of failure for the first time in three weeks and six days.

Three bloody weeks and six bloody days! Alas and alack, I have fallen. But it is not my fault. It is the fault of my parents, without whom I would never have been born Australian, and it is the fault of Messrs Chappell, Wood, Dyson, Hughes, Marsh etc who have made me ashamed of being so. Let me explain.

Tonight we were decimated by the Rastafarian heathens. Using voodoo, sleight of hand, natural rhythm and other sorcery (barely stopping short of under-arm bowling) the Calypso demons throttled us. Chasing 235 we appeared to be heading in the right direction until Chappell came and went and the procession to the pavilion began. At three down I felt the patriotic urge to down a beer. With four of the bastards back at the card game I threw resolution out the window and strode manfully to the bar. At eight down, no hope of winning but Thommo throwing the bat like there was no tomorrow, I, dear reader, was patriotically pissed.

Even in failure there is hope. One day I will endure a dry month. One day we will again have a winning cricket team. But don't hold your breath for either.

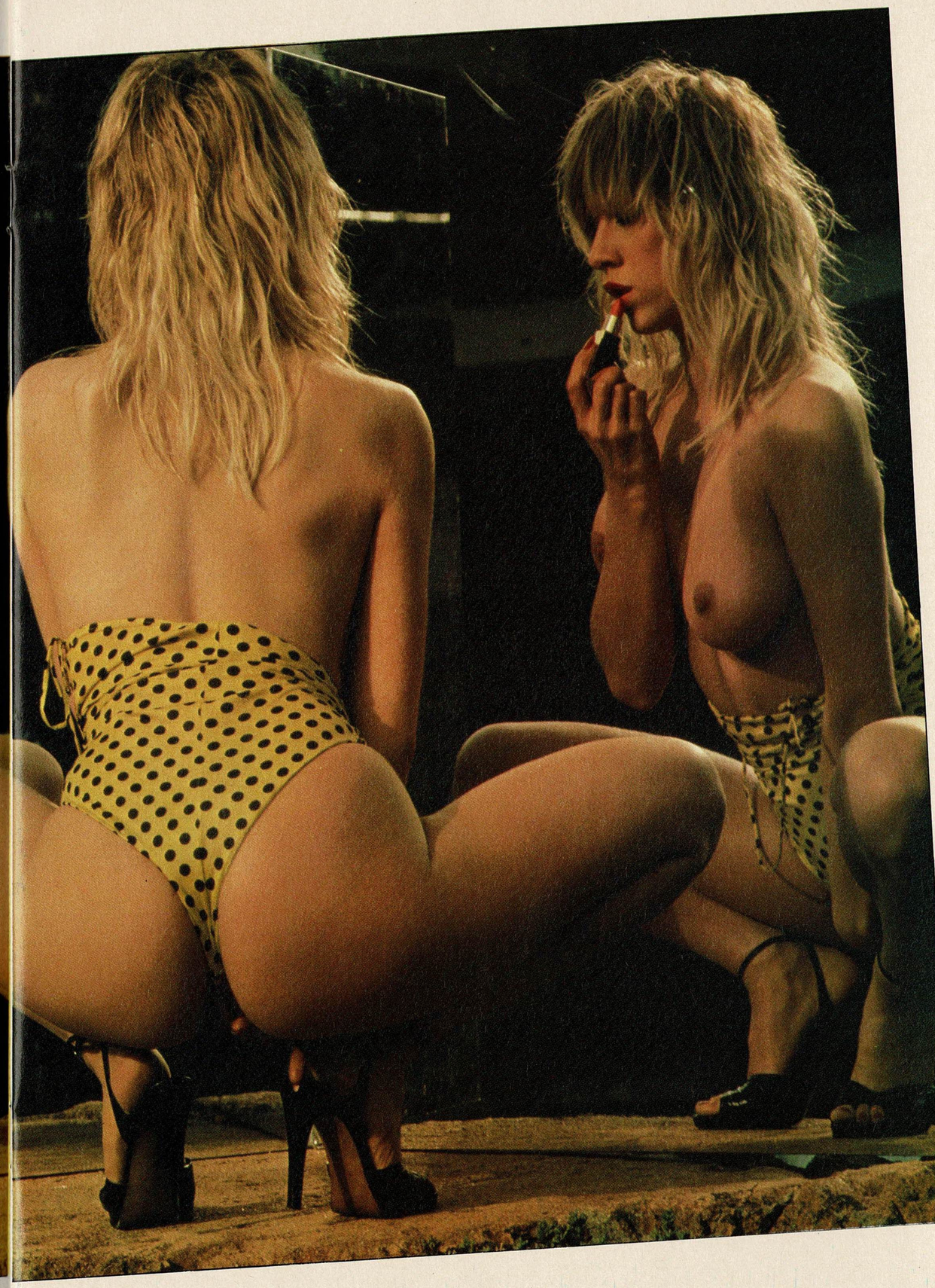


"We doctors have a name for your condition — we say you're only playing with half a pack upstairs."

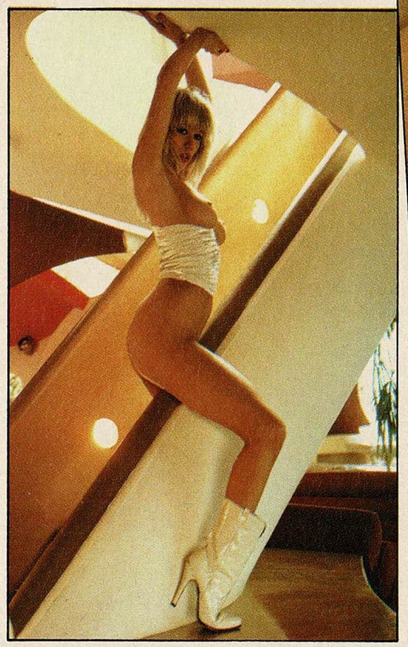
BETTINA

Mey is top class all the way. This 23-year-old beauty who was born in Berlin, was a model student who became a top model. In fact, her school marks were so good that she was about to study medicine when love and life got in the way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN

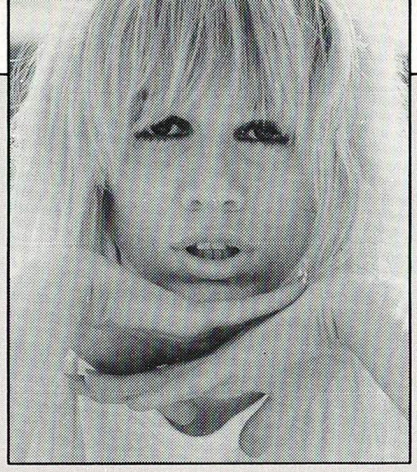


Our Playmate of the Month says she is ambitious, a perfectionist "and I'm nice. I only become cranky when someone is not honest with me." Bettina also likes to be admired. "When I wear good clothes that produce whistles, I get a real ego boost."



There is one thing that Bettina always needs. “Since I was young, since I got my first crush on my art teacher and got all red and embarrassed, I have needed to be in love. I had my first experience with a man when I was 19, and that’s when I learned that everyone needs love.”

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Bettina Mey



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Bettina Mey

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34½

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 8½st SIGN: Aries

BIRTH DATE: 30/3/1958 BIRTHPLACE: Berlin

TURN-ONS: People who are honest, being admired as a total person, classic English cars.

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, flashiness, chauvinism (male and female), false modesty, fast food.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Ice skating, skiing, horse riding, especially steeplechase events.

FAVORITE FOOD: All seafood, imaginative salads, and anything my mother cooks.

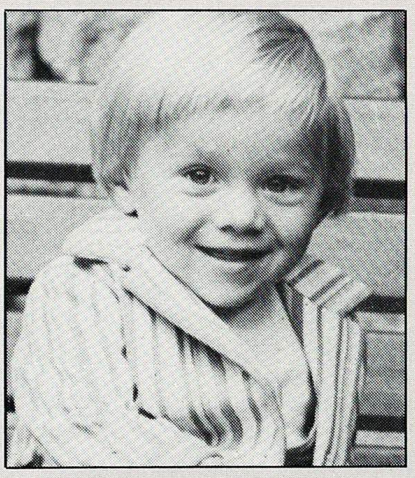
GOALS: To be internationally famous as a model.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Dice Man, Fear Of Flying.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: The Rolling Stones, David Bowie, Blondie, Kate Bush, Talking Heads.

RELAXING: Watching ballet, reading.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Raiders Of The Lost Ark, any movie starring Dudley Moore, Casablanca, Elvira Madigan.



Five years old - a kid from Berlin

At 22 - I always have to be first, even on a tandem

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a rather rowdy party, one unattached female guest kept disappearing into a back bedroom with one man after another, including the host. This did not go unnoticed by the host's wife, who was smoldering but kept her composure. It was still fairly early when Miss Willing approached her looking somewhat frazzled and rumpled. "I'm sorry to rush off," she explained, "but I don't feel too well."

"Of course I understand, my dear," was the hostess' rejoinder. "You must have a splitting backache."

Say, does your wife like to do it dog style?" one drinker inquired of his barmate in a moment of sexual camaraderie.

"To be frank, she's rather more partial to trick-dog style," was the reflective reply. "Whenever I make an overture, she's more likely to roll over and play dead."

The honeymooners at the resort were playing a ringtoss game when they suddenly stopped, looked long and hard at each other and headed back to the lodge.

"Aha," remarked a spectator with a wink, *"quoitus interruptus."*

While the young man was still undressing in the motel room, his date lit up with the remark: "I always have a cigarette *before* sex."

"You shouldn't, you know," her bedmate-to-be warned with forced jocularity. "Those things stunt your growth."

"Don't you ever smoke?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he removed his shorts.

"So," the girl commented, lifting her gaze, "what's *your* excuse?"

You said you were a Libra on the cusp of Scorpio," the girl told the fellow, surveying him with a smile as they left a bar for his apartment, "but right now you look more like a Taurus with penis rising."

I refer," says a cocksman named Watt,
"To my phallus in heat as my 'hot';
And the name of the game,
I explain without shame,
Is contained in the phrase 'hot to twat'."

An old woman in the West Virginia hills received a letter from her grandniece, who had gone off to the big city to seek her fortune. Puzzling over the writing and the contents, she reported to her husband, "Annie Mae says here that she's got herself a job in a. . . a. . . a. . . it must be in a *'message* parlor'."

"I reckon cityfolk must leave word there fer their neighbors and kinfolk — not havin' back fences," commented her husband. "Does Annie Mae say how much they pay her?"

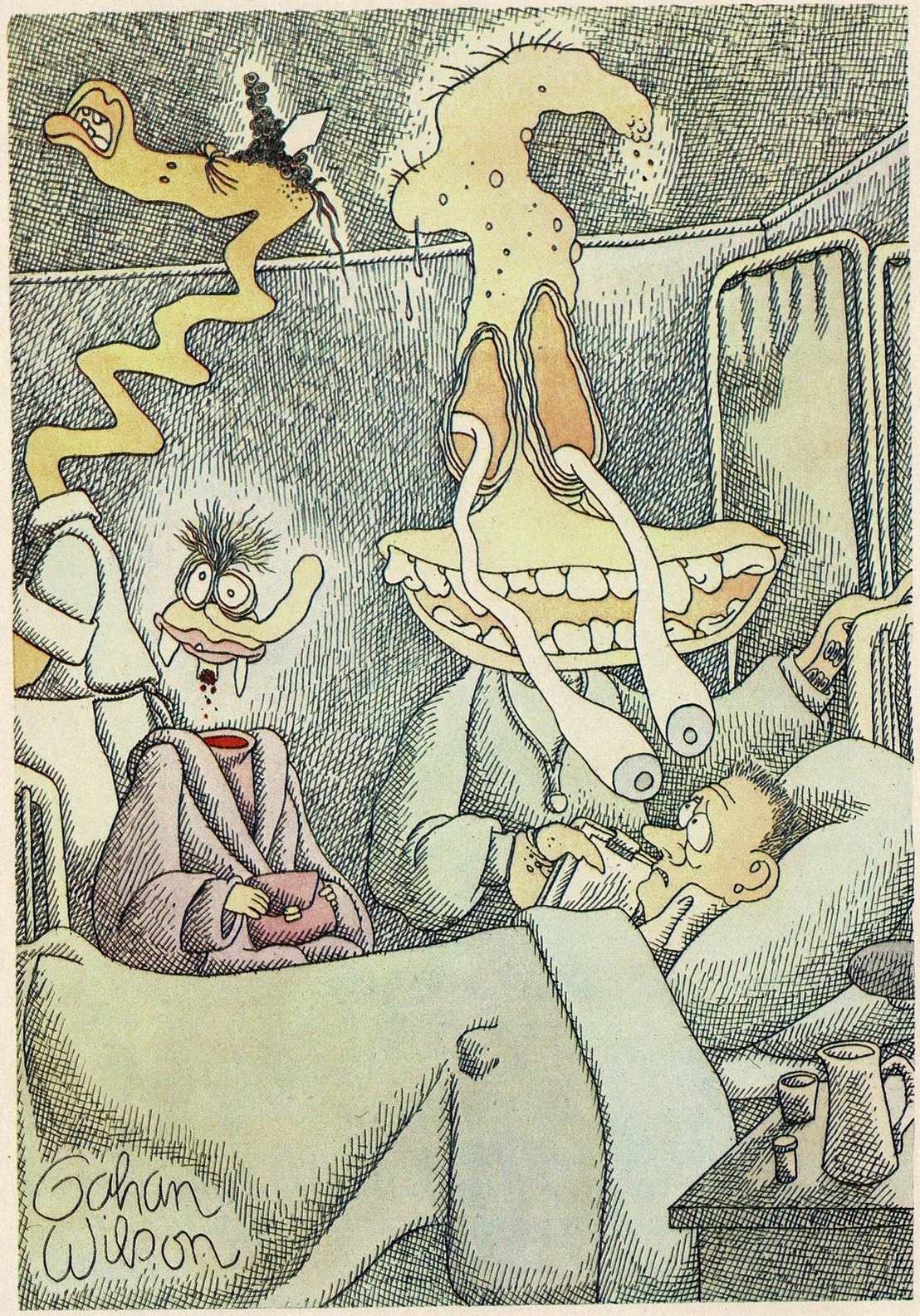
"That's the part I just cain't take in, fer the life of me, Paw," answered his wife. "She says she gits thirty-five dollars fer a hand-delivered message and sixty dollars if she *blows* it to 'em!"

The difference between a volume of Government regulations and a sex manual is obviously that a bureaucrat goes by the book in the former case and comes by it in the latter.

Gee, guys," said Snow White, "I've always dreamed of getting seven inches — but not an inch at a time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy directions* as balling bearings.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Now those pills you just took may produce some visual side-effects."

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

PALLY:
FOREVER YOUNG

the swinging sixties are alive and well and living in sydney's stockbroker belt

A dismal Monday morning in Sydney in 1982, and Ward "Pally" Austin is cheering it up by doing a perfect imitation of none other than Ward Pally Austin — his best and only act. The subject matter is Pally's favorite — the halcyon days of disc jockey chic, the Sixties.

Surely there could be no brighter tonic than Ward Pally baby, in the flesh, in red flak jacket, red gingham check shirt, red pants and white shoes to match his smile. The authentic, official, original real gone blond-haired stompie-wompie. It is as though a time capsule has opened.

The Japanese have a sort of national trust for human beings. Artists considered so worthy are designated National Treasures, which means, I suppose, you can't knock 'em down and put up a parking lot. Ward Austin is an Australian national treasure. He is living proof there was life before the Beatles; Homo Sixtiensis, a perfectly preserved archeological specimen over which the past 20 years have passed as a cloud scuds across a brilliant blue sky.

In 1960 the post-war baby boom was just beginning that great adventure — Teen Age. A million kids, with an anthem — Rock Around The Clock — a church — the transistor radio — and a priesthood — the disc jockey. In 1960 Ward baby was 25. He would never get any older. "I was selling women's dress materials around Sydney. Done it for three years" he says.

I had to make a move then or I'd never do it. "If you can't make a move when you're 25, boy, forget it."

He'd always had this radio bug. Even at school — the exclusive Riverview — he'd been fascinated by radio. He was a regular in the live audience at Rumpus Room, a radio program for teenagers run by Howard Craven, who these days provides the smooth voice on Sydney's muzak station, 2CH. Austin wrote to Craven, who remembered him, and recommended a radio school. Austin attended, and then took a job at 2KA, in the Blue Mountains out of Sydney, where he stayed just eight months.

"Country radio is a great training ground. I did every shift, and raced around the main street talking butchers and greengrocers and haberdashers and furniture shops and car dealers into advertising with the station. I was pestering the Sydney stations all the time for a job. Then Tony Withers left 2UE — to die or something, but he never did — and Ken Stone, the boss at UE, hired me and Brian Henderson. I was away."

> *We really had a ball in those days, it was fan-tas-tic. Everything was happening, all at once — the surfie thing, flower power, the British invasion, the Beatles and the Stones were really brainin' 'em. The mini skirt, Carnaby Street and all that, fabulous times. Oh yeah, wow. The whole place was erupting we were all bopping. It was a movin' along life, I'm tellin' ya. . .*

Indeed. It was hard to deny this irrepressible talent, although to the staid radio bureaucrats of 1960 Austin must have come on like a surfie in the House of Lords. Tony Withers, whose mysterious ailment was front-page news, was then the ruling monarch of rock radio, which wasn't too rocking, considering the soppy ballads that filled the charts. Another top jock was Alan Toohey, a mediocre talent of about 50 (or 60 or 80 or 90 for all the rapport he had with the young). Brian Henderson — Hendo — was of this mould, a neat man who looked after the pap that was Channel Nine's teenage show, *Bandstand,* and who later found his pace reading the Channel Nine news.

Still, radio station management hyped these moderate but not so modest talents into some sort of stardom, as if the ability to read record labels was a god-given talent. Austin was different. He was of the American style, a speed freak with genuine rapport with his listeners. There were a couple of others, but none with his peculiar style. It's not that he told funny stories — he didn't — or knew a real lot about the music he was playing — he didn't — or did the craziest stunts — he didn't.

Television had begun, but radio was still *the* medium, especially with the kids, especially in the afternoon after school when we were doing our homework. The good afternoon deejay didn't just announce records — he segued into the aural excitement with his own vibe, creating three hours of frenetic bop, which is what Ward Austin did, armed with an array of meaningless words, catch-phrases, exclamations, bits of gossip, hype and hysteria, powered by a set of lungs that allowed him to rave for one, two or even three minutes without leaving as much space for a cigarette paper — or even a single tiny thought — to fit between the words.

Ward Austin came on like a big flash Plymouth V8, with

profile by p.d. jack

huge fins, masses of gleaming chrome, wharrumping in top gear down the coast with a packet of Pall Malls on the dash and Phil Spector on the wireless.

And what was he saying?

"I'd go down the beach every morning before going on air, and I'd talk to the kids, finding out what they were into, and then I'd go on the radio and say things like 'gas', and 'I'm stoked', and all those surfing terms.

"And they'd say 'Hey, this bloke's really with it, he talks just like us'. That pushed me along like a rocket."

The summers of '61, '62, and '63 were the boom for surfie music. Jan and Dean were scorching the airwaves out of California, and in Australia old rockers were Ajaxing their hair and dressing up in board shorts for *Bandstand*.

"I was young, blond and a natural," Austin remembers. "I don't ride the board like I used to, but I still love to get down the beach. It wasn't any act. I just fitted in real good with that music."

And there was the folk boom, too. The old rockers who didn't get into gingham check for the beach parties hung an acoustic guitar round their necks and pretended they were Peter, Paul and Mary.

"Bobby Dylan was one of my favorites. I dug all those message songs, y'know."

By 1963 he was the top deejay in Sydney. The Anderson radio ratings for that year show that almost half the radios on in the after-school hours were tuned to Austin's Sunset Show, despite some fierce opposition (Ken Sparks, John Laws and Bob Rogers). It was a position he was to keep for the rest of the decade.

With all due respects to the Johnny O'Keefes and Col Joyes, the Australian rock stars of the early Sixties were not really over-endowed with charisma, despite the screaming masses of barely pubescent girls who occasionally mobbed them. Yet the urge to idolise was no less strong in Australian girls than it was in American and British teenagers, and this weird psychological hysteria was transferred to the local stars.

"It was great. Y'know, if you were involved with the scene you sort of got carried along with the — what's the word? — the adulation, the hysteria."

When Ward Austin was making it in Sydney radio the king of the pops was a pleasant family man by the name of Bob Rogers, a man designed along the lines of your big brother, a bespectacled respectable cove whose big thing at parties is to jump over the lounge from a standing start. Hot dog! As Bob Rogers was to say many years later, radio people of those days were "people who didn't make it in something else". Most of the deejays were fat dumb people who read commercials.

Ward wanted to be in radio because it was, he could see, the place to be. It was where you could groove, bop along, be with-it. And he was with it.

Everyone was trying to get with it, too. The Catholic Church was just one of many groups to see the dollars in the youth scene, and turned its radio station, 2SM, into a rock station, with a team of "stars" — the Good Guys, a successful Top 40 format purchased, with jingles from America. Another flagging station, 2UW, invented the Eleven Ten Men, and hired Ward Austin. Ward brought over his loyal fans, and his gimmicks, and the station rocked up in the ratings.

"Everyone was into gimmicks then. At UE, this producer guy said to me, 'You gotta get something, you need some little thing'. He had this record of Sammy Davis Jnr live at the Copacabana doing an impersonation of Dean Martin. He has Dean Martin saying 'Any time you're ready, pally', and we put it down on tape, and I've used it ever since.

"The other stuff came from listeners. We had to have a gimmick, so we put it over the air, asking them for something I could say that'd be real groovy. Some girl in Melbourne came up with Rickapooty, and

Ward wanted to be in radio because it was, he could see, the place to be. It was where you could groove, bop along, be with-it.

then somebody else came in with Fandoogley, so I put 'em together for my signoff. So I still say 'A rickapooty and a fandoogley to ya'. What does it mean? Nothing really, I just say it means good luck."

At the time the nation was as sophisticated as a Dad and Dave joke, but we graduated from the Argonauts on the ABC to Ward Pally Austin. We were still in short pants, or maybe sneakily getting our Stamina school tweeds pegged, and Ward baby was out there with his name in the paper raging all night with gorgeous chicks at nightclubs. He may not have been as hip as say Lee Gordon — Lee Gordon was so hip he ODed in 1963 — but Ward was a rager. One time he raged so hard he was arrested.

"It may not have been my most outrageous night, but it was the heaviest. It was a fancy dress party at the Stagecoach in Pitt Street, and I was dressed up as a colonel in the Confederate Army — I had the uniform especially made. And I had an authentic replica Colt 45 in my holster. I shouldn't've brought it but. . .

"Somehow I had a fight with Joe Martin, the comedian and then we kicked on at a friend's place. I came back to get my car and I dunno someone must have set up the police because the place was swarming with cops.

"In those days you could be arrested for being drunk, and, well, it hadn't been a dry night. And I had this gun. So they took me down to Central Police Station and I spent the night in the cells. It was not nice, I can tell you. Never again."

So you get the picture? A million kids in Sydney wrestling with the formula for determining the volume of a cylinder while on the transistor Johnny Tillotson's singing "Judy, Judy, Judy" and the dude playing the records gets dressed up in Confederate Army uniforms and gets himself arrested for carrying a real live gun. Wild!

"I just did those things because I wanted to. It wasn't publicity, although we did cop heaps of it. Nowadays a bloke could do that and people wouldn't worry about it, but in those days we were much more innocent or something. They called us wild, outrageous. Nowadays everybody does that sort of thing."

Ask anyone who was around then about Ward Austin and sooner or later you'll hear about his crack about a Honda motorcycle being something hot and throbbing between a girl's legs, and the subsequent uproar.

"Nuh," snaps Austin. "In all my years I got hauled over the coals twice. Once for that Stagecoach thing and the other was. . . ah, I think that Dita Cobb thing." (It has been alleged he jobbed Ms Cobb, a radio personality famous for the number of facelifts she had had.)

"No, never for anything I ever said on air. I never said anything risque or that. Never. You hear all these stories, y'know, about things I'm supposed to have said or done. All sorts of stories."

I saw him once. I was at the Stadium, waiting outside for Dad to pick us up after the Diamonds. The Diamonds had these bouffant coifs and this enormous convertible and these fabulous chicks with enormous tits and there was Ward Pally Austin in a white suit. It had to be him or someone famous in show business because only show folk dressed like that in those days. I had a pink shirt and a charcoal bobtail tie and so did every other bloke there if they weren't in Presley purple or Mitchell blue, and there was Ward Austin in a white E-type and he shared a joke with the Diamonds and boy, did he have it made. (Austin claims he only ever drove a black E-type but I remember it as white, and so does the Pally legend.)

"I suppose in those days I was doing what any young guy who'd been married for five years would be doing. I was single again, had a new job and a bit more money, and was number one on the radio. I was in a position to really swing.

"In 1965 things started to jump along. I was racing around with young models, and there were all these invites to first nights and openings and movies and shows. It was a pretty moving along life.

"I had my own house on Sydney's North Shore, which was pretty good for a bloke my age. I'd get a chick to cook something, maybe play a few albums — Bobbie Dylan, country and western, or whoever was happening. And maybe she'd hang in there, and stay over. But I was never a guy for one-night stands. I'd find somebody I fancied, stick with her for a while — maybe she might move in — and if it didn't work we'd drift off — no real bitterness.

"Don't forget that Irene wasn't allowed out until she was 16, and even then her father was pretty strict. There was no staying over at my place, and I wasn't about to put her in the position where he could have anything over me. So right up to the day we were married — and Irene knew and understood it — I was bopping around town with other chicks. And there were an awful lot, I'm telling ya."

Irene was just one of the many girls who used to come into the 2UW studios to see the real live disc jockies in action. Well, not just *one* of the girls.

"She was obviously a young chick. . . but very stunning. An absolute darling. I came out of the booth and told her she had the biggest brown eyes I'd ever seen."

Irene was there with her sister; both pupils of Sydney Girls High. Irene was 14, Austin 30. Va-va-voom.

"We had what we called the Coming Home From School Club then, and a couple of weeks later I had her back on the show. Then I started taking her to the beach, and then, well, you know the rest."

Ward Pally had climbed on to the first big set of the decade — the surfie craze — and was paddling for the even bigger set that was to come thundering through — the British Invasion. But this was much more real. The grand vizier of the youth cult had done it. He'd entered the very heart of it. He was mainlining youth. And Ward Austin, disc jockey, rock idol, rager, image of perpetual youth, wasn't really what Irene's father thought was right for his daughter.

"Eventually he saw we were keen on each other, so he said I could see her on Sundays if I came round for a family afternoon. I suppose he thought I wouldn't take that. But I hung in there."

After three years of this, Ward had his holidays coming up, and a trip to America was planned. After much hassling, he convinced the father to give his permission, and at 17, Irene became the second Mrs Austin, at a very, very quiet Registry Office wedding, with a journalist as best man and another journalist attending the bride. The press wasn't notified until 20 minutes before the wedding.

But this was in 1968, after the Beatles, after the Rolling Stones, after the whole scene had exploded.

Now if a fast-talking blond-haired salesman could ride to the top on the surfie wave what couldn't he do when the Beatles came along. This was 10 times — a hundred times — bigger. Okay. The Deltones could doowopadoowop and Little Pattie could goo-goo-goo and sell a few tubes of pimple cream but the Beatles were helping Great Britain's balance of bloody payments! So if knowing Bobby Rydell got more fucks than you or I have had hot breakfasts, what wouldn't the Beatles do to a bloke's career?

So what happened? Ward missed out on the Beatles' exclusives — the Australian radio commercial hype merchants made sure of that — but he did get the Rolling Stones.

A well-known rock historian who prefers to remain anonymous recalls the interviews Austin did with Mick Jagger: "Jagger always had this look on his face like he was saying: 'who's this flip?' "

And when The Who came along with a new anthem — My Generation — they weren't allowing for any proxies or associate members. The scene was changing. The nice little malleable youth generation was starting to look after itself. The Colonel Tom Parkers were being replaced by young hucksters — the Brian Epsteins and Andrew Loog Oldhams. The old fogeys in

Austin didn't change, wouldn't change. He was no faddish dilettante who'd trim his sails to suit whatever breeze of fashion was blowing.

radio station management thought they'd get their stooges to get with it but they were wrong.

Dig Richards and Warren Williams in Beatle jackets just didn't fool us. We didn't need some hyped up bop salesman to tell us what was fab or groovy — we were old enough to decide for ourselves. We were reading Camus and T.S. Eliot and Kerouac and the Geneva Accords on Vietnam and here's Ward Austin and his rickapooty and Pepsi-Cola and engagement ring advertisements still behaving like yesterday.

And when Ward baby got in on the act by cutting a record himself — an execrable rip-off of the Bob Dylan style, a jokey thing which wasn't all that funny — that even the superb backing band, Python Lee Jackson, couldn't save — that was shut the gate, the man is just not with it.

Not with it!! Impossible!

The baby boom kids had grown up, leaving Austin waving the flag as the parade passed by. The million kids became a million adults. The heroes of *Bandstand* went back to their butcher shops, or became newsreaders or purveyors of economy-sized fascism to housewives. But not Ward Pally Austin. He was a bona fide pre-Beatles rocker, and he stayed true to himself. He didn't take up the Grateful Dead nor smoke drugs. He didn't leave his wife and run off with a vegetarian astrologer, nor demonstrate on the streets against Vietnam. He plugged on. And on. His ratings were shaved a bit here and there, but when he resigned from 2UW in 1970 he was still number one.

But the writing was on the wall. In 1970 he slipped across to that time warp across the sea, New Zealand, where he helped kick off the first commercial radio station. Then off to America, to try the big time. Which was never anything more than a job playing middle-of-the-road music in Phoenix, Arizona.

When he returned to Australia in 1976, the earth did not move. The era of the disc jockey was over. Ward Austin was back, ho hum. The kids were into Pink Floyd and smack, and those people who had heard of Ward Austin were senior assistant deputy secretaries in Canberra, and probably also into Pink Floyd and smack.

Ward Austin didn't change, wouldn't change. He was no faddish dilettante who'd trim his sails to suit whatever breeze of fashion was blowing.

Now it can be safely alleged that while JO'K and Elvis are dead, the not-quite-there rockers never die, but work day-jobs in the paint department at Grace Bros and do the club circuit at nights. So Austin got a job compering a club show called the Happy Days of Rock and Roll, wherein all the old stars of *Bandstand* polished up their toupees and trotted out their old numbers. Artistic judgement aside, the scam was a success. Ward also got back on the radio with a Sunday afternoon Top 40 program modelled on Casey Kasem's American Top 40, and back in his element with a program called Soundtracks of the Sixties, an hour-long blast of golden oldies. Austin likes doing them — especially as they take only half a day to put down — but they are tightly scripted (by somebody else) and leave no room for his crazy asides.

"I'd like to be back on drivetime, sure. You don't have that excitement taping things as you have doing things live. Plus I'd like to be able to say a few things on air about the things that get me really uptight. We've got a fabulous country here but the bloody union problem really bugs me to pieces. It's a very real problem with this country — we're getting screwed by the ridiculous attitude of the militant unions who are just walking all over the people.

"It blows my mind that we can't stop the unions."

Neither, apparently, can we stop Ward Pally Austin. He is still compering fashion parades and various concerts at the clubs, has investments in shares, in an advertising promotion company, and most recently in a movie about marlins, called *Stallion of the Sea*. He is not as complete a prisoner of the Sixties as some would believe; it's just that his heart and mind are still there.

COWBOYS

an inside look at the rough and tumble world of rodeo

RODEO cowboys, an old saying goes, are too lazy to work and too scared to steal. Maybe, but 11 months a year on the road riding in 100 or more rodeos would be enough work for the hardiest of us. For America's 400-500 full-time rodeo cowboys this is the normal life. As Larry Mahan, six times all-round world champion, once said: "Rodeo is a tough sport, an even tougher career."

The rodeo cowboy must know how to grab sleep whenever and wherever he can, how to live with three, four or more other cowboys in one motel room and how to exist on one greasy hamburger a day so that he can afford the $35-$100 competition entry fee. He must be tough enough to subdue a fiery bronc or an 800kg brahma bull, resilient enough to survive the ever-tempting social life of drink, drugs and rodeo groupies and still come up fit and ready for the next event.

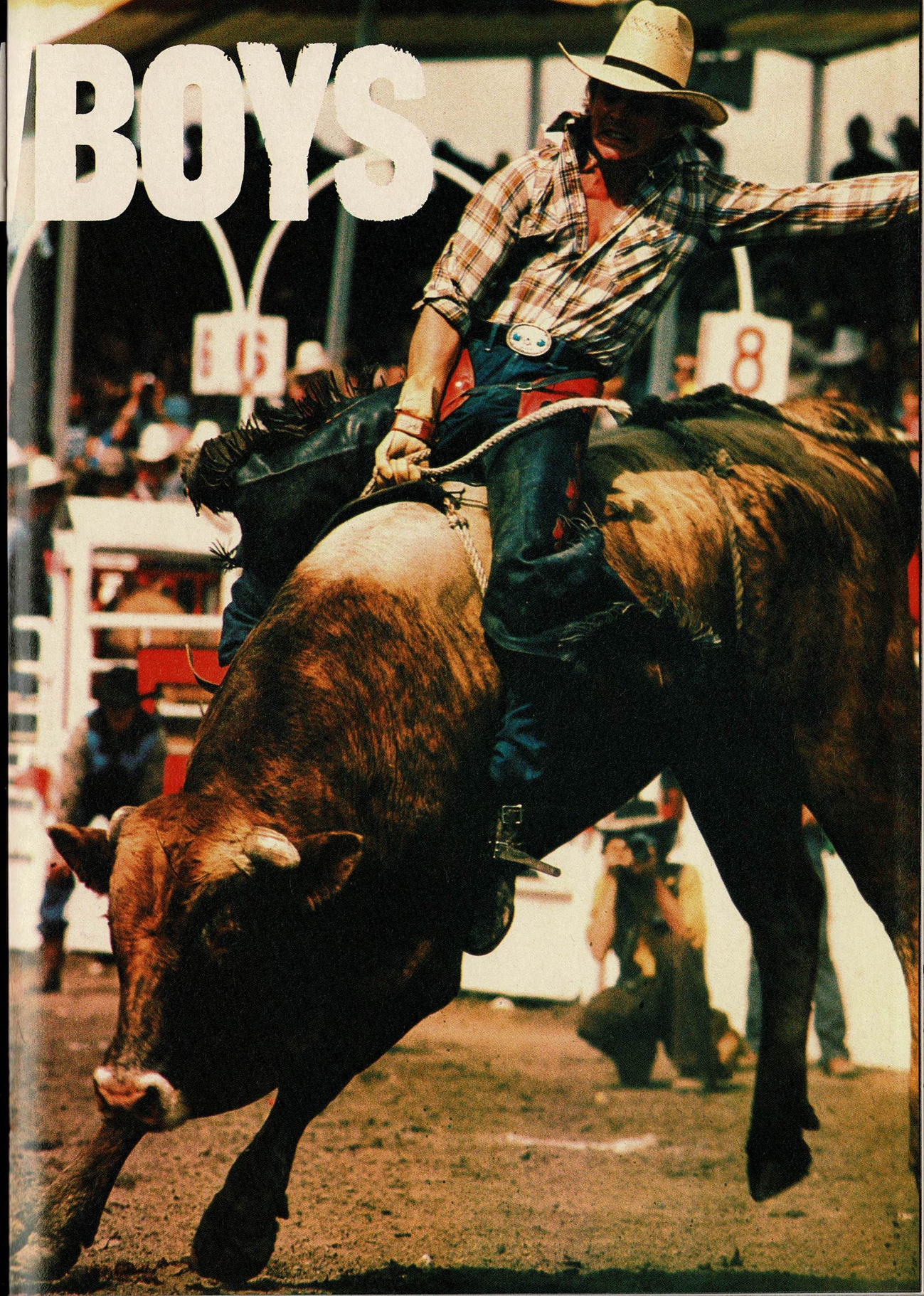
His rewards are not great. The top man in each event is likely to earn little more than $50,000 in a good year. Out of this must come substantial travelling expenses and entry fees, so a run of failures could see him well out of pocket.

Why does he do it? Like any sportsman, amateur or professional, he craves the heady feeling of victory and the accolades that come with it. The winner's buckle means instant recognition and admiration — in the arena and in the bedroom. He is not likely to be a big man — the average height is around 5ft 8in — but he is tough and competitive.

Rodeo is a sport whose roots are strongly in the country though not all rodeo riders are country boys. It is also

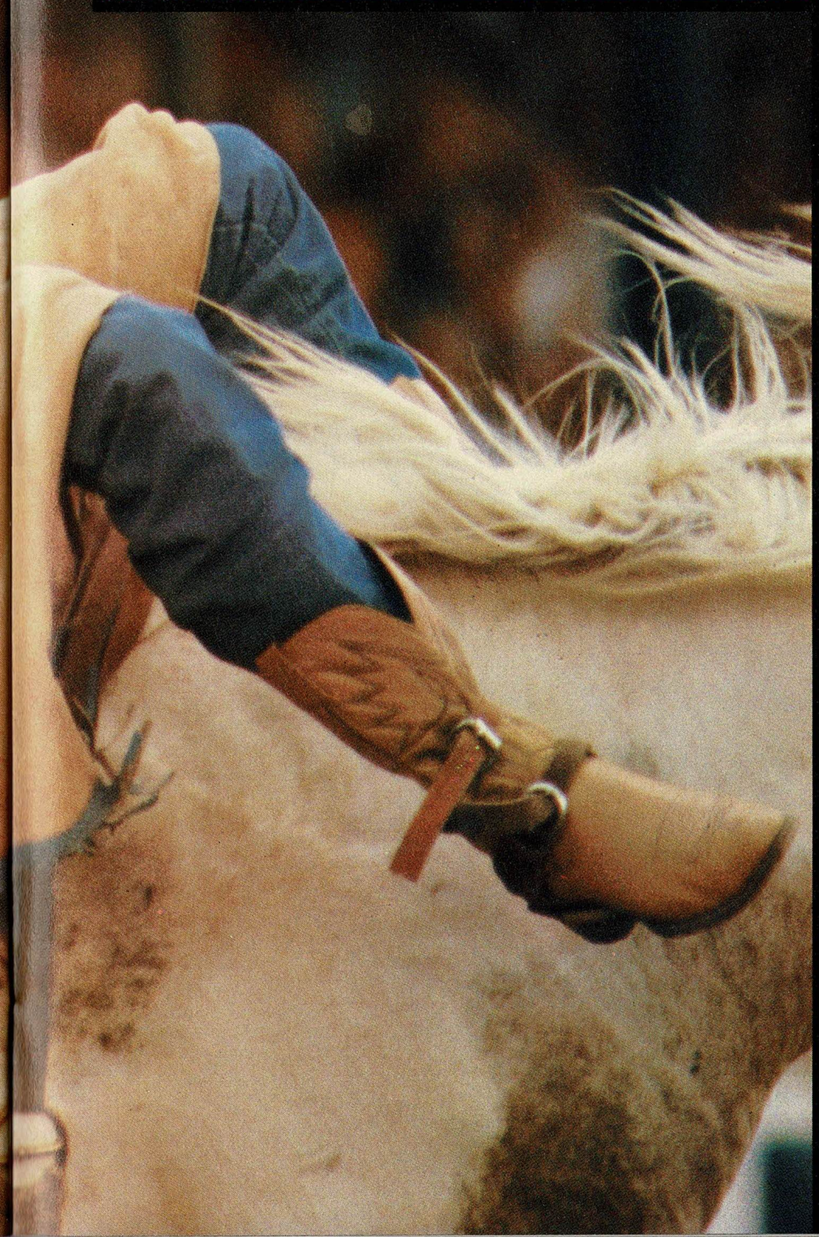
Top left: 1979 world saddle bronc champion, Joe Marvel, of Battle Mountain, Nevada; Left: performance outside the arena is also very important and these rodeo cowboys show their form at the Cow Palace; Right: Monty Taylor shows the strain as he "bares down" on his bull at the Calgary Stampede.

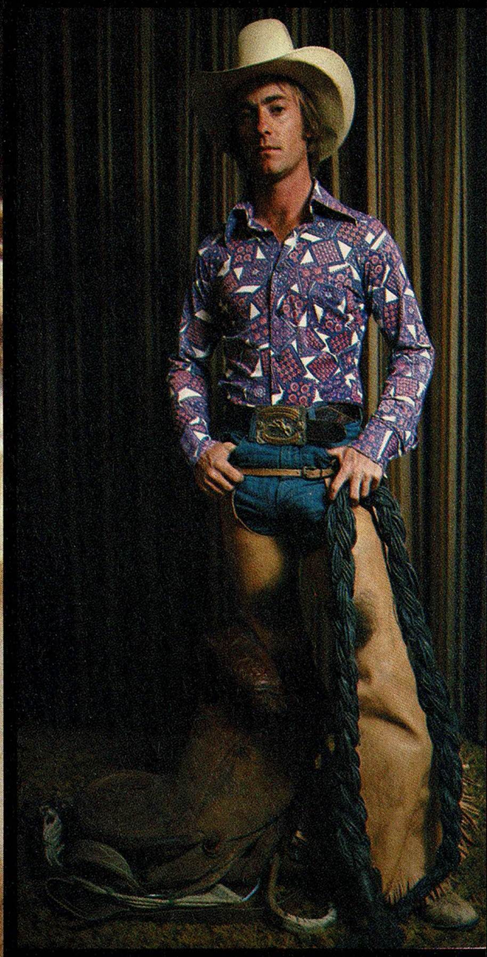
PHOTO ESSAY BY JIM SHELDON



strongly traditional — though change is slowly taking place.

The older school of cowboys, known affectionately as the "Wild Bunch" had a rough and ready approach and relied heavily on brute strength and "heart". Riders today are more conscious of the importance of the right mental approach, and it would not be too surprising to find a book on psycho-cybernetics in a cowboy's rigging bag. They also have the advantage of thorough training and a solid grounding in high school and college rodeos before stepping into the pro ranks. Rodeo schools were introduced about five years ago to teach things like rules and regulations, budgeting, how to plan a season by coordinating ground and air transport and how to "read" and ride the animal.





Left: with spurs held firmly above the horse's shoulders, Chris LaDeaux marks out his horse — a position which must be held until the horse completes its first jump; Top: bronc rider's boot; Above: saddle bronc rider Larry Johnston of Black Diamond, Alberta.

But all this still doesn't prepare a man for the amazing reality that is "going down the road" — the rodeo circuit — with its rock star lifestyle and blood and guts competition.

There are two main divisions in rodeo — riding events and timed events. Riding events include bareback, saddle bronc, and bull riding; timed events, steer wrestling, steer roping and calf roping.

Riding events are the province of the smaller, lighter men, but they are among the most dangerous. Bareback is the most punishing physically. The rider holds on to a "rigging" — like a small handle attached to a leather base which is strapped around the horse — and holds the other hand, usually his right if he is right-handed, high in the air for balance.

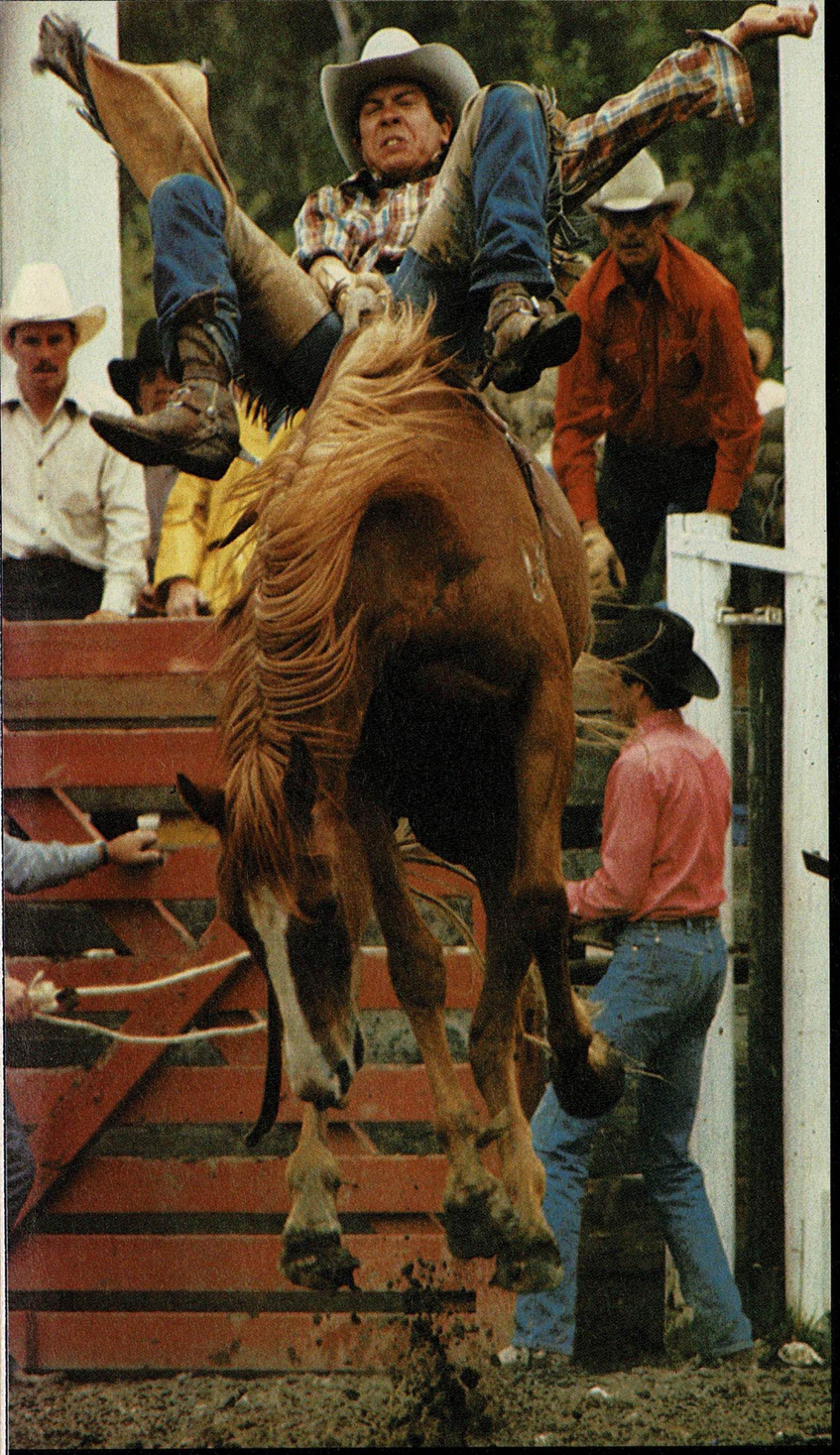
The bucking can be so intense that severe arm, shoulder and back injuries can be caused.

Saddle bronc riding is the least dangerous, but the most graceful, of events. Equipment consists of a stirruped saddle and a single braided rein, and particular emphasis is put on control and spurring style.

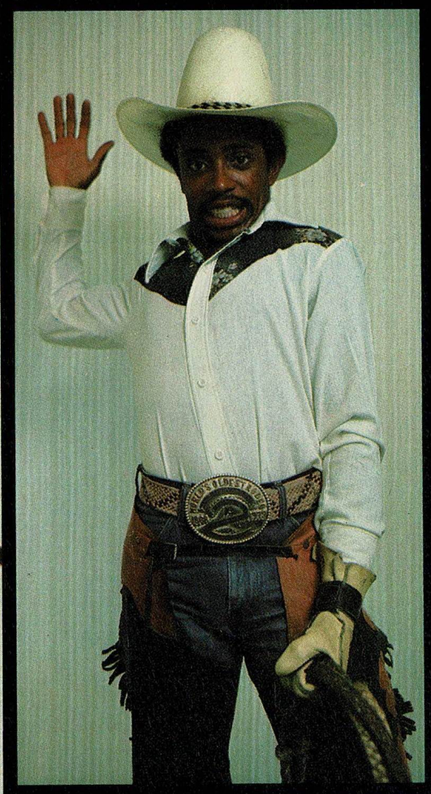
Bull riding is the most dramatic, and lethal, event in rodeo. As with the other two, the rider must stay in place for eight seconds — when you're on a bull that weighs upwards of 900kg that can be a tall order when all you have to help you is a riding glove, plaited bull rope and spurs.

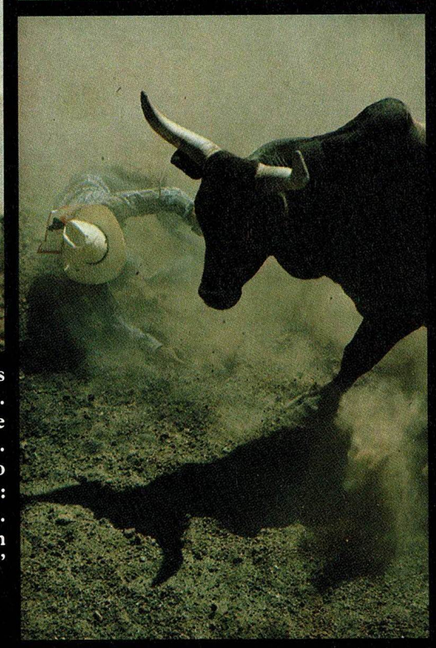
Timed events are a question of performing a set manoeuvre as quickly as possible. In calf roping, the rider has to lasso the calf, leap from his horse

Above left: five times all-round world champion, Larry Mahan, has given up broncs and bulls and taken up guitar; Above: at full gallop the bulldogger slides from his saddle in the steer wresting; Left: steer wrestling; Right: bull rider, Mike Bandy, with black eyes from an encounter with a bull's horns.



Left: Del Nose holds on for dear life in the bare back event at Augusta, Montana; Bottom: Texan, Larry Ackhard, bites the dust at Cheyenne, Wyoming; Below: Charles Sampson, number five in the bull-riding world, shows his style; Right: five times world bare back champion, Joe Alexander (the Great), ties on his glove in a last minute preparation.





and tie three of the calf's legs together. A good time for this is nine seconds. Steer roping is a variant of this with bigger animals, and steer wrestling is a straight contest between man and beast in which the rider leaps from his horse, grabs the steer by the horns and wrestles it to the ground. As you can imagine, it's something that takes a lot of strength. A good time here is five seconds.

It's a gruelling life and the cowboys generally look older than their age. The driving force behind them is the love of winning — and the challenge. George Brown, bull rider and rodeo philosopher, expressed it this way: "It's just me against everything else. You have to put in 100 percent and then some — and you get back satisfaction."

AT LAST, A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ABOUT GUNS

there is no easy solution to the worldwide problem of the proliferation of firearms

NOT SO long ago, armed hold-ups were big news in Australia — because they didn't happen very often. Now they only rate a casual mention. In 1979 there were 640 attempted and successful armed hold-ups in NSW alone; by 1980 the number had risen to 950 — an increase of 48 percent —and figures for 1981 are expected to show a further big increase.

In addition, more than a third of the 100-odd murders committed in NSW last year involved guns.

Police associations in all States have been calling for years for tighter controls on the sale of guns, but to little effect. Only Western and South Australia require that both guns and their owners be licensed.

Official estimates put the number of guns in private hands in Australia at around three million, but police and gun enthusiasts say there could be many more.

The problem has not reached anywhere near the dimensions it assumes in the United States but those close to it warn that if it is allowed to get out of control it soon will.

In America, the forces favoring and opposing gun control are locked into their positions and dialogue has virtually ceased. Meanwhile, the killing goes on.

William J. Helmer, a member of the US National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, analyses the situation in what is a chilling warning to Australians and a reasoned argument for sanity in an emotive issue.

●

FIRST OFF, let's try to understand three things:

1. Nobody, but nobody, is against controlling guns. Not the National Rifle Association, not firearms dealers and manufacturers, not collectors and hunters, not even armed robbers, who don't want to get shot by some loony any more than the next person. But gun control has become a catch phrase, like right-to-life, that now translates as banning and decorates the banners of opposing armies in a cultural holy war.

2. Prohibition is the polar opposite of regulation, as with booze in the Twenties, abortion until the Seventies and marijuana today. So let's not talk about banning the private ownership of handguns, say, and call it gun *control.*

3. Not every attempt to regulate the purchase and possession of deadly weapons is a sinister plot by bleeding-heart knee-jerk effete liberoid do-gooders to disarm law-abiding citizens and wreck hunting.

Continuing confusion on those three points is the main reason there are more Federal, State and local gun laws in America than in all the rest of the world but little effective gun control. The zealots on both sides of the gun controversy go at one another like dogs on a rag, tugging and snarling, dedicated solely to vanquishing the foe. Reformers approach this complex social problem with all the subtlety and sophistication of redneck preachers trying to stamp out sin, while the gun buffs have always responded to the legitimate needs of an increasingly urbanised society with the co-operative spirit and enlightened self-interest of a great rock being eroded by waves.

One might say that on the subject of control, the gun nuts and the antigun nuts have always had (in the immortal words of Cool Hand Luke, just before he took a bullet in the neck) a failure to communicate.

I started examining this problem in 1968 after a book, several articles and some other spurious credentials landed me a job in Washington, DC, with the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. That was an excellent commission, except in the area of firearms violence. After many months, and I don't know how much money, it managed to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that:

1. Guns, when fired, are more deadly than knives.

2. People who own guns are more likely to

essay by william j. helmer

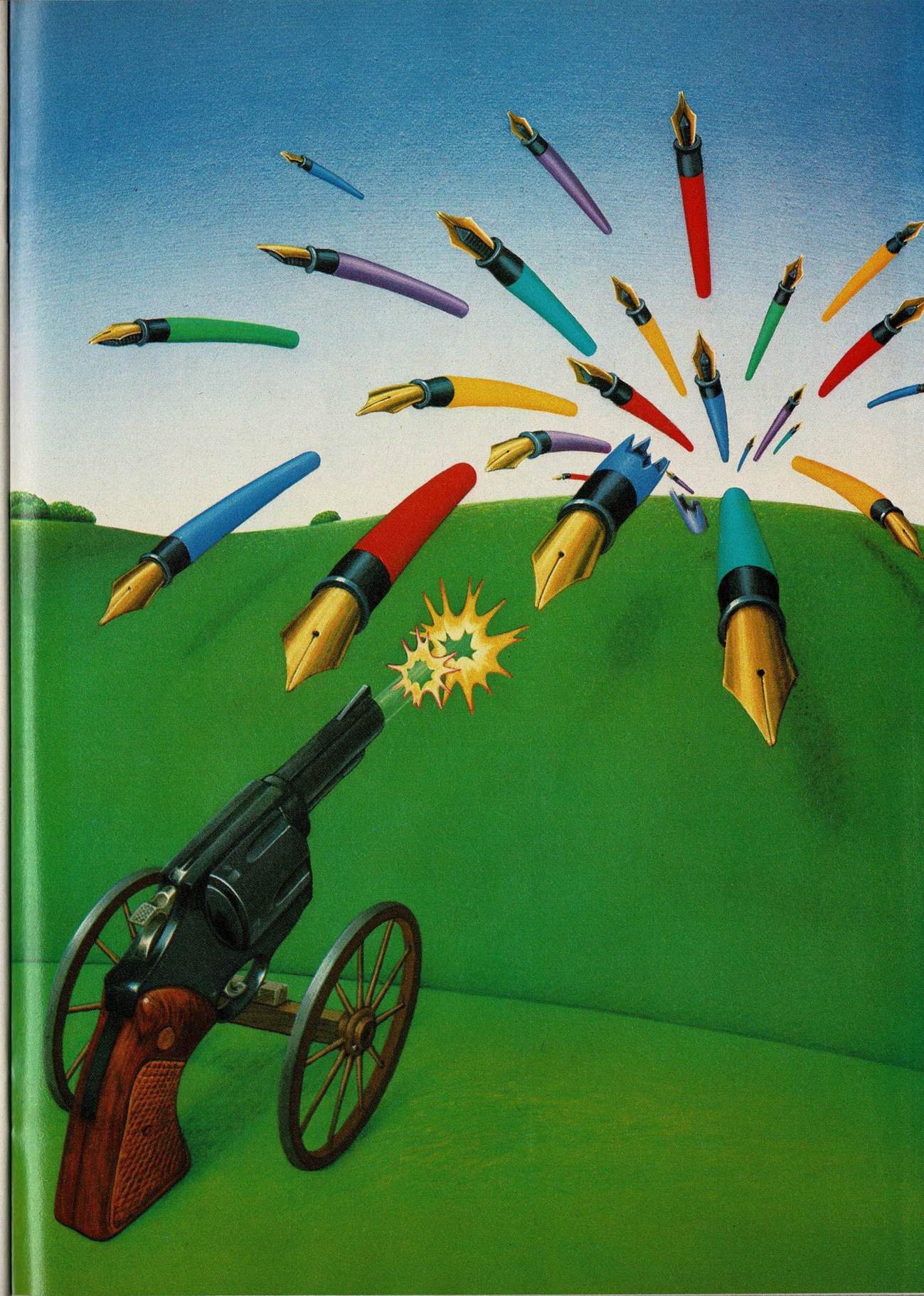


ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD

misuse guns than people who do not own guns.

The ergo of those discoveries was that all firearms be registered and all hand-guns banned — recommendations that set true gun control back a good many years and sold a few extra million pistols and revolvers.

The trouble here was simply that the lawyers and scholars who work on such commissions tend to be urban intellectuals who may grudgingly concede that hunting, gun collecting and target shooting appeal to large numbers of simple-minded citizens who don't generally kill people, but their mental image of a fire-arm is that of a deadly weapon in the hands of a right-wing crackpot or a wild-eyed psychopathic punk. These folks have the same phobia of firearms that some people have of snakes, and they see the same connection between guns and crime that others see between prostitution and crime or pornography and rape. Guns and sex have at least that much in common: they freak people out. And the crusaders on both sides have this much in common: they possess a blinding sense of righteousness, a compelling desire to save people from themselves, a need to validate their beliefs by imposing them on others and an abiding faith that they can cure social ills by passing more laws. This last impulse is especially strong; it seems based on the notion that if you can't convert your opponent, at least you can punish the hell out of him.

A unique feature of the gun-control controversy is the way it causes its partisans to change philosophical character. The antigun people, who tend to be politically liberal and morally permissive, turn into law-and-order authoritarians, while progun people, generally conservative and moralistic, blossom into champions of civil liberties and individual rights.

But forget the zealots on both sides; there's no converting them, no reasoning with them. So the hell with them. The fact remains that the vast majority of citizens want effective gun control short of flat-out prohibition or confiscation, and the main obstacle to accomplishing that — besides the fanatics — are the myths, misconceptions and misunderstandings that have always clouded the real issues. The three points with which I opened this little tirade are prime examples of each. Let me now elaborate on the various aspects of the National Gun Problem that seem the least understood by the greatest number of Americans.

Firearm registration is misunderstood by the people who chant the term like some sort of sacred mantra. It's not, as most assume, a control measure at all but a record-keeping system; in itself, it has nothing to say about who owns guns or how they are used. Firearm-owner licensing does that, and while registration could enhance the enforcement of other gun laws — as it does now with some 100,000 privately owned and well-behaved machine guns — it has a couple of negative features that just about render it useless, if not dangerous. Thanks to the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination and the 1968 Gun Control Act, which prohibits convicted felons from owning firearms, the one class of person *exempt* from registration is — yes — your convicted felon. It's very simple: you can't require a person to register a gun if doing so would cause him to incriminate himself.

Another negative feature of registration is that a substantial percentage of America's 70,000,000 or so otherwise law-abiding gun owners will either neglect or stubbornly refuse to comply with a registration law, creating overnight an equal number of righteous criminals. That, stupidly enough, seems not to bother true antifirearms fanatics, who look upon rebellious gun people with all the understanding hillbilly sheriffs have toward long-haired pot smokers. There's also the little matter of cost —several billion dollars to create a computerised police data bank that would be a civil libertarian's nightmare.

Why are gun buffs so contrary and defiant of the very idea of registration? Forget all that foolishness about repelling communists and shooting looters. The first reason is that they are so insulted and angered by enemy propaganda, rhetoric and legislative threats they have come to resist any new law out of habit and on principle. The second reason is based on unassailable logic: if registration is not tantamount to confiscation, it is certainly a prerequisite.

Firearm-owner licensing is, or could be, a totally different matter. At least on paper, it's a feasible and effective means of determining who may or may not legally acquire or possess a gun. Not (as gun buffs quickly point out) that that means a damn thing to serious criminals, assassins, or even your average punk, but it does reduce casual traffic in guns and ammunition and gives the cops a legitimate enforcement tool. Nondiscretionary owner licensing (meaning there must be cause to deny a licence) *should* not freak out the gun buffs; such a licence merely entitles a person to legally purchase or possess, without indicating whether he does or doesn't, the way a driver's licence entitles one to drive any car lawfully. But gun people instinctively bridle even at this, because it's considered a concession to the enemy. The reason owner licensing presently doesn't mean a whole lot is because enforcement generally is poor to non-existent, especially on transfers between individuals. Most of the people who comply are the conscientious NRA types who don't go around robbing and killing people.

Theoretically, gun control could best be achieved by owner licensing *plus* individual firearm registration *plus* strict enforcement. Which is about as likely as reforming the human race. What such laws would actually do is send millions of guns into hiding, criminalising maybe one fourth of the adult male population and creating a firearms black market of staggering proportions. This is gun *de*control.

When it comes to sensible and enforceable restrictions on sale, possession and use of firearms, it's hard to say which side is more wrong-headed — the liberal intelligentsia that keeps proposing thoroughly unworkable laws or the conservative *bourgeoisie* that rejects new control proposals regardless of their merits. Probably more important is the source of this wrong-headedness. Firearms, I submit, have gradually evolved from a social problem into a moral issue. More than mechanical devices for propelling projectiles, they are now symbols of conflicting cultural values and personal lifestyles, just like abortion and capital punishment. With abortion, it's right versus wrong, defined according to personal ideology, and disagreement cannot be tolerated. There can be no compromise with evil, whether that be murdering unborn babies or compelling a woman to bear children against her will. Same for the death penalty. Capital murder may be statistically rare, but the anger and frustration felt by Americans afraid to go out at night make executing any criminal a soul-satisfying gesture. With guns, the conflict is especially sticky, because everybody fears crime, but the solutions are emotionally opposed: do you take guns out of circulation and depend on an effective police force to protect life and private property, or do you keep a gun handy and just turn the home invader's body over to the cops when they speed to the scene half an hour later? Do you try to disarm 3000 or so handgun owners to reach the one pistol that is used in a murder?

Bleeding Heart: Do you really think that a stereo system and a TV set are more precious than a fellow human being's life?

Hard-Nose: I think that should be decided by the son of a bitch before he breaks into my goddamn house.

Not many people would deny a person the right to defend self and family from serious harm, which implies the collateral right to possess the means to do so. What freaks out the NRA types is when some 60-year-old grocery store proprietor pulls the family pistol, drills an armed robber and then gets thrashed through the criminal-justice system because his gun wasn't registered or he wasn't supposed to own it in the first place.

Which brings us to personal rights and liberties in an ostensibly free society, blah, blah, blah. Consider the willingness of the marijuana user to defy the law, sometimes risking years in prison, righteously insisting it's his own damn business what he smokes in the privacy of his own home. Stupid laws aren't going to stop him; if anything, the fact that pot is illegal has always made it even more attractive. The progun person takes a similar position: nobody's going to tell him he can't possess the means of protecting himself and his family. Dope and guns are identical in one important respect: both are harmless unless you use them. You say yes, but guns are weapons that easily can cause death and injury to innocent people. The gun owner simply turns that around and reminds us that protection is a more basic need than pleasure: if some gun-wielding barbarians come busting into your house bent on murder, rape or robbery, you're not going to do much good waving a lid of marijuana.

If that happens to be a vastly exaggerated peril, we have hysterical antigun campaigns with their melodramatic "body counts" to thank for fostering the idea that everybody is in mortal danger of being shot to death.

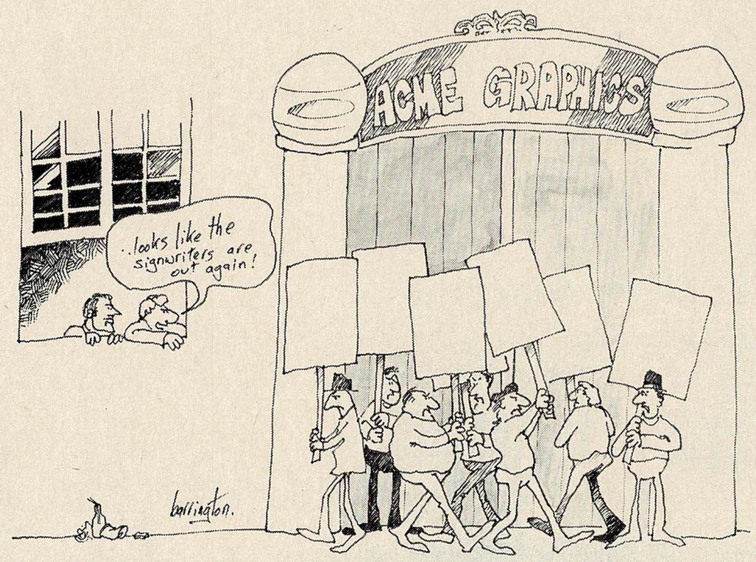
Another similarity between gun laws and drug laws that escapes general notice is that both lead to victimless crimes. Like prostitution, gambling, dope, homosexual acts, illegal abortion, bootlegging, pornography or any other kind of popular vice, illegal firearms possession or transactions are consensual offences — called victimless because the only complainants are the law enforcers. Consider the billions of dollars and the police man-hours devoted to stamping out the killer weed and then figure the cost of enforcing an unpopular law among the owners of an estimated 150,000,00 firearms that are in half the households in the country. Actually, there *is* one way, as a lawyer friend of mine once pointed out. Take hostages and use torture.

There's one other way, but it would require the zealots on both sides to act in enlightened self-interest, so its prospects are remote. The antigun forces would have to cancel their propaganda attacks and flatly concede the right of qualified citizens to own guns. Period. For their part, gun buffs would have to concede that a great many people are not as responsible as themselves (a little flattery there) and that the casual proliferation of guns is socially undesirable. . .and then collaborate with the enemy in drafting stringent, enforceable, uniform licensing laws that would keep dealers accountable for new-gun sales and make owners accountable for used-gun transfers.

That's laughably utopian, I admit, and I propose it mainly to make a couple of final points. Any measure — such as truly effective licensing — that discourages impulse gun buying among the general public is good, because it's the gun in the bureau drawer that gets stolen (250,000 a year), gets sold on the street, gets found by a nosy kid, gets grabbed in the course of a domestic brawl and is mainly responsible for the infamous National Gun Problem, which, in turn, creates the demand for more dumb laws. The fewer guns in irresponsible or careless hands, the better it is for collectors, hunters, target shooters — the serious buffs who do not themselves engage in crime and violence.

But the reason those people can't see that is because they're on the defensive. Thanks to the shrill and badly misinformed attacks of firearms foes, gun owners perceive a licence as an insult — a document of suspicion that one is some kind of trigger-happy, bloodthirsty, red-necked ignoramus who's armed and dangerous to himself and others. Given a different selling job, that same licence could be a prized possession framed on every legitimate gun owner's wall, signifying to him and others: "This certifies that Billy Bob Buford is a respected and responsible citizen whose skills and good judgement qualify him to possess all the pistols, rifles and shot guns he wants to, because we all knew he won't do anything stupid." Once your NRA type got *that* kind of licence, he'd start lobbying for stricter standards, higher and more prestigious classes and tougher screening to keep out the riffraff.

The moral is that if gun buffs years ago had used their energy, organisation and expertise to promote instead of obstruct effective and tolerable gun laws, leadership in this area might not have gone by default to all those faggoty do-gooders who, probably for sexual reasons, don't like guns.



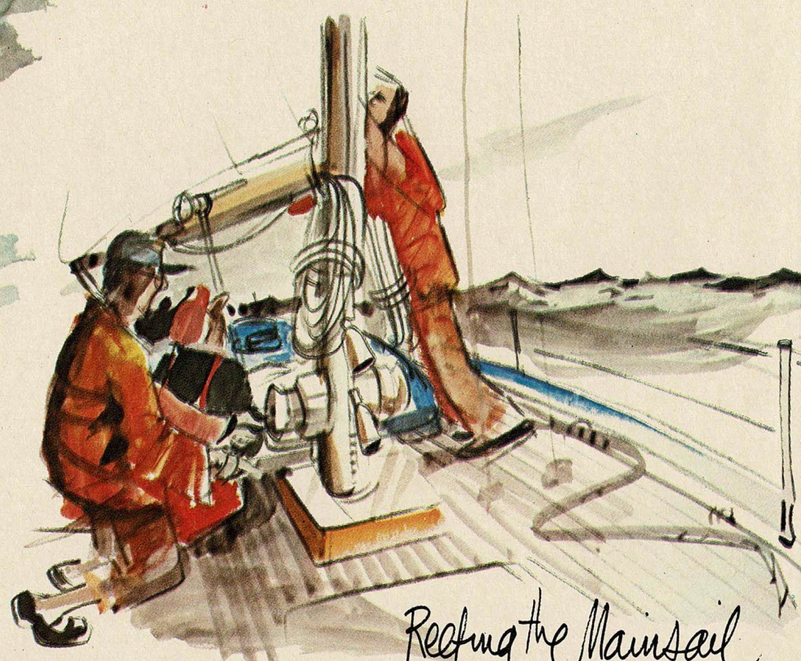
"The finance company would like to have their Mr Finlay back."

SYDNEY to HOBART

an Artist's Log by Michael LODGE

BOXING DAY:
the Prime Minister starts the 37th Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht race.
Hundreds of spectator craft churn up the harbour as they farewell the fleet.

The navigator—
working at his Log.



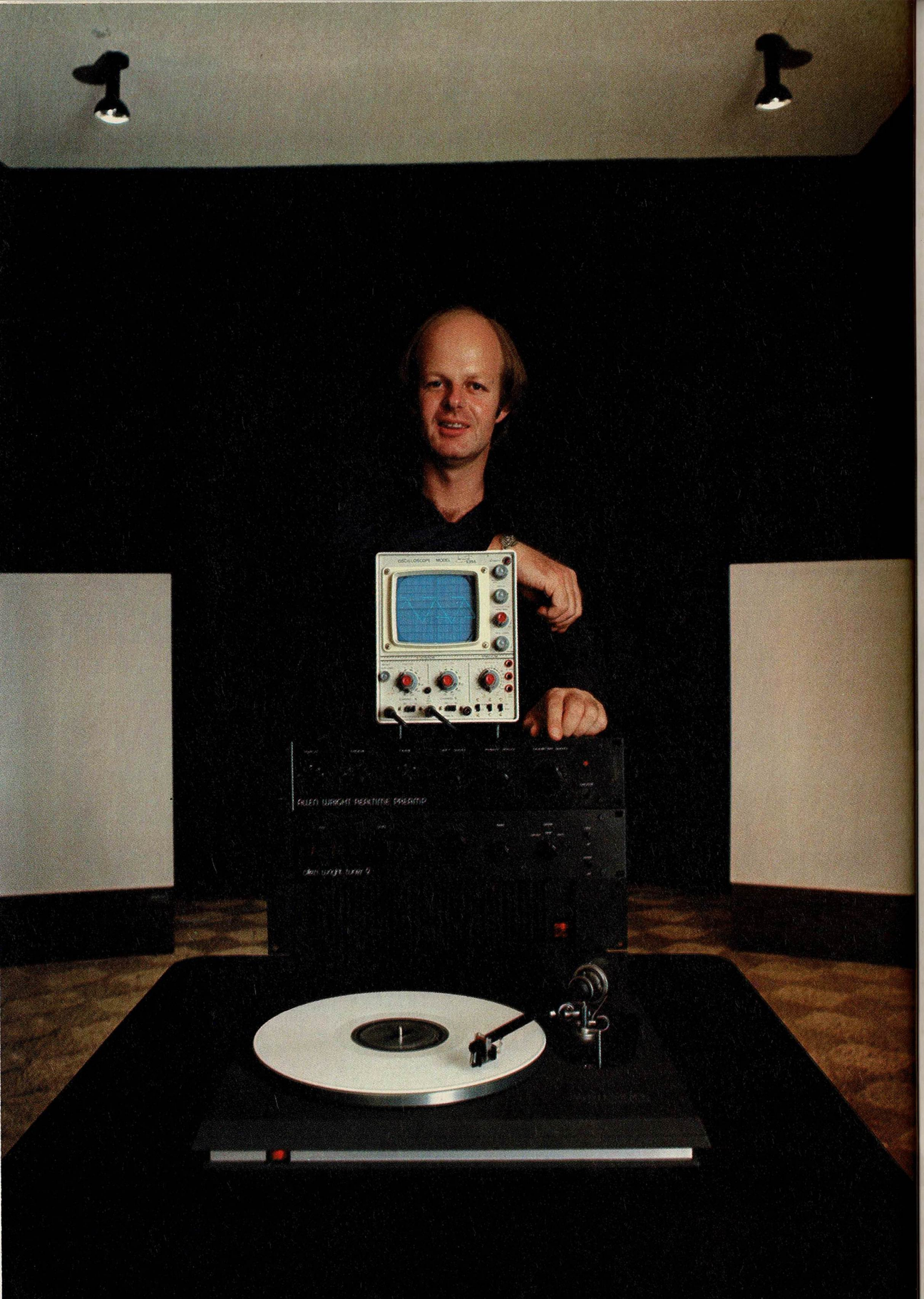
Reefing the Mainsail

Running at night down the east coast of Tasmania

The organ pipes -
almost journeys end.

Sailing up the Derwent River.

Hobart and finished.
Tidying up before
hot showers and
NEW YEARS EVE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

The Audio Guru

in allen wright's religion, the human ear is god

THE "hi-fi boom" was at its peak back in 1973. The Japanese were churning out ever-better components — amplifiers with so little distortion that it was impossible to measure, direct-drive turntables that banished rumble and speed variation forever, speakers that could rival sound levels during mission launch at Kennedy. With incredible complacency, the majority of equipment makers and their marketing men fully believed the millenium had arrived, because standard requirements were becoming universally met and no fault could be found with current products in the test laboratories of the world.

At that time, as now, Allen Wright was like a breath of fresh air. Designer, technician, experimenter, he was one of the small handful of specialists who remained dissatisfied with the world of audio. When I first met him I was a little sceptical of his claims, one of which, that amplifiers sound different, was to be tested on that occasion.

That evening stands out in my memory as one of the most important events in my hi-fi career. Not only did Allen prove convincingly, and by dint of listening, that amplifiers do sound different, but he also showed that a well-designed 40-watt amplifier could sound both better and louder than a very powerful, very expensive American monster with three times the rated power output. To an amazed audience, Allen chopped yards off speaker cables and made things sound even better. He split the figure-of-eight flexes at the join to make two completely separate wires; the speakers sounded better still.

Allen's theories and hypotheses seemed more plausible now. He used words like "depth", "perspective", "definition", "spaciousness" and other abstract terms, and these were making very real musical sense to judge by what we were hearing.

Operating from premises in Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, opposite the State Bank Building, Allen retains his inquiring and musically-slanted attitude to audio. He still springs surprises, such as the importance of "absolute phase" (another story, I'm afraid) and the superiority of silver-plated connectors, and even plain old nickel ones, over gold. He now produces a range of advanced electronics components and acts as agent for some very fine ancillaries; turntables, pickups, speakers. A welcome aspect of his activities is the supply of a low-cost, high-quality system for those who'd like the best but can't afford it. There can be very few retailers in Australia able to offer the calibre of performance of Allen's $1000 system for even twice the money.

With this background in mind, I paid Allen a long-overdue visit.

Buildings have been demolished either side of 13 Wentworth Avenue. It's easy to miss, even so, and if you're not careful you end up in the CES Job Centre next door.

Allen Wright Electronics occupies a newly-converted suite on the first floor. Not only does AWE restore equipment, ancient and modern, to proper working order; but the organisation also carries out modification to a very wide range of equipment to improve performance. Cost varies, depending on the type of equipment and the extent of the work involved, but rarely exceeds $200. Linking this activity with the retail side of things are modifications to new equipment, predominantly the little NAD 3020 amplifier, established as one of the best low-cost models available. Allen makes several changes to the factory product, resulting in little difference in measured performance but improving depth, perspective and spaciousness by magnitudes.

AWE caters also for musicians, carrying a range of spare parts for a variety of musical instrument amplifiers and FX products; the modification service applies here, too, often involving changes running counter to hi-fi practice, such as *increasing* the distortion from an amplifier.

The most interesting part of AWE, and the reason for a recent move across the corridor, is the listening room. It's a large, high-ceilinged space, hung with dark drapes and acoustically treated to give a "live-end/dead-end" like many recording studios.

The acoustic treatment has been designed to absorb sound at one end of the room, where the speakers go, reducing reflected sound in the listening area so that the speakers themselves can be heard more clearly. It's unfair to criticise the room as

article by richard timmins

being unlike an ordinary, average living-room — that's the idea. It's larger than most of the living-rooms I know and has no windows. It's intended to put equipment in an analytical light; not to enhance or detract, but simply to reveal. And with the sort of equipment and level of performance offered here, it's obvious that Allen knows the sort of customers he's aiming to please. This showroom is dedicated to the audiophile, the person who wants to enjoy his music as much as the state-of-the-art allows.

There's not much equipment in it, either. When I visited, the room contained only one pair of speakers, Accustats, a Dunlop/Syrinz/Adcom record player, an AWE "Realtime" preamp and a "production prototype" of the fascinating valve/transistor power amp, which comes as two separate mono amplifiers, one for each channel.

One look inside the Realtime preamp transports you into history. It's an all-valve design, because, says Allen: "Valves are much more linear than transistors. . ." meaning that they need less compensation than transistors to give accurate signal transfer, and are fundamentally superior in the majority of performance requirements. Maybe they do look old fashioned, and of course they aren't cheap nowadays, but they do offer a number of advantages over solid-state devices. For me, one of the most persuasive arguments in their favor is the simplification of the circuitry and consequent reduction of the number of components in it; the less processing a signal undergoes, the less likely it is to suffer.

The power amp is also based on valve circuitry up to the output stage. Technically-knowledgeable people will tell you that the great stumbling-block in an all-valve power amp is the coupling transformer, used to "match" the electrical characteristics of the output valves to the speaker system. Allen's answer to the problem is a solid-state output stage using power MOSFETs — transistors whose behavior resembles that of tetrode valves. Not only can this type of output stage deliver very high power levels, but it also enables direct coupling to the speaker system.

As you would expect from Allen Wright, the circuitry used in both power amp and preamp is hardly conventional. Most modern amplifiers use the technique of negative feedback (NFB) as a means of reducing distortion and providing overall linearity. But NFB can produce a number of rather unpleasant side-effects, so with unimpeachable logic Allen has designed circuitry that works properly without it. NFB, after all, is a technique used to optimise performance of circuitry which wouldn't otherwise do the job. It's much more sensible to ensure the circuitry works correctly in the first place.

"I gave at the igloo!"

This attitude, one which seems to be shared by most of the top audio designers today, is more than welcome. Allen, for example, has never fitted tone controls or filters to any of his preamps; if the signal is degraded, if some of it gets lost or modified before it gets to the preamp, there's absolutely nothing you can do to replace or repair it. It's even more pointless trying to make up for the loss by further manipulation — you simply lose a bit more for an artificial gain.

The Accustat Model 3 speakers are full-range electrostatics using much the same operating principle as the famous Quad ELS. In appearance they're quite unlike conventional box-type speakers, consisting of three radiating panels arranged in a gentle curve, hidden by a plain creamy-colored cloth cover. The elegance of these slender panels is as impressive as their size. Even in the listening room, the speakers dominate and they certainly wouldn't fit the average living-room

At present Allen is using and recommending the Dunlop Systemdek turntable (from Scotland where the Linn-Soundek comes from), another Scottish product, the Syrinx PU2 arm (the Scots make goodies other than Scotch these days), and the Adcom moving-coil cartridge. An important feature of the cartridge is its van den Hul stylus, whose profile is designed to give minimum-distortion tracing by use of straight as opposed to curved groove contact points.

The Dunlop turntable is similar in concept to the Linn, with a suspended sub-chassis carrying arm and belt-driven platter. It's better finished than the Linn and most of us who've compared the two side-by-side agree that they sound considerably different, making it hard to decide which is actually better. I now favor the Systemdek. It seems a shade clearer overall than the Linn, probably because it's more resistant to external vibration. It also provides firmer, deeper bass. In this price range — $900 to $1200 — another contender is Luxman's PD300, a superbly finished device unconventional in the provision of a vacuum system to secure a record to the platter. I don't think the Luxman has suspension as effective as the two Scottish machines, but it would be very interesting indeed to compare the three and see if a clear winner emerged.

The Syrinx arm incorporates a novel bearing system and a tube designed, believe it or not, for uniform transmission of vibration. Without going too deeply into technicalities, this is intended to give good grounding or coupling in a mechanical sense. Part of the bearing system is, nevertheless, decoupled to achieve the design aim, but I must admit resiliently mounted bearings do make me a trifle uneasy, even though I appreciate the designer's reasons.

The whole point about today's top record players is system rigidity, preventing unwanted relative movement of groove and stylus. Taking this philosophy to design extremes is the van den Hul stylus, as fitted to the Adcom MC cartridge, designed to prevent anomolous motion during the tracing of a complex stereo groove and so reducing distortion and maximising information retrieval.

So what does all this $9000 system sound like? My first impressions were favorable. I found the sense of space and dimension particularly convincing. Although the Accustat 3s are designed to handle 500 watts continuous power, and Allen's power amp delivers a very solid punch — which would surprise a lot of people accustomed to the general run of far higher power amps — there was no sense of excessive loudness, and the musical images were presented with refined effortlessness.

The dimensional stability and definition was undoubtedly due in large part to the acoustic treatment of the room. The Accustats are open front and back and radiate more or less equally, but with different dispersion patterns, either side. When rear information is reflected soon after leaving the diaphragm surface, it can mix with front radiation to create a possibly confusing total and this, I feel, is probably the biggest drawback of these speakers and others like them. I've no doubt the Accustats could work tolerably well in smaller, acoustically untreated rooms, but I doubt they'd be able to give their best.

Only one aspect of the performance of this system disappointed me — the sound of bass instruments. They seemed distant, almost remote. I wasn't able to pinpoint precisely why this was so — and there's always a danger when listening to a system like this of blaming the equipment for a fault in recording — but I'd say either the speakers themselves or the arm could have been responsible. I'll have to reserve final judgement until "The Arm" (a high tech refinement from the US) arrives, when I'm sure we'll hear improvements in just about everything.

Not that the Syrinx is a bad arm. In fact its designer seems to have performed the nearly impossible feat of combining very low effective mass, giving good tracking of warped records, together with high rigidity. In its price range I see little competition for the Syrinx, although I'm not very familiar with the Mission, which is an obvious alternative. The Linn Ittock seems to work very well with Linn's Asak cartridge, but there are doubts about its compatibility with other cartridges, and in any event it's quite a bit more expensive than Syrinx or Mission. As for the Adcom cartridge, well, to me it has a characteristic moving-coil sound and most audiophiles prefer this. But I refuse to be parted from Deccas because of their uncanny ability of bringing records to life with truly believable vocals and formidable dynamics. One cartridge I'd certainly recommend for a place on a cartridge-buyer's shortlist is the Grado Signature. In many ways it's similar to the Decca for tonal quality and may have the edge on it for spaciousness and imagery. It's expensive, of course, but you can get Grado sound for only $25 in a superb budget model which Allen sells with his low-cost system.

The sound of the new amplification was very impressive. The preamp, as with all Allen's designs, incorporates no tone-bending circuitry such as bass and treble controls, or loudness contours or filters. I've used a variety of minimum-control preamps in the past few years and I can only say that I genuinely don't miss any of the facilities the more comprehensively-equipped preamps offer.

The Wright preamp is very capable indeed. It preserves the tension and atmosphere of a performance, presenting sonic contrasts from the most extreme blacks and whites to the most subtle shades of grey. Musical textures become clear but not exaggerated, and the motion and flow of the sound retains a convincingly natural inevitability.

The main reason for this effortless precision is the fine dynamic performance of the preamp. Sudden changes in level are not accompanied by nondescript drama resulting from the equipment losing control of the signal, as happens with so many preamps. So the sound doesn't become obscured by distortion and the signal isn't mutilated because it's too big or forceful for the circuitry to handle.

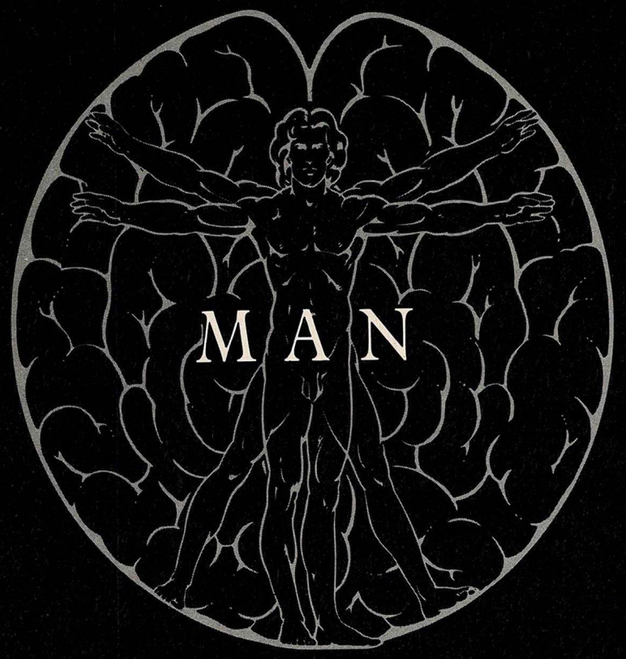
And as for the power amp, it drives the speakers to adequate listening levels and seems to add no significant character of its own.

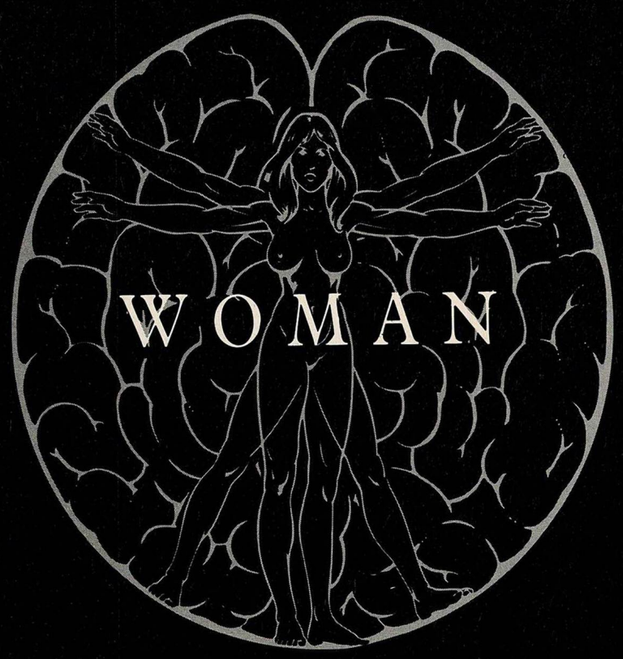
That is exactly what any power amp ought to do and so the design can be regarded as competent. Compared to other power amps on the market, Allen's is competitively priced and probably better than many for driving awkward loudspeaker loads such as the Accustats, which I'm sure would make many amps turn themselves off and sulk (while the protection circuitry reset itself) if asked to play loud.

Allen Wright's system is certainly one of the best available in Australia at present. Allen, not unnaturally, would have you believed it *is* the best, and I only take issue with that view because performance of any system is so dependent on its environment. But from a value-for-money viewpoint, there can be little argument. You could spend far, far more and still get tragic results. You could spend the same and achieve vastly inferior results.

THE SEX LIFE OF THE BRAIN

part three





by jo durden-smith and diane desimone

MRS WENT is an ordinary, well-adjusted English housewife, married and with adopted children. Although she is legally a woman, she is, in fact, genetically male —all her cells contain both the female X and the male Y chromosome. But she suffers from a rare disorder called the testicular feminisation syndrome, which involves an intensitivity to the main male hormone, testosterone. And, because of it, Mrs Went was born with testes hidden in her abdomen while having all the external appearances of a girl. She was raised as a girl. She discovered her condition only at 23, when, anxious about her failure to menstruate or grow pubic hair during puberty, she consulted a gynaecologist.

In Mrs Went's case, gender identity —what sex she feels she is — has come unglued from her genetic sex. And there are other examples of this phenomenon. There are transsexuals who feel imprisoned in the sex of the body they were born with and who sometimes clamour for sex-change operations. There is a subgroup of homosexuals and transvestites who identify strongly with the sex opposite to their own — such as the New York transvestite who fathered and then, manipulated by hormones, breast-fed his own child. And then there are hermaphrodites. Hermaphrodites, true bisexuals, both male and female, born with one active ovary and one active testis and the ability, under certain circumstances, to impregnate themselves. Usually, however, they are raised as either boys or girls in one gender identity or another. And that is the gender identity they chose to keep, even when they have not been surgically altered in infancy to reflect it.

In the late Seventies, for example, a Mr Blackwell, a shy 18-year-old Malawian who had been raised as a boy but who was, in fact, the 303rd true hermaphrodite known to medicine, entered Stellenbosch University Hospital in South Africa, where Willem van Niekerk had been conducting a study of Bantu hermaphrodites. Blackwell had both a penis and a small vaginal opening. But the main reason he sought medical help was that during puberty he had developed two large and finely shaped female breasts. Certain that he was a man, and wishing to continue his career as one, Blackwell asked doctors to stitch up his vagina and remove his breasts. And they did so.

Mrs Went, Mr Blackwell, transvestites, homosexuals and transsexuals such as Renee Richards, the tennis player — it was cases like those that confirmed the conventional wisdoms science delivered up to us in the Sixties and Seventies about sex and gender identity. Derived from Freud, they assumed that the human brain came into the world innocent of sex and was only later imprinted — through experience and education — with male and female patterns of behaviour. That notion fit the confident liberalism of the times and it soon permeated the society. It encouraged ordinary citizens to bring up Jenny and Johnny in a democratic, unbiased way. It encouraged surgeons, when they were faced with an infant with ambiguous sex organs, to plump surgically for one sex or the other and to leave the rest to hormone treatments and the long, slow schooling of childhood. And it encouraged psychiatrists to root around in the early experience of male and female homosexuals, just knowing that they would find there mixed messages, poor role models and a general confusion in the way they were raised.

This was the age of nurture over nature. First, said the scientist, a child can learn to be either male or female quite comfortably, whatever its genetic sex. But after a certain age, after it's learned to be one or the other, it cannot then change its gender assignment without a great deal of psychological trouble. Second, said the scientists, sex roles are not innate but *learned*. Gender is something dinned into you at your mother's knee, by your father's attitude and by all the assumptions about the sexes in the society into which you're born. Nature, they said, has little or nothing to do with it. Nurture is all.

Common sense, you would think. But then, in 1972, the descendants of Amaranta Ternera were discovered. And the controversy began. Amaranta Ternera — we have been asked to change her name and the names of her descendants — was born 130 years ago in the south west corner of a Caribbean island. There was nothing wrong with Amaranta, as far as we know — she seems to have led a normal and ordinary life. But there *was* something wrong with the genes she left behind in her children. Seven generations later, Amaranta's genes have been located in 23 families in three separate villages. And in 38 different individuals in those families, the strange inheritance that Amaranta passed down to them has been expressed. Those 38 were born, to all appearances, as girls. They grew up as girls. And they became boys at puberty.

Take the 10 children of Gerineldo and Pilar Babilonia, for example. Four of them have been through this extraordinary transformation. The eldest, Prudencio, was born with an apparent vagina and a female body shape. He was christened Prudencia and, Pilar swears, was tied to his mother's apron strings and kept apart from the village boys to help with women's work. But then his voice began to deepen; around the age of 12, his "clitoris" grew into a penis and two hidden testicles descended into a scrotum formed from the lips of his "vagina". He became a male. "He changed clothes," says his father. "And he fell in love with a girl almost immediately."

Today, Prudencio is in his early 30s, a brawny, elaborately muscled man. He is sexually potent and he lives with his wife in the United States. Like 17 of the 18 children studied by a group at Cornell University led by scientist Julianne Imperato-McGinley — all of whom, she says, were raised unambiguously as girls — he seems to have had few problems adjusting to both male gender and to male roles.

It is this that makes Prudencio and the other Caribbean children important. And it is this that has caused, in the Eighties, side-taking and a general furore in the scientific community. Prudencio and the others are genetically male. But they have inherited from Amaranta not a general insensitivity to testosterone, like Mrs Went's, but an inability to process it on to another hormone, dihydrotestosterone, which is responsible for shaping the male genitals in the male foetus. So they are born looking like girls. At puberty, though, their bodies are pervaded by a new rush of male hormones. Their male parts — which have been waiting in the wings, so to speak —finally establish themselves. And nature finishes the job it had earlier botched.

The children, though, do not have the psychological breakdown that the conventional wisdom of science predicts they should have. And that is crucial. For it means, depending on which side you're on in this scientific brouhaha, one of two things. Either the children were really raised as boys from the beginning, or at least with a great deal of confusion about what sex they were (which their parents and Imperato-McGinley deny) — or they were born with a male brain already established in their female bodies, a male brain that simply came into its own when their bodies changed. By that argument, not only the body is sexed at birth but also the brain. And by that argument, nature, in gender behaviour, is every bit as important as nurture. *Learning* may have little to do with it.

That is the scientific possibility of the Eighties, underwritten to an extent by the bizarre experience of the Caribbean children and suggested further by a whole range of experiments and studies being conducted in laboratories around the world. And that possibility strikes right at the heart of a number of attitudes we hold dear. It is no wonder, then, that feminists and homosexuals, as well as scientists from all fields, are beginning to join this fray. For if the claims of nature — as against those of nurture —are upheld, then it may be that we will have to give up the struggle to make Johnny and Jenny alike, in an attempt to do away with the sexual inequalities of the past — Jenny and Johnny may be born with intrinsically different abilities and skills, acquired through evolution. And it may be that we will have to accept the fact that those who become homosexuals in adult life are not in some sense "made" by the environment in which they were brought up. Nor are they the product of a free choice. Rather, they were *born* homosexual, in the body of one sex but with the brain — to one degree or another — of the other sex. Gunter Dorner, an East German professor whom we met at a recent conference in Cambridge, England, believes that to be true, especially in males. And he believes that society should now face the question of whether or not it wants to "cure" male homosexuality in the womb by giving foetuses at risk male hormones.

Nature versus nurture. Men versus women. Are sex and sexual behavior learned? Or are we prisoners of gender? From the accidents of nature, there is evidence on both sides. And that is what makes the debate often so angry. There are the cases of Mrs Went and Mr Blackwell, as we have seen — both of them content with the sex of their rearing. And there is the case of the American male identical twin whose penis was accidentally severed at seven months — the twin was surgically altered and is being successfully raised as his brother's sister. These all demonstrate the dominant importance of learning in sexual behavior.

But other cases and reports, equally bizarre, support the thesis that masculinity and femininity are actually hard-wired into the brain before birth and are not simply learned by the child. There is the patient seen by Richard Green of the State University of New York who was born with ambiguous genitals and raised as a girl but insisted throughout childhood that she was a boy — she threw away her dolls and took up trucks; she formed male peer groups; and she was extremely tomboyish. There is the patient seen by Robert Stoller of the University of California who looked like a girl and was raised as a girl and, after a decade of demanding

to be treated as a boy, was told at puberty that she was right — she had undescended testicles.

There is still, too, the puzzling case of the Caribbean children. In the past five or six years, Imperato-McGinley, from her base at Cornell, has tracked down several other instances of the rare Caribbean syndrome. And she has found an odd corollary to their story. Of the children born outside the United States, all seem to have made the transition from female to male relatively comfortably — in New Guinea, in a tribe where the sexes are segregated at birth and raised separately, two "girls" had to be suddenly rushed through puberty rites and initiated as men.

But the eight children she found from the United States were recognised as odd soon after birth, and all traces of masculinity, including a relatively enlarged clitoris, were surgically removed. Those children were *made* into girls. They are now in their late teens and consider themselves female, but five of them seem to have psychological problems, says Imperato-McGinley. It is not clear that they can make it as women.

If they can't, the reason, quite simply, may be that their brain is the wrong sex for their body. Primed to be male, it finds itself in a female environment — encouraged to female behavior and exposed to female hormones. And it cannot cope. This is the bottom line of the science of the Eighties: the brain. And this is the question being urgently asked by more and more scientists from different disciplines: are the brains of males and females as different as their bodies? It is a vital question for scientists, because the difference between males and females provide a way into the question of how the brain orchestrates different motivations and behavior. But it is a vital question for us too. For in the answer may lie an understanding of who we are as men and women — our place in nature, our gifts and the evolved purpose behind our relationships.

●

Your brain is not an isolated organ: it is an integral part of what appear to be the outlands of your body. Your retinas, for example, which you are using to read this, are one of your brain's ways of gathering information about its environment. The sensory nerves in your fingers, as you continue to hold these pages open, are your brain's ways of learning what the fingers are touching. And the nerves in your muscles, as you shift your arms and flex your legs, are no more than your brain's agents for making you move about. At one end of the scale of your life, as you sit or lie or loll here, is the world of the senses — information delivered to your brain by light (sight), chemicals (taste and smell) and mechanical forces and pressures (hearing and touch). At the other end are your brain's responses to that world and its attempts to influence it: your skimming of a paragraph or reaching for a cup. And between the two stand thought, memory, pleasure, boredom, foresight, personality and gender identity — everything that makes men and women human: your brain. It is a forest of 100 billion nerve cells in the bone case of your skull, whose branches, if laid end to end, would stretch to the moon and back. It is two pinkish-grey handfuls of gelatin like tissue, whorled like a walnut, turned in upon itself, hungry for oxygen and chemical energy and driven by enough electricity to light a small lamp bulb. It is also who you are.

"You" is always shorthand for "your brain"; "I," for "my brain". When you feel pain, it is your brain that feels it; when you use a drug to control it, it is your brain that you are treating. When you take a drink or a smoke or an upper, it is your brain that is seeking to alter and manipulate its own chemistry. And when you are sexually aroused, it is your brain that organises the behavior that will lead to its own fulfillment. The roots of every action and every skill are in the brain. The brain is the conductor of the body's orchestra of hormones — including the sex hormones. It

The brain is the conductor of the body's orchestra of hormones — including the sex hormones. It's imprinted and influenced by those hormones.

is imprinted and influenced itself by those hormones. It is the organ of human personality. But it is also a gland — a thinking gland, a dreaming gland, a sex gland.

"Is it differently sexed in men and women? If so, at what stage of development? And if so, by what process? *These* are the questions." Diane McGuinness is a research psychologist who has been investigating human sex differences for the past 10 years. A stylish and voluble woman who holds positions at both Stanford and the University of California at Santa Cruz, she is one of the few scientists to work exclusively in the field of male-versus-female behavior, doggedly persevering in the face of criticism from other scientists anxious about the implications of her work. "The problem is that these questions are extremely hard to answer," she says. "Yes, there obviously *is* a part of the brain —the hypothalamus — that *is* differently sexed. It's the brain's controller of the flow of hormones. And it's responsible for the way sex-and-reproductive behavior is organised — the menstrual cycle in women and the quite different picture we see in men. The hypothalamus is almost certainly differently stamped before birth by sex hormones. It's like a photographic plate that is exposed before birth and then developed by a fresh rush of hormones at puberty, just like our body is.

"But how about the rest of the brain? We can't, after all, just cut into a normal male or female brain, in good working order, and ask it what's going on. And we can't learn much, either, from a brain when it's dead and pickled or frozen and cut into slices for the microscope. It's no use, in other words, approaching the human brain head on. It can't tell us what we want to know. It's dumb." McGuinness spreads her hands and reaches for a cigarette. "So we have to get smart. We have to come up with new ways of looking at it from the outside and of measuring what it does from the outside. And then we have to fit together what we've found out — our piece of the puzzle — into a general pattern or design that makes sense. This is what we try to do. We try to build up a picture of what is going on in male and female brains from a series of different *takes.*"

The View from Outside. Take One: Palo Alto, California. One avenue into the complexities of the individual human brain is through the way it responds to the world: its behavior. Another is through the skills and abilities it shows when confronted with controlled tasks in a controlled environment. Those are the avenues taken by behavioral and cognitive psychologists into the brain's mysteries. Over the past decade, McGuinness and colleagues at Stanford, Eleanor Maccoby and Carol Jacklin, have separately observed and tested thousands of infants, preschoolers, high school and university students. And out of those studies and others has emerged a picture that indicates quite wide statistical differences between human males and females.

"Some of those differences appear extremely early in life," says McGuinness, "and others are more obvious after puberty. But the fascinating thing is that they seem to be *independent of culture* — as true in Ghana, Scotland and Australia, for example, as they are in America. First, there are differences in the senses. Women are more sensitive to touch, tastes and odors — especially, it seems, at mid-cycle. They also have better fine-motor co-ordination and finger dexterity. Second, there are differences in the way information is gathered and problems solved. Men are more rule bound and they seem to be less sensitive to situational variables: more single-minded, more narrowly focused and more persevering. Women, by contrast, are very sensitive to context. They're less hidebound by the demands of a particular task. They're good at picking up peripheral information. And they process their information faster.

"Put in general terms, women are communicators and men are takers of action. Because that's the implication of the most important difference between them, the one that's most widely accepted. Males are better at maps, mazes and math: at rotating objects in their minds and locating three-dimensional objects in two-dimensional representations. They're better at perceiving and manipulating objects in space. They have a better sense of direction.

"Females, on the other hand, excel in areas males are weak in, especially in areas where language is involved. They're not as good at anything that requires object manipulation and visual sharpness — they're less sensitive to light, for one thing. But they're much better at almost all the skills that involve words: fluency, verbal reasoning, written prose and reading — males outnumber females three to one in remedial-reading classes. Females' verbal memory is also better. And they can sing in tune six times more often than males can.

"The question, of course, is: are these things learned — encouraged by parents and teachers — or are they innate? How early do they show up in the brain?

"And the answer is: *very* early. We see certain tendencies almost from the beginning. Male infants respond to what is visually catching in their environment — lights, patterns, three-dimensional objects. And when they're a little older, they take on their physical environment more than females do. They're more curious about it. They play with the objects in it as often as with toys. They draw objects rather than people. And they throw themselves around more — they develop better gross-motor control.

"This is not what we find in female infants. Girls respond preferentially to the people in their environment. What's usually catching for them is faces rather than objects. They're also much more sensitive to sound. They vocalise more and are more comforted by speech than boys are. And they respond more to the social sounds around them, to tones of voice and to music. That is crucial, I think. In the first place, sensitivity to sound is something that persists throughout life in women — sounds are likely to seem twice as loud to them as to men, something men would do well to remember sometimes. And, in the second place, it is almost certainly an important contributor to females' verbal abilities. Sounds and people, remember — as against objects in space. Communication versus action and manipulation. It's there in the brain from the beginning. The language ability of females is not affected by a traumatic early environment, as it is in males. And it is not differentially encouraged in them by their parents."

So, just as the *capacity* for language is hard-wired into human brains before birth, is that true of a special *skill* in it?

"Yes," says McGuinness. "What comes easily to each sex is likely to be biologically programmed: stamped, waiting to be developed."

Take Two: Chicago, Illinois. "Aaaall right." Jerry Levy is sitting in her cluttered office at the University of Chicago, one leg curled under her. She swoops periodically into a cup of coffee. "So you have these different abilities. And you have the not *un*interesting fact that males and females all characteristically suffer from different *dis*abilities: females from depression and hysteria, but also maybe from math disability; and males from hyperactivity, autism, dyslexia and stuttering — language disabilities.

"There are two things, though, you've got to remember about these differences. First, they're statistical differences — averages. And they're extremely minor compared with differences between people of the same sex — of all the variations we observe among people, 80 to 95 percent or more of them are *within* men and *within* women. They're by no means cut and dried in every male and female. Second, the average sex differences that we *do* observe should never be allowed to have any effect on social policy, such as encouraging Jenny to give up math and Johnny to give up languages. If biological differences, after all, were to be made the basis of social policy, then the first thing we should do is

Sounds are likely to seem twice as loud to women as to men, something men would do well to remember sometimes.

lock up all the men, since they're the ones who commit almost all the crime. They're more aggressive. And they're the ones at risk of being psychopaths."

Levy is an incisive and highly original biopsychologist, a dark-haired woman in her early 40s. And her way into the differences between men and women is through the separate responsibilities of the brain's two hemispheres. She is one of the scientists who worked out in split-brain patients the way in which the human brain is lateralised — the analytic left hemisphere specialising, by and large, in language, and the holistic right hemisphere specialising in visual tasks and the perception of spatial relationships. And since then, she — with others — has devised a cluster of tests designed to investigate this lateralisation in normal people.

"All right, what we're talking about is the selective activation of one hemisphere or the other," Levy says, "which hemisphere responds to what sort of stimulus in males and females. Now, the left hemisphere controls and receives messages from the right side of the body, and vice versa. But it is also activated by objects in the right visual field and by sounds perceived by the right ear. There is a crossover.

"This means that we can broadcast directly to one hemisphere or the other. We can use a technique developed by Doreen Kimura of the University of Western Ontario, for example. We can present the two ears simultaneously with different sounds, for example — sometimes verbal and sometimes nonverbal — and see which of the two sounds is reported by the hearer: which hemisphere, therefore, specialises in processing and interpreting that sort of sound. We can also, for just a few hundredths of a second, flash in front of a subject pictures, words, digits, letters and dots and lines oriented to a central point either in the left visual field or in the right visual field or in both. And, again, we can see which hemisphere is faster and better at recognising and processing which sort of information — verbal, nonverbal, spatial and so on. That will depend on the handedness of the subject. Almost all right-handers organise language on the left and certain types of visual spatial skills on the right side of the brain — left-handers are much more confusing. And it may depend on the sex of the subject."

She pauses for a moment to collect her thoughts. "Look," she says, "there are only little pieces of evidence. This is a very young field and our techniques are crude; we're trying to become more sophisticated as we go along. But what evidence there is indicates that the female brain may be less lateralised and less tightly organised than the male brain. In male right-handers, for example, language seems to be rather rigorously segregated to the left hemisphere, while their visual-spatial skills are as rigorously segregated to the right. That does not seem to be true in right-handed females. Their hemispheres seem to be less functionally distinct from each other.

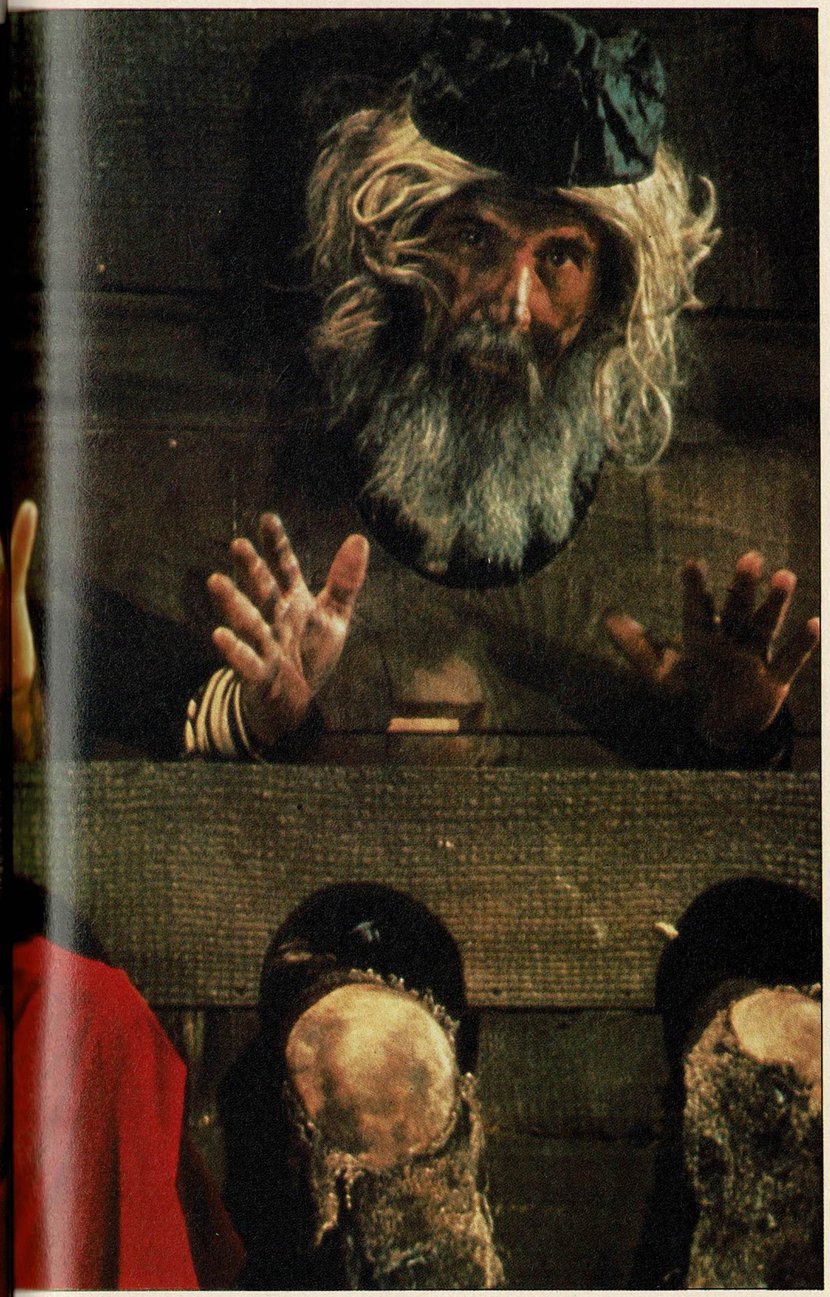
"Okay. What might this mean? It might mean that there are two sorts of differences in the way male and female brains are organised and function: *inter*hemispheric differences — differences in the way the hemispheres communicate — and *intra*-hemispheric differences — differences in the amount of brain space on each side given over to particular abilities. The hemispheres of male brains, you see, seem to be specialists — they speak different languages, verbal and visual-spatial. And it may be that they can communicate with each other only in a formal way, after encoding into abstract representations. The hemispheres of female brains, on the other hand, may not be such specialists. And they may be able to communicate in a much less formal and less structured way. If that is so, then females may be much better than males at intergrating verbal and nonverbal information — at reading the emotional content of tones of voice and intensities of expression.

"This is entirely speculative, of course. But it might be borne out by differences *within* each hemisphere. In the male left hemisphere, for example, language may be

(continued on page 120)

20 QUESTIONS: MEL BROOKS

the madman of movies discusses gallipoli, my brilliant career and other films he didn't make



People have been wondering about Mel Brooks ever since the farting scene in Blazing Saddles. *How can anyone that crazy be that clever? With* History Of The World Part One *packing them in all over the world, the speculation continues. Australian writer, Headley Gritter, tracked Brooks down in Hollywood and confusion immediately reigned. Gritter reports: "Mel had a bit of trouble with my name. He thought he was talking to Hedy Lamarr, which reminded him of a character in* Blazing Saddles *called Headley Lamar, about whom Ms Lamarr sued. This seemed as good a place as any to start the interview."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Have you been challenged in court often?
BROOKS: Every time I make a movie, I get three or four lawsuits. But that's normal. Anybody who makes movies can tell you that. They usually settle out of court, because they usually don't have a claim.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do people get upset if you use names or characters similar to theirs?
BROOKS: Yeah, and also a lot of people who are on the border of looney-land think they wrote *The Producers* or *Blazing Saddles*. They say you've stolen the idea.

3.

PLAYBOY: What would you say is the chief characteristic of a Mel Brooks' film, as opposed to other comedies?
BROOKS: A certain comic bravery. I take great chances. Sometimes I get slapped down pretty hard for them. But, most of the time, people really enjoy that.

4.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your childhood. Would you say that it was a normal childhood? Is there anything in it that led you to this present craziness?
BROOKS: Well, when I was a kid I was shorter than most of the kids. And so, in order to compensate for my lack of God-given height — the only one on our block

that had height was a guy by the name of Horace, he was known as Horace Height and he became a band leader. No? — I became a wit, and I entertained the big guys who lent me their muscles and support when I needed it. So I didn't get beat up too often. So that was my edge, wit. Actually, I was into music too. I was a drummer. I had a band, Mel Brooks and his Five Wife Beaters. We were playing Grosinger's, which is a famous Jewish resort in the Catskills, and a comic got sick. And I knew all the dopey jokes. They went something like this: Good evening ladies and Jews. And welcome to a bang-up variety show. I just flew in from Chicago. And boy are my arms tired. I got a room in Chicago that was so small the mice were hunchback. This room was so small you had to go out into the hall just to change your mind. Let me tell you about Chicago. I met a girl from Chicago, this girl was so skinny, I took her to a restaurant, the waiter said: "Check your umbrella." That's how skinny this girl was. These were bad jokes. And I knew how to tell 'em. So, I segued from music to comedy. And that's where it all started.

5.

PLAYBOY: Was there anyone that you admired, or was a source of inspiration in your early days?
BROOKS: Yes. The Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, the Three Stooges. I loved group comedy, but the Marx Brothers had that wonderful, masterful combination of physical craziness and creative wit and imagination. It meant a lot to me.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've encompassed three different roles in your career — director, writer and actor. Do you have a preference for anyone of these?
BROOKS: Writing. I've always been a writer, basically. I enjoy acting, but that's not as soul-satisfying. The big, basic soul-satisfier is writing. It's the most difficult thing to do and do well, I think.

7.

PLAYBOY: As a director, you have to deal with movie executive types. Do you have any problems when you sit down and deal with those sort of people?
BROOKS: No, no. I did at the beginning. You have one hit and they literally see the dollar signs, and they're ready to do business with you.

8.

PLAYBOY: I heard in the early days that you used to do crazy things at board meetings to grab their attention.
BROOKS: I only did that, really, one time, when I was a young comedy writer for Sid Caesar on *The Show Of Shows*. It was the Chairman of the Board of RCA, David Sarnoff. . .General Sarnoff. And General Sarnoff was the big mucky-muck. He was the big shot. And they were having a board meeting with General Sarnoff, Sid Caesar and Max Liebman, the most wonderful producer, who just passed away. All of these big shots were having this meeting, and I wanted to go. Sid said: "Don't be stupid, you can't go, you're just a little comedy writer, nobody wants a comedy writer there, these are all the owners, the big shots. You know, I'm nothing there, I'm just a little court jester to David Sarnoff." Well, they started their meeting. I went to our costume place, and I got a duster, which is a long white coat that gentlemen used to wear to keep the dust off them in open cars in the Twenties. And I got a straw boater, a straw hat. And a cane. And I walked into General Sarnoff's office, and the secretary said: "No, no. Can't go in." I went right past her. I burst open the door and jumped on the table. They were amazed. I jumped on the table and I shouted: "Lindy's landed. Lindy's in Paris." And I threw my hat. I sailed it out the window. Well, Sid got a coughing fit. Sid got hysterical. Sid collapsed. And even Max couldn't help laughing. But General Sarnoff was really afraid that a terrorist or even worse, a Jewish maniac, had broken free. So, anyway, some ushers from RCA escorted me out. And that was the only time I ever really did anything silly like that. Today, if I wanted to break into the meeting, I mean, the doors would be open. They'd help me up on the table. They'd even throw my hat out the window for me.

9.

PLAYBOY: I can imagine that the big shots had some reluctance about *Silent Movie*, which was also unique in that it was a silent movie about people making a silent movie.
BROOKS: Yes. It was sort of Pirendello-ish, in a sense. Pirendello wrote a play, *Six Characters In Search Of An Author*. And the play's about the play. And the play is also about the play. It's inside. It's inside inside. And so, *Silent Movie* is about a silent move. It's about the making of a silent movie, the studio that doesn't want to make a silent movie. And it worked out beautifully. Because I did say to this studio, to Fox. They said: "We don't want to do it." I said: "What if I got five big stars to be in it? Like Burt Reynolds, Anne Bancroft, Liza Minelli, Paul Newman, Jimmy Caan. People like that." They said: "Oh, if you've got them, we'll take a chance, we'll make the movie." So I made the movie about getting five big stars to make a silent movie. It was wonderful, it was a great experience. The only trouble was sitting in that little yellow Morgan with Marty Feldman and Dom De Luise. Marty Feldman and I, okay. But not Dom De Luise. He took up the whole car.

10.

PLAYBOY: When you're writing, do you have like a cast of loonies you turn to like Gene Wilder, Harvey Korman, Marty Feldman? Do you write with them particularly in mind?
BROOKS: Sometimes I do, In *History Of The World, Part I* I had Dom De Luise in mind when I wrote Nero, the emperor. I had Madeleine Kahn in mind when I wrote empress Nympho. Nobody else could play that part except Madeleine. But sometimes I run into new people, and it's thrilling. I ran into an Australian girl, gorgeous girl, her name is Pamela Stephenson. She's a big hit in London, big hit in all of England. And she's now a big hit in the States because of *History Of The World*. Well, since Kay Kendall, who used to be married to Rex Harrison, I never met a girl that was so beautiful, and so beautifully endowed, who had such comic timing.

11.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about endowed, which facet of life are we talking about?
BROOKS: I mean her tits. What would I mean? I mean those globes. Those white, beautiful snowballs of mammary happiness.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is that important to you?
BROOKS: Well, I would die without it, alright? First of all, as a little boy, it kept me alive. We didn't have bottled milk in those days. But Pamela Stephenson is beautiful. In every day, shape and form. I can tell you that. I've seen her dress backstage.

13.

PLAYBOY: Now, with these people like Harvey Korman, are they as off-beat away from the cameras as they are in front, or do they turn it on and turn it off?
BROOKS: No. The people that work with me are just as crazy if not crazier off, like Dom, and Harvey Korman, than they are on. As a matter of fact, I think the script and the words restrict them just a little too much. They might have more fun if I just told them to go out there and make crazy.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you have trouble, sometimes, being a director and directing your friends?
BROOKS: I do. First of all, they make me laugh a lot. One time we went on and on and on because I was collapsed on the floor, and the director's the only one who can say "cut". And the camera kept rolling. It was fabulous. It was during the Roman Empire scene, where Dom De Luise is the emperor.

15.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of *History Of The World* how did you get the idea to do it?
BROOKS: I wanted to do something big. Not that big. I mean, that was a little too big, but it worked out all right. It happened here, Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp. I was walking across the executive parking island when a grip, that is somebody who schleps the cables, yelled at me from the back of a passing truck: "Hey, Mel, what next? Something big?" I said: "The biggest." He said: "Whaat?" I shouted: "HISTORY OF THE WORLD." And when I got to my office, I said, I better make it History of the World Part I. It's a little too much to do, Fox may not have that kind of money. So, anyway, I thought about it seriously, and I said, well, where did it start? Well, it started with primitive man. What were they doing? Well, they stood on their feet, they beat their chests, they beat their bellies, they beat. . .well, I can't go on. But anyway, they had a good time beating a lot of stuff. And I said, that's a good beginning. And I can have some fun with *2001*, the movie, with that Stanley Kubrik, that nice, you know, Strauss theme — *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* that's the name of it. And so, to those wonderful, tempting sounds, I could do some, ah, normal, dirty Mel Brooks opening.

If there's one good moment, don't let it go by. Celebrate it. Do everything you can to ensure your happiness.

16.

PLAYBOY: Another dirty feature of your movies is usually the predominance of flatulence. Is that an expression of a personal problem, or is that just something that. . .
BROOKS: I say both. Both. It's a personal problem I've had ever since I was a child. And it's also. . .if you know one person, you know everybody. So I know myself. And I know everybody. I know how filthy, and dirty, and disgusting and rotten I am, therefore, I'm a sage vis a vis human behavior. Get it?

17.

PLAYBOY: As you were saying about these loonies that you usually work with, are there any anecdotes of personal life you want to relate to display the limits of their lunacy?
BROOKS: Yesterday I went to a restaurant. I was having dinner at an Italian restaurant. Relaxed. Having a nice time. Friends and family. Suddenly, a crazy chef bursts out of the kitchen with garbage and junk all over him shouting: "Giuseppe, we need bread. Giuseppe, the spaghetti is a-boiling." And there's Dom De Luise. He actually snuck into the kitchen, unbeknownst to me, put on a chef's hat, a chef's uniform and came out covered with garbage. Everybody in the restaurant threw money down and left. I mean, there were. . .it was terrible. You know, these people behave very badly off screen. One time I was in a movie house, watching a movie, I felt a hand on my leg, it got a little too personal, although the woman was beautiful. I turned around. And, there was Cloris Leachman, sitting next to me. Well, it was the most hysterical laugh I ever got in my life. She never let me know it was her. I thought it was this crazy stranger. And I was looking for the usher. So they're always playing practical jokes on me. Harvey Korman will steal your television set. He'll always bring it back. But if you come home one night, it's not there, it's usually at Harvey Korman's house. These are wonderful people.

18.

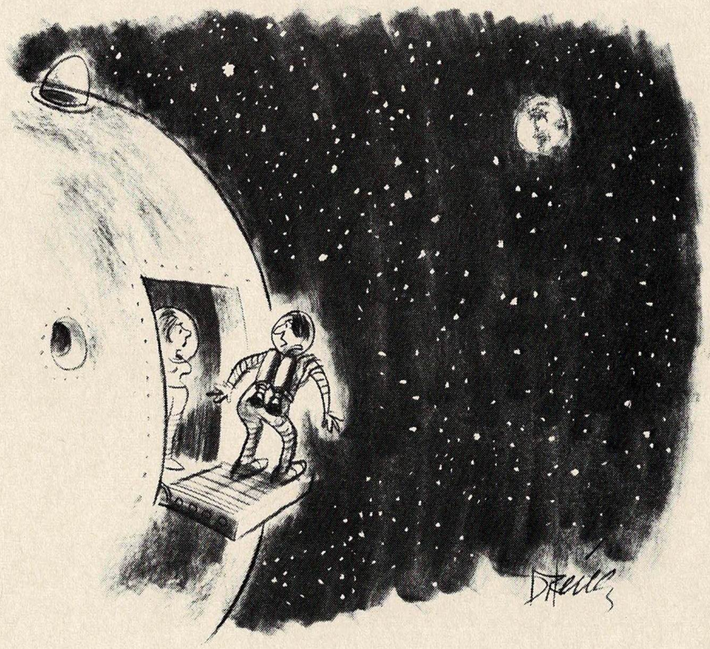
PLAYBOY: What's been your proudest moment, or which movie have you been most proud of?
BROOKS: Well. I'd say *Gallipoli* is the best movie I've ever made.

19.

PLAYBOY: If you had made it.
BROOKS: Oh, I didn't make that, I'm sorry. I like to take credit for a lot. But I did see it recently and I loved it. As a matter of fact, a spate of Australian films has hit America, one after the other. Beautiful. Rich. Scintillating. And deeply moving, like *My Brilliant Career*. I was amazed. Usually, you don't think of the Australian film industry as quite that, you know. You think of Chips Rafferty.

20.

PLAYBOY: Finally, do you have a philosophy on life?
BROOKS: I have a basic philosophy. Life stinks. And, if you laugh, you can forget that it stinks. So I think it's important, a lot of people are capable of drama, and are capable of mirroring and reflecting the sadness and the melancholy of life. But what we need are more maniacs to celebrate the joy. To celebrate the anarchy. And my basic philosophy is "Celebrate!" Don't knock. Don't complain. Don't whine. Stop this goddam self-pity. If there's one good moment, don't let it go by. Celebrate it. Do everything you can to ensure your happiness. If you're caught and sent to jail for it, well, that's your problem. But try to do everything you can to celebrate the positive and joyful side of life. You can so easily slip into depression. And so easily be negative about life, when there are so many wonderful things. A salt beef sandwich will never hurt you. A cold glass of beer. The right body at the right time.



"I need space."

Playmate of the Year Gifts

THIS will be a wonderful year for Lyn Barron, the Australian Playboy Playmate of the Year. She will be taking to the highway in a superb Alfa Romeo GTV 2.0, valued at more than $20,000, and when she wants to travel, Lyn will use her two first class return tickets to London from Qantas. Into her elegant leather luggage from Hunt Leather Pty Ltd (the luggage and leathergoods specialists with stores in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide) she'll pack an exquisite high-fashion dress from Ink Attire, and a gold PLAYBOY pendant on a gold chain. For some lucky people, life was meant to be easy!

ANIMA

(continued from page 47)

It was a pretty cold farewell from Josie. We knew, without saying a word, that the whole thing was on the skids.

together was a morning and evening kiss, a smooth but pleasant rut. I'd found a job with an advertising agency, a reasonable job, it left me free to paint in the studio at nights and weekends.

I was painting a lot then, I remember, working harder than I'd ever worked. I'd found a new theme, the circle, dissecting and reassembling the perfect sphere, experimenting with kinetics and depth in color. Looking for a third dimension on canvas.

It was about the time that Jo and the kids began taking their clothes off.

There's one moment I enjoy in the day. About six o'clock, after the suspended animation of train and bus travel, pushed against strangers, the walk to the front door, the clicking of the key in the lock. And you open the door. Home. It's like there's a kind of a barrier at the front door that cleans you, strips away the street dirt and office worries. Out of the sunlight and into the cool dark hall of home. A special time, very short, but I always concentrate on it, try to stretch it.

This afternoon had been hot. I was sweating, my coat over my arm.

I dropped the key into the dish by the door, walked into the living room. And stopped dead. My jaw must have dropped to the ground. They all laughed, tinkling girlish laughs, Jo's deep throat chuckle. A sea of smiling females, stark naked every one.

"Hi" said Jo. .

"Hullo Daddy, we've taken our clothes off," said Amelia, lying flat on her belly.

6. Something cold crawled over me. I felt angry and ashamed because of my anger. I knew it was stupid, but I resented their nakedness. I turned and walked into the bedroom.

From behind, I heard Jo's bare feet pad in. "What's wrong honey?"

"I don't know." I hung my coat on the hanger, put it on the rack in the wardrobe, turned around and faced her. "But I want you all to get dressed."

"Oh come on," she said, "you're not serious."

I turned and caught my face in the mirror. It was tight and white.

"I am not joking, I am serious. I do not want you walking around the house naked. What about the windows? Anyone can see in."

"So what," she said, getting angry, "so fucking what! Man, have you changed, you forgotten racing down the streets of Acapulco stark naked at five in the morning?"

"That was a long time ago, and that was Mexico."

"Mexico! That's *worse* than here, honey, that's a Catholic madhouse. . . and so? A long time ago? Jesus, Robbie, what's gotten into you?"

I grabbed her by the shoulders, by her thin white shoulders, and I shook her. I shook her so hard I saw the fear in her eyes.

"*Listen!* All my life I've been surrounded by women! Women. Women. With their women smells and women voices and women sanitary napkins in the bathroom and women clothes and bras and stockings and now in *my* house in *my* life, the life I've made for *myself,* I'm surrounded by fucking women again. Put your clothes on. All of you. Or by Christ I'll. . ."

I was hissing with anger, I stopped shaking her.

We stared at each other in silence. Outside a truck rumbled past. In the living-room, the kids were singing Frere Jacques. I was trembling, sweat was pouring down my face.

"Robbie," she said very slowly, "Robbie, you are a prize prick." She turned silently, and walked out to play with the kids.

I could feel the hair on my chest, my balls hanging heavy between my legs. I felt sweaty and dirty, and I could smell myself like an old tom cat. I slammed out of the house.

I remember catching a bus down to the beach and lying in the sand as the sun fell down behind the bridge. I was frightened. It was like looking in a mirror for the first time, and seeing something you'd known all along, but just hadn't seen before. I had to sort out all these pieces, all these fragments of my life. I had a wife, four daughters, maybe another coming.

The daughters! The way they just kept coming out. It terrified me, now I thought about it, really terrified me. But I used to laugh it off. It's a good thing I like pussy, I used to say. I can start my own cat house. That was a favorite. But now, now I wanted a man in the house. O God did I want a man. A man to talk to, confide in, a man who'd listen to me and understand me. And love me? It just wasn't possible.

But how did all these things fit together? The outburst at Josie, at women, all women, against everything I thought, believed I was?

All that summer, they kept walking around naked. I didn't feel any more comfortable about it. When I went back to the house that afternoon, it was strained, strange, and that's the way it went from then on.

In the next two years we carried on, to outsiders, to our friends, nothing had happened. We even had two more kids. Girls, of course. Now we had six daughters. I did nothing about those fears and thoughts, just pushed them away.

But those two years were very painful, now I look back. Bottled up, living with a fear of myself, what I was. We started to drift, slowly and surely, never anything said. Towards the end, we were like strangers. A part of me couldn't believe it. That part of me looked into the future, and saw everything coming up Josie. But the other part, the part I had a glimpse of that summer afternoon, it was very calm. Almost like it knew what had to happen, what would happen.

Then we found the farm. It was nothing much, 50 acres, an old rundown farmhouse, near the Snowy, a stream running through it. Just below the snowline, but cold.

The plan was they'd move down to the farm, take all the junk from the house, I'd get a flat in Darlinghurst and visit weekends. That move was important to me. Sorting through all the shit we accumulated over the years, I'd felt weighed down, drowned.

7. I read about a guy in a magazine. He looked around, took stock of what he owned, and proceeded to cut down on his possessions. Right down, until he owned just 250 things. Including each knife, fork, pair of shoes. He got it down so that he could pack everything he owned on and in his car, and move in one trip. And this guy was rich. He said that people living in cities today were like bag ladies, the old crazies back home who sort through trash cans, picking out special pieces of garbage, and lugging it around in supermarket trollies with them. I knew what he meant.

We started to sort, shift through all that stuff, packing it into tea chests. It took one whole week to get it ready for the moving vans. I kept as little as I could, and moved it to the flat I'd found just round the corner.

It was pretty cold farewell from Josie. We knew, without saying a word, that the whole thing was on the skids. We hoped in some inarticulate way that this move would make the final split easier all round. Things hadn't been the same for two years. We'd always been able to talk, argue, listen to each other's problems, but that all flew away. Suddenly we were silent strangers, communicating through the kids. And that great pile of possessions.

I moved into the flat, went to work during the week. Friday afternoons I'd drive down to the farm, we'd ride horses, or walk in the mountains. I was building new stables, fixing the old farmhouse. Nights, we'd light a fire, eat dinner, keep up a pretence for the kids. Monday morning early, I'd drive back to town, be in the office mid-morning.

Living on my own after living with seven women was silent. Great gaps would fill the evenings. I'd read, watch television, cook a steak, wash up, couldn't paint any more, couldn't settle down, I was restless. Amelia had bought me a budgerigar. "He'll make you happy when we're gone, Daddy." He'd just sit there, ruffling his feathers. Except when I went near him. Then he'd flurry and try to fly through the bars, spreading seed and budgerigar crap everywhere. Somehow he made the place even lonelier. But I kept him, because of Amelia.

Amelia. Our first born. Where had the love that made her gone? Had it gone? I would sit in my empty flat, drinking beer and staring at the television, wondering what had happened to our love, what was happening to me. Josie had been my family, my lover, my mother and my father. I could no more have considered life without Josie, back then when Amelia was a baby and Abby was still in her belly, than life without sight. With each pregnancy we grew closer, with each little squawling wrinkle-limbed female that came into our world from some mystery one. Gallons of semen, splashed against the walls of Josie's womb, so much of it doing its work, fertilising, how could a love borne of such a bond slip silently away, like a pick-pocket, taking everything of value that we had?

And yet, since Robert, I feel closer to Josie, more like Josie. I understand how she felt, feels, deep inside her — womanness, womanity? Close, closer, Jesus, if we'd been any closer, we'd have passed. So love hasn't gone, it's just gone underground? Inside? Maybe, it's like what sometimes happens to fibreglass boats, the water sometimes passes through the solid, into the glass itself, by a process of osmosis, an exchange of matter, maybe we've exchanged love, yeah.

Later, I started going out nights. I'd come to a point where I had to find out. Had to meet people, men, and talk with them. I went to bars, hotels, anywhere I could find people to talk to. In a couple of months I met dozens of men, lonely men, like me, looking for things they'd never find, or be too frightened to face up to if they did. I met plenty of gays, faggots we used to call them, and sure, I got propositioned once or twice. But it wasn't till I met Robert that I was tempted.

Tempted. Ha. Nothing tempting about it. No time to be tempted. There was a bar in Liverpool Street called *The Kink.* It fascinated me. It had the name big and black out the front, and a shop window. In the window they had displays, they seemed to change them every month or so. One month it might be a full Nazi uniform, black shiny boots, peaked cap with a silver eagle, black leather holster bulging with its hidden pistol. Next, a Hell's Angel uniform, greasy Levi jacket with the sleeves torn off, plastered with badges: *Oakland Chapter Hell's Angles, Loud Rules Okay, BMW Uber Alles,* and a big buckled belt, a bike chain for an epaulet, filthy black jeans, fur-lined flying boots. Very butch. I'd heard talk around the bars they had a special room out the back of *The Kink* — the Grope Room. You just walked into this room, and it happened to you. Anonymously. Silently. If I had to prove it one way or another, that was the place.

But I was still frightened. I was scared to make that leap. Just because I freaked out when the girls and Josie walked around naked, did that make me gay? A fairy? A poofter? I remember the way I'd felt that afternoon, it surged through me, fear, alienation, I knew I had to find out what I was. Who I was.

So I finally plucked up the courage. Went to *The Kink.* The bar was full of sweat and smoke. It's funny, faggots used to be soft, feminine. long-haired, squeaky-voiced creatures mincing around Times Square when I was a kid. But these guys were huge, muscled, short haired, proud. Inside *The Kink* it looked like a wholesale beefcake shop, smoko at the weightlifters' club. They leaned back on the bar, bulging out of their T-shirts, looking out through narrowed eyes. They all looked like motorcycle cops, stevedores, laborers. Maybe they were.

I ordered a beer and stood in the corner, feeling nervous and small. Through the gloom, I picked out a door in the back. Single men and couples would slip in through the door, and disappear. Others came out, glazed, glided over to the bar to order. I couldn't believe it. This happening right here in Sydney, 400 metres from my flat.

My mouth went dry. I drained my beer, ordered another, stared at the door, trying to get the courage to walk through. I fingered a coin in my pocket, pulled it out, telling myself if it came up heads, I'd go in.

"You going in there?"

I turned nervously, dropping the coin, and saw the back of his head as he dropped to pick it up for me. He handed it back, smiling. He was a little taller than me, dark, with a moustache, brown eyes and laugh lines. He looked Greek. Later, I found out his mother was.

"Ah, er, I, gee, I don't know."

"American?"

"Ah, yeah."

"Well, well, well. An American faggot in old Sydney town. Listen, handsome, don't."

"What?"

"Don't go in there."

"Why?"

"You'll catch something. Or everything. Guys in there got diseases you never heard of. You or the doctors, which is worse. Herpes A and B. Chalmydia. A very heavy kind of gonorrhoea you'll need about four

"You've got a really filthy mind, haven't you!"

times the dose of streptomycin to clear up. If it clears up. And some I bet I never even heard of."

"Jesus."

"Him neither. Listen, if you want a fuck, I live around the corner."

"So do I."

He laughed. "So, your place or mine, Yank. Let's get out of this meat rack."

I don't want to think too much about that night. I guess I must have enjoyed it. Robert and I kept seeing each other for three months. I completely lost touch with Josie and the kids. Just didn't call, or go and see them. But then, she didn't ring me either. Or maybe she did, I spent most of those three months at Robert's.

I guess I have to think about it. I'd read somewhere that in every homosexual relationship, there's a butch and a bitch. Dick and Jane. I was Jane. I loved to feel Robert's arms around me. He was very hairy, very Greek that way, all male. I'd just lie down and get took. Robert did all the leading at first because I was clumsy, frightened, and later, because that's the way I liked it.

Robert was on top, physically and mentally. I sank back into the feeling of total submission. It was wonderful.

Gradually, over those three months, I changed completely, I softened up. All the male defences dropped away. I was gentler, less aggressive. I stopped going to the office. I rang up and said I was sick, and just didn't go any more. The few times I went back to the flat, there were telegrams pleading me to call. I was a partner, and they must have gone crazy.

I started to wear makeup. Nothing much at first, just a little eyeliner, black. Then eyeshadow, and eventually I bought a wig, lipstick, false eyelashes, everything. Then silk underwear, beautiful clothes. I had money in the bank, I spent it all. It was like a dream, those three months just slipped by. We'd play games, Robert and I, he'd come home from work, and I'd be dressed in full drag, cooking in the kitchen. He'd kiss me, we'd have dinner by candlelight, then he'd seduce me. It was heaven on a stick.

And then I started to feel sick. I'd puke every morning. I thought it might be the booze. We were drinking an awful lot. Not huge amounts, just steadily belting it away. Robert began to annoy me. Little things he'd do, lying in the bed in the morning, smoking and scratching his beard made me angry. Hearing him coughing in the shower would make me dry retch again. I couldn't stand it. One day I just moved out. Packed all my clothes and makeup into a cardboard box and moved back into the flat. I never heard from Robert or saw him again.

"For God's sake, man, don't ask any questions! Take this and stick it up your arse!"

But still, I felt terrible. I couldn't figure out what was wrong. I was sick, irritable, tired, depressed, and terrified. Now I really was alone. I realised what I'd done. Thrown away my wife, my kids, job, friends, even my sex. And I was 6000 miles from home. I couldn't see or talk to anyone. For about a month, I'd sneak out to an all-night supermarket, buy food, come back, double lock the door, take the phone off the hook, and sit around all day in front of the mirror, wearing my new clothes.

That was when the swelling started, I woke up one morning, got up to have a shower, and noticed a little pot belly. But it was hard. I broke out in a cold sweat. Cancer! I hadn't seen anyone. Trembling, I rang a doctor. Yes, he'd see me. What was wrong? It told him my symptoms, and he gave me an appointment right away.

"Hmmmmm. I think we'll need an X-ray, Mr Whitfield. It's got me beat. When did you first say you noticed it?"

"What?"

"The swelling."

"Just yesterday morning. But I started to feel sick about eight weeks ago."

He'd been kneeling down in front of me, looking at my distended stomach. He stood up, walked to his desk, and began writing.

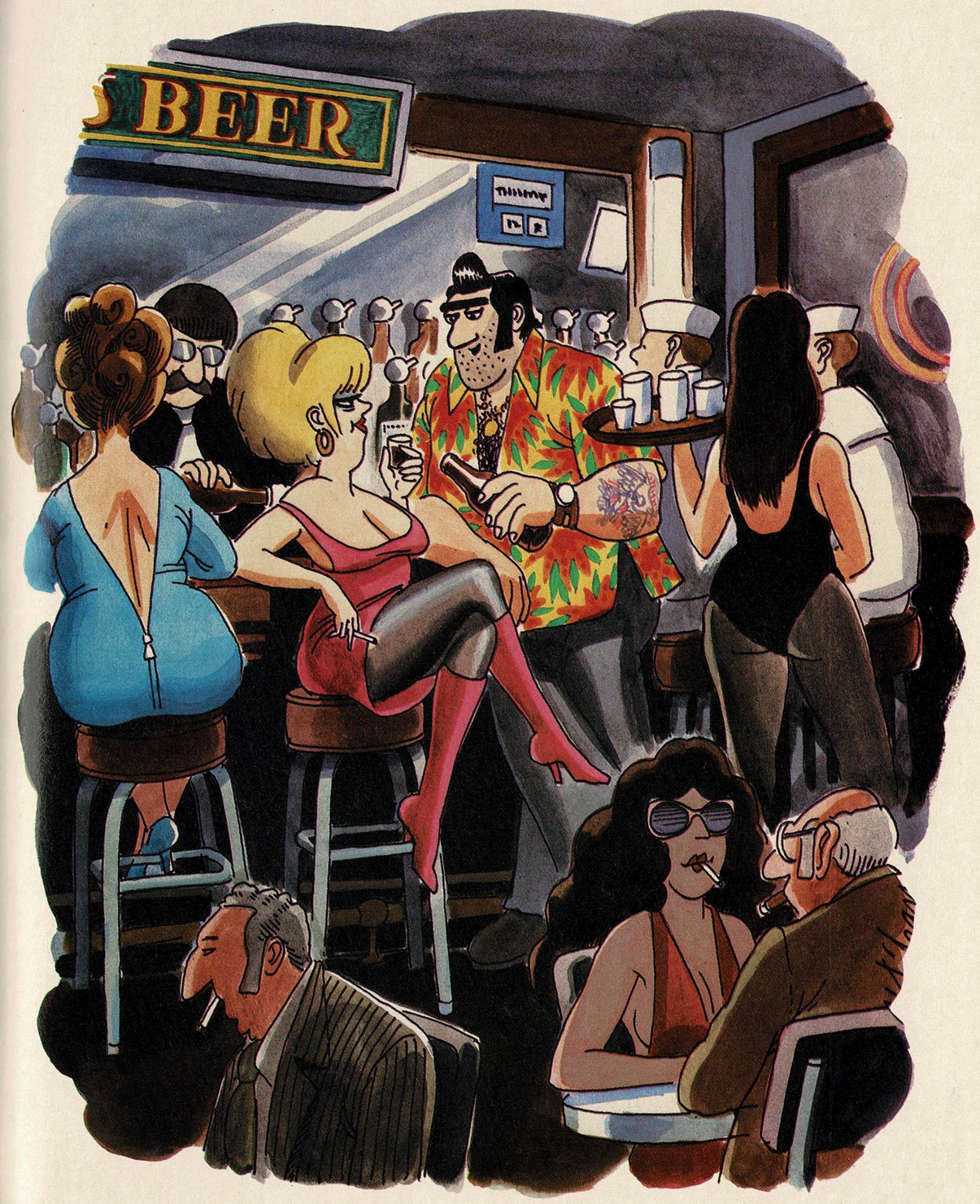
"I'll give you the name of a radiographer just around the corner. I suggest you go there right now, get some shots done and come back in the morning." He looked up, smiling, handed me the piece of paper. "And don't worry, Mr Whitfield. It's probably nothing at all. Go home and rest today, and I'll see you in the morning."

And that's exactly what I did. That's when I packed up, got in the car, and came up here. Dressed in my new wardrobe. Didn't know where to go, just wanted to head north. That's why I'm sitting here staring into a mirror on a vanity table in a motel somewhere between Sydney and Brisbane. I'm just looking, hoping something will pan out. The makeup job is very good, I've gotten a lot better at it lately. There's a real art in it, eyeshadow, for example. I mean, too much and you look cheap and blowsy. Too little, and it looks like a mistake. And the eyeliner. A perfect arc along the underside of the lid.

But I'm no closer to working out the why or the how of anything. As I said at the beginning, I've got it down to two things. Firstly, all the bits and pieces of my life, and secondly, I'm pregnant.

No, the doctor didn't believe it either. He was very excited, but a little sceptical. Wanted me to go for more tests. He talked about it being history making. Wanted to parade me in front of all his colleagues, wanted to examine me every day, write a paper. Said he'd be famous, we'd both be famous. That was when I ran out of the office. I just wanted to go away, disappear, and have my baby.

Gee, I hope it's a boy.



"You're a real pig, Alice. . . I like that in a woman!"

THE BRAIN *(continued from page 109)*

Males may be at a double disadvantage in their emotional life. They may be emotionally less sophisticated.

deployed in brain space rather differently from the pattern in the female. Possibly the female evolved language as a tool for communication, while the male evolved it as a tool for a more specialised task — analytical reasoning. Similarly, it may be that in the right hemisphere males have given over a great deal more neural space to their visual-spatial skills, while females have not. And that may mean that females have been able to deploy in their right hemisphere other types of nonverbal skills — such as emotional sensitivity — which the male right hemisphere cannot accommodate so well.

"If that is true, then males may be at a double disadvantage in their emotional life. They may be emotionally less sophisticated. And because of the difficulty they may have in communicating between their two hemispheres, they may have restricted verbal access to their emotional world."

Take Three: London, Ontario. North to Canada. To Doreen Kimura and her former student Jeannette McGlone at Western Ontario's University Hospital — and to another line of evidence that underwrites much of that Levy suggests. Kimura and McGlone have been working on the different effects of brain damage — tumors and strokes — in right-handed men and women. And what they've found does, indeed, show that women are much less at risk than men from that sort of injury. The reason may be because the male brain is so laterally specialised — damage to one hemisphere or the other virtually always produces a loss in language (left) or spatial skills (right), says McGlone; in the female brain, that is not so much the case. Or it may be because language is more focally organised — and therefore better protected — in the female's left hemisphere, as Kimura is now finding. The word is not yet in on what precisely are the differences between male and female organisation of those particular abilities. But that there are differences within and perhaps between the hemispheres of men and women is now clear. The question is, why?

Take Four: Seattle, Washington. In Seattle, neurosurgeon George Ojemann — working with another former student of Kimura's, Katie Mateer — has been using electrical stimulation to locate language functions in the exposed brains of epileptic patients needing surgery. In two distinct, well-defined areas of the left hemisphere, they have found a quite different distribution in males and females. The brain map for language is different *within* the hemisphere — confirming Levy's prediction and Kimura's latest work. Why?

Take Five: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia, a young Israeli scientist, Ruben Gur, has used a radioactive gas to show that male and female brains are both differently constituted and differentially supplied with blood when at work on certain tasks. Why?

Take Six: Ontario. At lunch with Kimura, we press the question. "Well," she says, "we have to look at the separate evolutionary pressures on men and women." Kimura is a small, trim woman in her 40s, a scientist with a wide international reputation. She is secure enough to speculate. "First, let us suppose that language was a relatively recently acquired skill. And let's assume that when the male and female of a species differ in the development of a skill, there will be a different amount of brain space given up to that skill — this is true, we know, in birds. Now, we also know that for 99 percent of our history, we've been hunter-gatherers. And in a hunter-gatherer society, there would be strong selective pressure on the males to be highly specialised. To hunt successfully — which meant survival, genetic and otherwise — they would need eye acuity, goal-directedness, good gross-motor control and the ability to calculate distance, direction and the essentials of a situation — exactly the sort of visual and spatial skills psychologists find in human males today. To achieve those skills, though, they would need to give up to them a good deal of brain capacity — neural space. And they would not have that space available for the abilities it became necessary for them to acquire later.

"Females, meanwhile — let us imagine — were subject to different evolutionary pressures and were being selected for different qualities from the males." She laughs, aware of the controversy to which her and her students' work has contributed. "And those qualities — maternal, social and cultural ones — required different motor skills and a different brain organisation. When language and its uses were acquired, then, they fitted rather differently into the architecture of the female brain. One suggestion is that they were free to be more flexibly expressed in both hemispheres, without having to be confined to the left side, as in males. But more accurate, I think is that they slotted into motor systems that were already somewhat differently developed from the male pattern. The result, again, might be what we see: a different organisation of language in the left hemisphere and the different constellation of abilities with language that psychologists find in women today. All this, you see, would be underwritten by evolution, directed by sexual selection and laid down in the male and female brain. It would still be there."

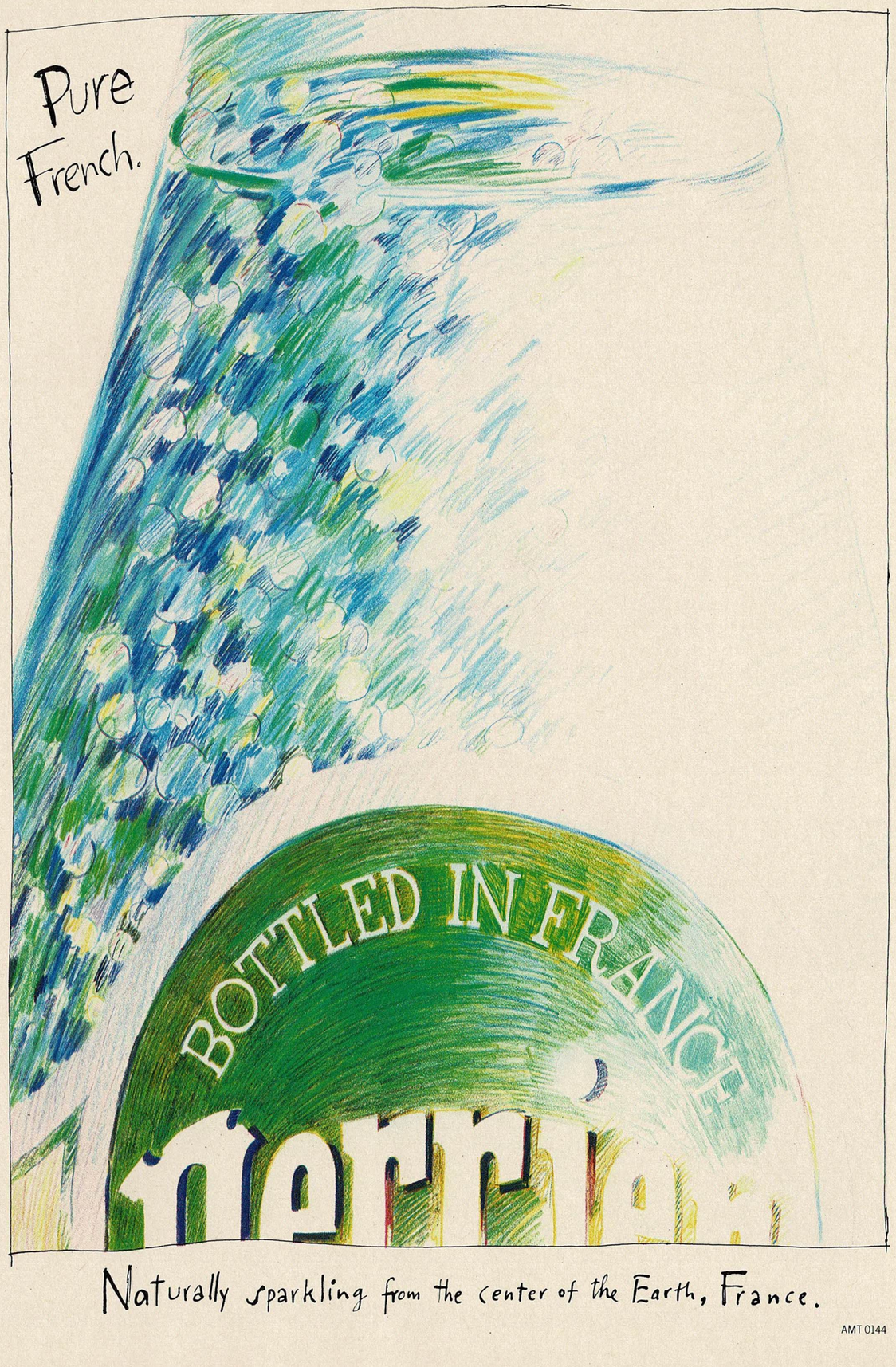
•

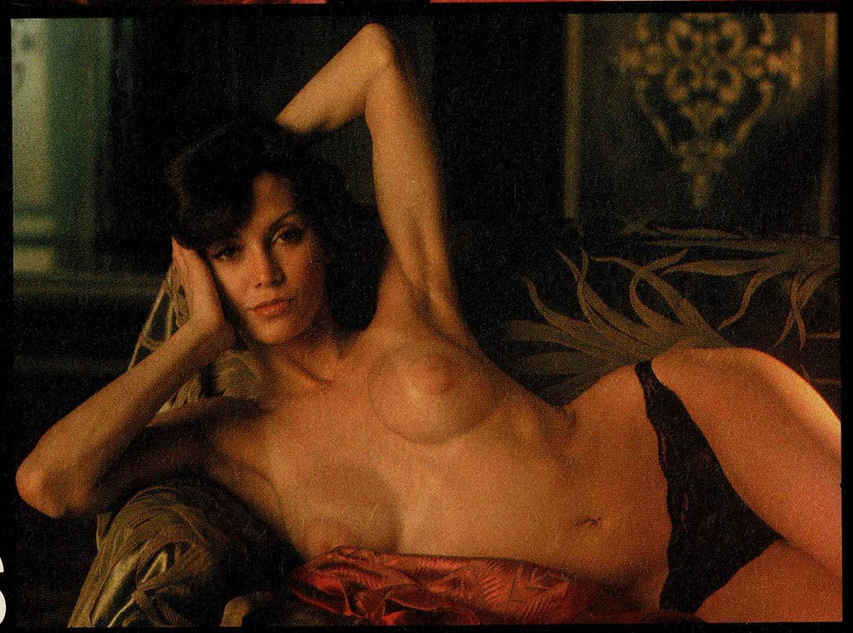
What does this have to do with Mrs Went? With Prudencio Babilonia and the other Caribbean children? Well, evolution can work only through the inheritance of genes. And the only genetic difference between males and females, as we have said, is that out of 46 pairs of chromosomes, there is one that is different — females have two X chromosomes and males an X and a Y. Now, both Mrs Went and the Caribbean children were XY — they were genetic males. So why were they born looking like females? Because something had gone wrong with their processing of the main male hormone for which the Y gene is ultimately responsible. Their Y gene, in other words, did not — and does not — guarantee maleness. Only the action of the sex hormones can do that. Sex hormones are responsible for the shaping of the genitals, the different priming of the hypothalamus and, ultimately, for a large number of differences between males and females — in bone formation, musculature, kidney function and pelvis size. They are also responsible, say scientists, for the shaping of the male and the female brain.

That is what we'll be exploring next month: everything that science is now finding out about the separate inheritance of our sex hormones. We'll be taking you back into the womb from which you came. And we'll be introducing you to new work in endocrinology and neurobiology that confirms or suggests the following:

- The natural form of the human is female — becoming male is an uphill struggle.
- The female sex gene is well protected in nature — the male inheritance of the Y is, in the words of one researcher, "much more iffy".
- Sex hormones enter cells and inter-act directly with genes — to switch them on or turn them off.
- There are sex-hormone receiving stations in the brain — where there may also be male and female mating centres.
- Excess hormones in the womb can produce girls who are tomboyish, play with objects and join male peer groups — and boys who are subtly feminised.
- Lesbians may have higher levels of the main male sex hormone than heterosexual women and a body build that is closer to the male's.
- And male homosexuals may have feminised brains, because their mothers, when pregnant, were exposed to stress.

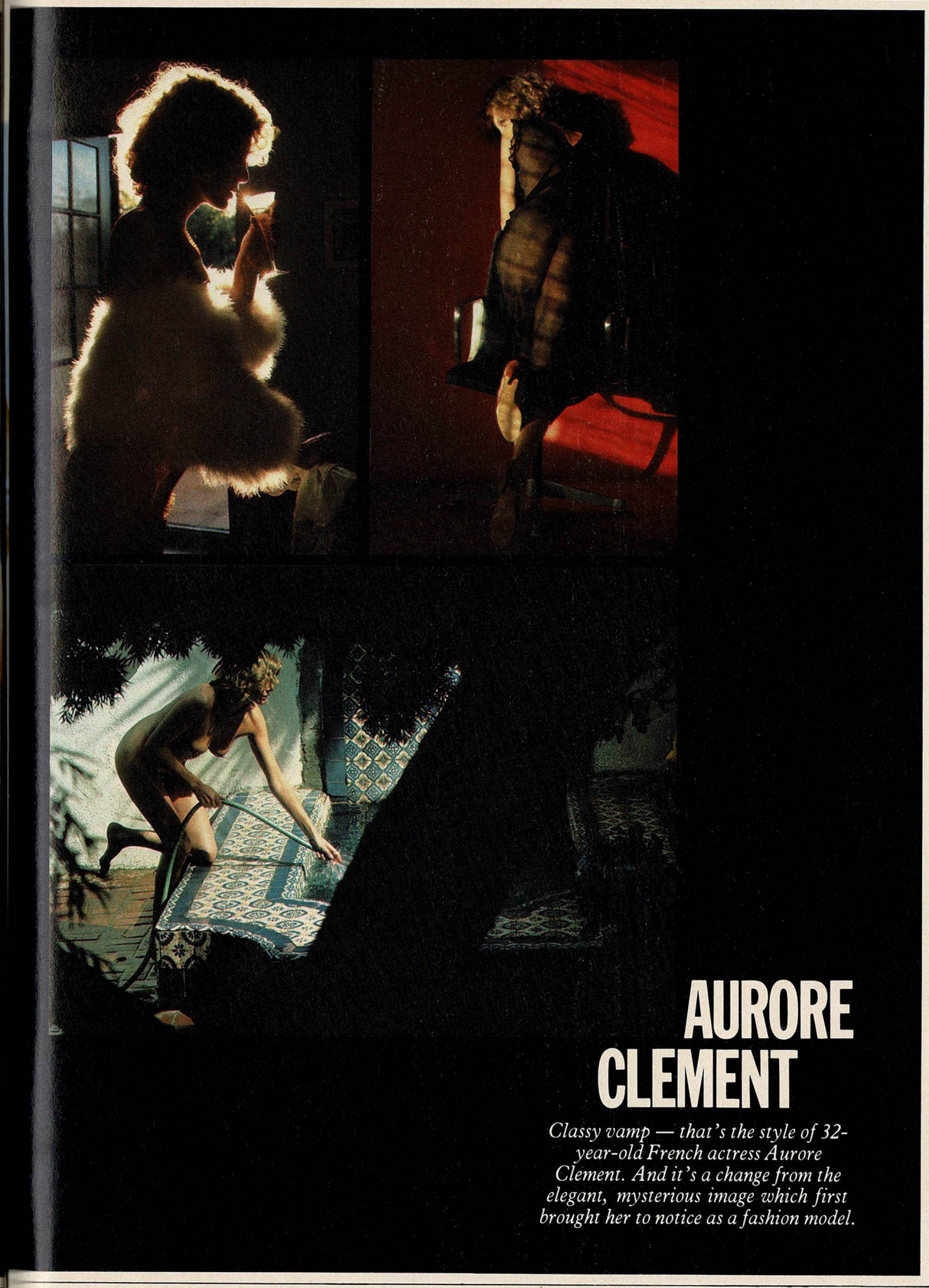
The most controversial of those points — those about homosexuality, hormones and the brain — involves the work of Gunter Dorner, the man we met at the conference in Cambridge. We'll be meeting him again next month.





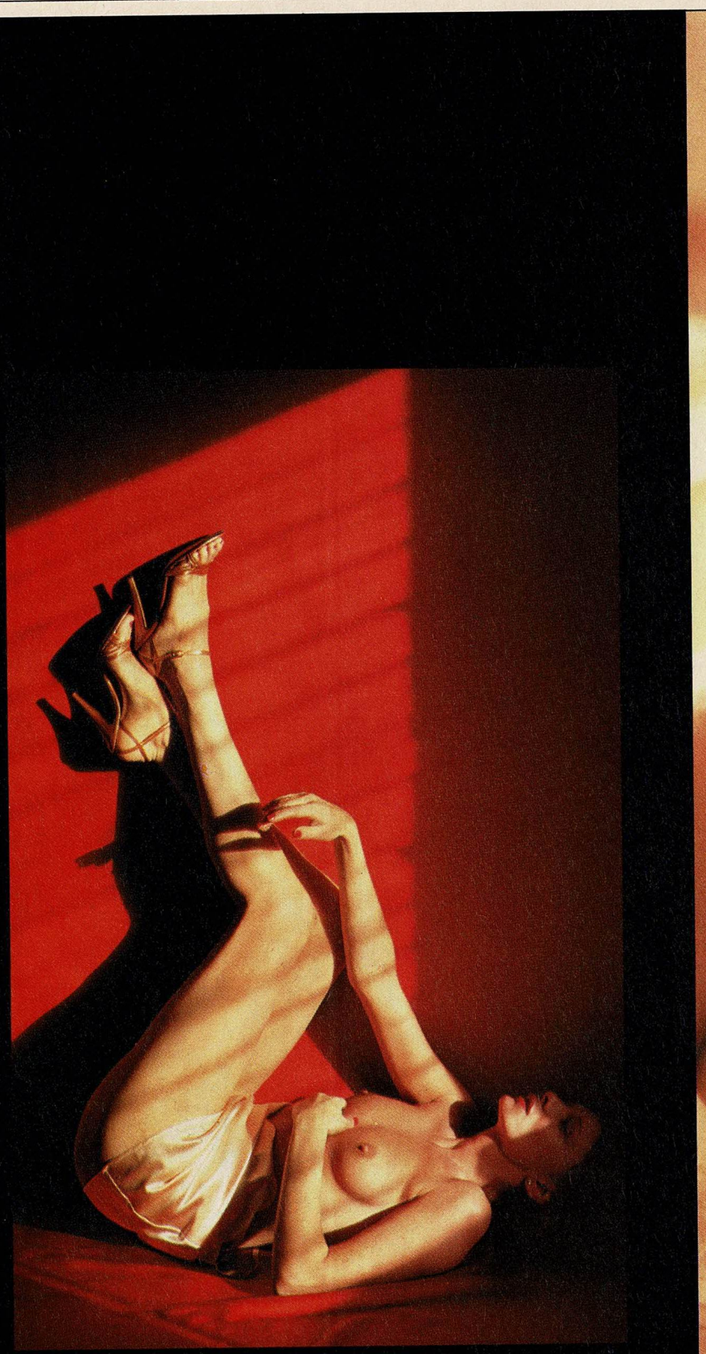
DALLAS DELIGHT

Who shot JR? Who cared, when there was always lovely Dallas *star Victoria Principal to take your mind off soap operas' most pressing question? In case you didn't know, Victoria played JR's sister-in-law, Pamela Ewing.*



AURORE CLEMENT

Classy vamp — that's the style of 32-year-old French actress Aurore Clement. And it's a change from the elegant, mysterious image which first brought her to notice as a fashion model.



Aurore was discovered for the cinema by director Louis Malle, and she has appeared in many European movies (her most famous role was in Lacombe, Lucien). *Which goes to show that Aurore's talent is more than froth and bubbles.*

TASMANIA

(continued from page 43)

Lowe's opponents stuck "Flood the Franklin" stickers conspicuously above their seats in the House.

against Harry Holgate. Some time before, Holgate had blocked two of Batt's proteges for Cabinet posts (one was Mary Willey). Holgate, who had entered Parliament in 1974, and built a reputation as a competent Minister in the difficult Education portfolio, had set his sights on the Deputy Premiership. But Batt had the numbers and saw that Holgate didn't get it. From that time, Holgate exhibited a new restlessness, and it was clear his sights were no longer on the Deputy's job — he wanted to be Premier. So now Lowe had a genuine challenger, and the numbers game began in earnest.

In the meantime the unions controlling the State ALP (mainly the MWU, the AWU, and the ETU) had begun to increase the pressure on Lowe through their influence on the PLP. Many of the Labor Members were young and inexperienced, and possessed of a very real apprehension concerning the "Broad Left" (as the union group was called, though it was neither broad nor left). The Broad Left is a small group of power-mongering union leaders, highly conservative and anti-conservationist; many of the members of their unions work for the HEC, and in order to keep their jobs, the leaders are forced to take a highly visible stance in favor of the HEC.

But there is another face to the Broad Left, one less widely recognised. This might be called the "Gietzelt Connection". Senator Arthur Gietzelt (ALP) is currently engaged in a campaign to change the Australian electoral system, despite heated objections from within the ALP. Critics contend that the proposed changes would result in an increase in left wing representation in Federal Caucus. This in turn would give Gietzelt a lever to break the power of the right wing in NSW, the major Labor State.

Another key move in such a scenario is the appointment to the National Executive and the National Conference of left wing representatives from Victoria and Tasmania. In Tasmania the unions, through perversion of rule changes made in 1976, have gained total control of the party machine. These rule changes were aimed at greater rank and file participation, but they haven't worked out that way.

One of the key unions is the MWU (Miscellaneous Workers Union) which permits members of the PLP to join, and which is headed by Leo Brown, State President of the ALP. Ray Gietzelt, brother of the Senator, is Federal President of the MWU, and it has been alleged that the MWU has, under the umbrella of union activities, engineered the infiltration of the Tasmanian Broad Left. Thus it is possible that, through its control of the Tasmanian ALP, the Gietzelt Connection has been manipulating the Tasmanian Government through the PLP, for reasons that have nothing to do with dams, or economics, or anything else in the State. There is now so little member participation in the State ALP that State Conference, the policy making body, is so heavily caucused that a unanimous vote is two or three people saying "aye".

In June 1981, Lowe survived his first leadership challenge from Holgate by 13 votes to 8. Braced by this victory, he faced the State Conference on July 5, and made a stand against what he described as the potential dictatorship of the Broad Left; but he did say that a referendum would be considered as a way of breaking the Parliamentary deadlock, a move the Broad Left favored.

On July 7, he reshuffled his Cabinet, and Holgate paid for his challenge — he lost the Education ministry and received in its place a grab-bag of five minor portfolios.

On September 16, Lowe was forced to announce a referendum to solve the deadlock, now in its 10th month. He gave an assurance that, in addition to the two alternative power schemes, there would be a "No Dams" option. And he sent his Whip, Mary Willey, to the mainland to raise money to publicise the "No Dams" option. She quickly collected pledges for $70,000 from four sources, and says there was more for the asking.

Then Leo Brown stepped in. On September 23 every member of the PLP received a letter from him which was a virtual instruction to oppose the "No Dams" option. Lowe, now without the numbers, was forced to agree. That day 150 conservationists stormed the public gallery.

Although Lowe struggled on until November, he lost control of the PLP on that day. Mary Willey feels that had he stood up to Leo Brown, threatened the PLP with an election, he might have won out. But Lowe does not see it that way. And whether his tactics were right or wrong, Lowe's last ditch stand over the following weeks, his slow retreat from point to point, gave the TWS what it needed most — time, time to increase public support, to build pressure. That it was able to do so was evidenced by the extent of the informal "No Dams" vote in December. In a massive campaign of advertising, lobbying and doorknocking, the TWS persuaded more than a third of the State's voters to write NO DAMS on their ballot papers.

The picture that Mary Willey draws of the beleaguered Lowe during the last weeks of his Premiership is a distressing one. Seldom in the history of Australian Parliamentary institutions can such a concert of abuse, ridicule and obstruction have been aimed by the members of a Government at their leader. Holgate spoke seldom in the House, and attended as little as possible. On one occasion he narrowly missed being named for swearing at the Government Whip. Polley screamed at Lowe and taunted him both inside and outside the House; his opponents stuck "Flood the Franklin" stickers conspicuously above their seats in the House; Government Members refused to leave the dining-room, despite repeated appeals by the Whip — without them there was no quorum, so the Opposition Members stayed out, too, while an embarrassed Premier sat almost alone in the house, with the bells ringing continuously.

By then the atmosphere of the House had degenerated into an appalling shambles, with Members lounging in shirtsleeves, often drunk, throwing rubbish, shouting crudities.

When I talked to Lowe I was surprised to find him with no apparent bitterness about those days. The most he would say was that those members of the PLP who let him down were young and inexperienced; they had become too ambitious too quickly, and in the end lacked the experience and balance to stand firm.

On November 3 the Upper House finally ruled out the possibility of a "No Dams" option. On November 5 Lowe said his Government would not support the legislation as amended by the Upper House. The next day Holgate moved that the amendments be accepted; and the PLP adopted them. Six days later Lowe was ousted as Premier, with a vote of 12 — 9. He immediately resigned from the Party and moved to the cross benches. Holgate took over as Premier. The figures in the House now stood — Labor 18, Liberal 15, Democrats 1, Independent 1.

For the next five days there was an uneasy calm.

•

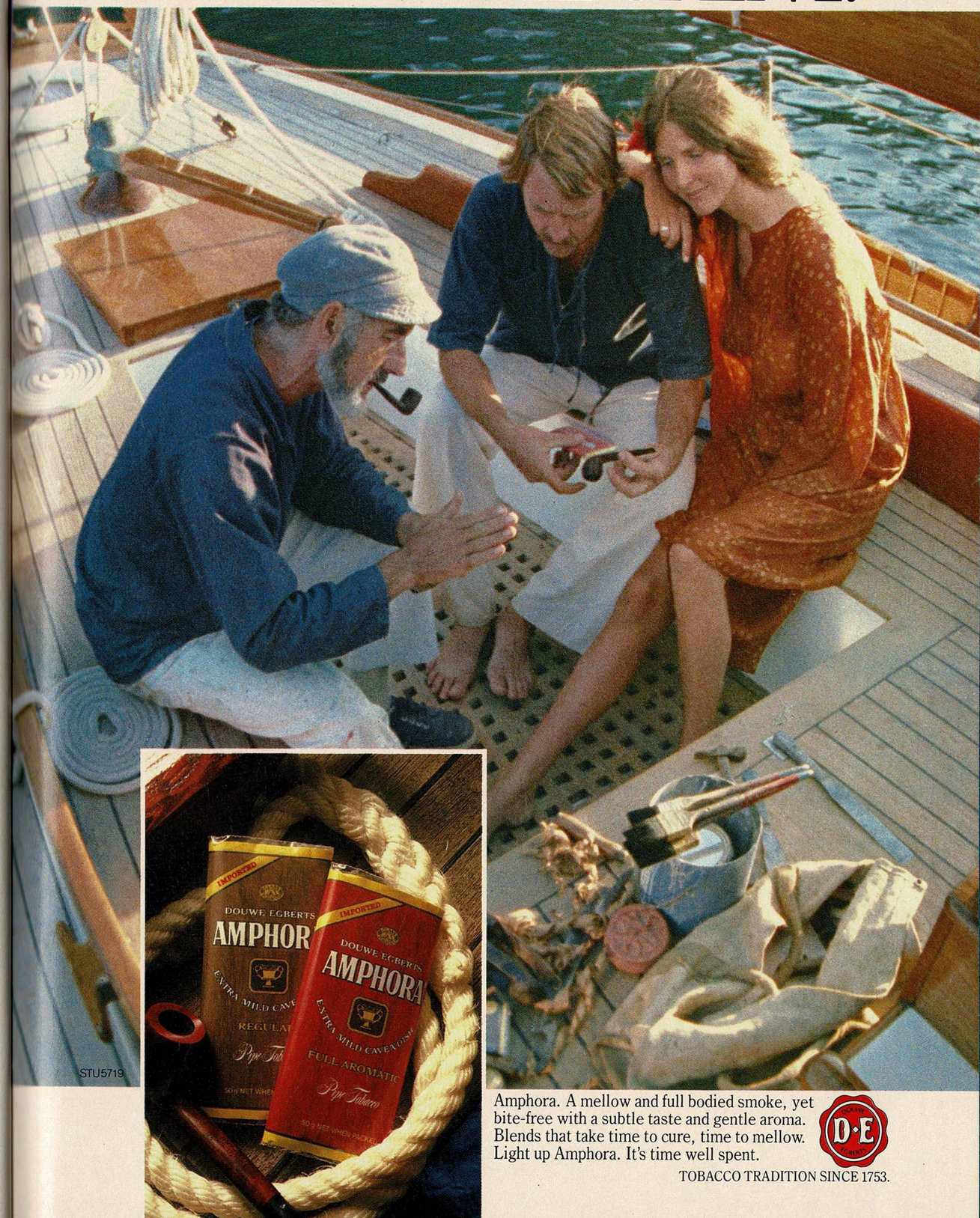
Lowe is not a big man, but he came out of 1981 looking bigger than his size. The strain of the last year has left its mark on him; he looks older than his 39 years, and his dark hair is streaked with grey. I asked him about his defeat on September 23, when he might have used his power as Premier to bludgeon the panicked PLP into backing him.

No, he says he couldn't have done it — he'd seen other Premiers do it, and he'd never been impressed — it would only have deferred the result, and besides, it represented coercion rather than rational debate. . .

Why was he an opponent of the Franklin Scheme from the beginning?

He doesn't believe, he explains, in destroying natural resources, which are a kind of permanent trust. Tourism is

TIME WELL SPENT.



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Tasmania's fourth most important industry, and it generates about $155 million a year. It is increasing, he says, but there is a need to provide more really unique attractions, especially for overseas visitors, and the Franklin is by far the most important of these. It's likely, he says, that the additional cost of the Olga scheme would be offset by increased revenue from tourism.

I asked him about the reputed power of the Broad Left — did it have effective control of the PLP?

He seemed almost amused. Oh, he says, surely I'm the living testimony of that?

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In the days following Lowe's move to the cross benches, the Government Whip, Mary Willey, went about her business as usual. She did her job, says Holgate, in exemplary fashion. But she was slowly coming to her decision, a decision that would leave Holgate, the new Premier, in an almost impossible position — that of a Government leader without a majority in the Lower House. On the evening of November 16, Willey remained standing after the Speaker had finished reading prayers. Recognised, she announced her resignation from the PLP, and asked permission to move to the cross benches. And she delivered a blistering attack on the Government, on Holgate, on Leo Brown, and on the Broad Left.

She characterised Lowe's dismissal as "a power grab totally devoid of principle. . . the culmination of a mutually cynical exercise executed over a period of time by the Premier, the President of the State ALP, Leo Brown, aided and abetted by some members of the Government and dominated by an extreme element of the Tasmanian Union movement. The Broad Left, she said was guilty of "political thuggery". And she promised to oppose the Government if it introduced a bill to flood the Franklin.

Over the previous weeks she had taken her own share of abuse because of her loyalty to Lowe, but that sort of harassment doesn't seem to worry her unduly.

Trim and well-groomed at 41, she has the reputation of being able to take care of herself. And she says now: "There's nothing they can *do* to me — I've got no money, no position, nothing they can take away from me — the worst Harry could do is shave off my hair, and I'd hate that, it would really ruin my sex life. . ."

She entered Parliament in 1979 with a big personal vote after a doomed but valiant attempt to beat Kevin Newman for the Federal seat of Bass. Why did she go into Parliament?

"I wanted to put my hand to a spindle," she says, "and I saw the spindle ready. I wanted to do something for the south-west. I saw the early growth of the TWS, and I've got this faith in Bob Brown, this tremendous belief. . ."

There's more to it, of course. She is a born operator, quicker and smarter and probably more intelligent than anyone else in the Parliament, and she loved to play games. Holgate says that if she had left the games alone she would have been a Minister long ago.

Willey on Lowe: "He cared for people. . . Terribly competent as a Minister. . . While he stayed, the south-west was safe — he played politics for time, for the pressure to build, for the electorate to catch up. . . A nice young man. . . A *moral* man. . ."

In 1979, Willey polled 12,000 votes. She needs less than half that number for a seat. Will she get back in?

"Of course, I'm the Virgin Mary in this electorate. . ."

The Holgate Government?

"They've lost the right to govern. . ."

After Willey moved to the crossbenches the Parliament recessed, and it seemed that when it met again the Government must fall; that only an act of God could save it. But Holgate pre-empted God, and in an unprecedented move, prorogued Parliament for three months.

The first major decision that the new Government made was to go ahead with legislation to flood the Franklin River.

He then had not only to weld the ragged PLP into something which would at least have the appearance of a government, but to convince the electorate that he is a competent leader and an effective decision maker. A tall order, with so little time. Because not even he can deny that an election is not far away. The first major decision that the new Government made was to go ahead with legislation to flood the Franklin; the Olga scheme was a casualty of the referendum, and no longer seem a viable alternative.

Holgate was born near Maitland in NSW, and worked as a journalist, political press secretary, and TV producer before he entered Parliament in 1974. He's a solid fair man with square fleshy features and pale eyes. He's a talker and a bustler, and a busy man.

He admits that at the end of 1981 the Government had a bad image with the electorate; but that, he says, is improving now. The talent is there, in the Cabinet, and he believes he will be seen to be a decisive and constructive leader.

Lowe, he insists, was a divisive politician, a student of JFK, an adherent of the "divide and rule" philosophy. Lowe, he says, refused to face up to harsh decisions, let his colleagues down, and precipitated Holgate's own impatience long before Batt's departure by sabotaging him when he was Minister for Education.

I asked him if — although the Government had an apparently clear intention to go ahead with the Gordon below Franklin scheme — it could, in fact, be funded?

He says it certainly could. His discussions with Prime Minister Fraser are aimed at an accommodation to permit borrowings above Loan Fund limits. But, he goes on, it's a long term project, and there's a lot to be done before the work actually begins. . .

Was there any possibility of the work *not* beginning?

Critics of the scheme on the mainland, he says, had a rather selfish attitude. They wanted the Franklin saved, but they wanted Tasmania to pay for it. If *they* wanted it saved then *they* should be prepared to pay for it.

Did this mean that some sort of deal was possible?

No comment. But the opportunity always existed for the PM to step in. . .

When an important and irreversible decision was to be made, does he think the views of a large minority should be given weight?

The tyranny of the majority? He recognises the problem. But in this case he has to look at the whole question, see it as part of the Government's overall environmental policy.

There was certainly a unique quality to the Franklin, but it was a question of either preserving something to which few could relate, or developing it so many could.

Holgate is on record as being originally against flooding the Franklin, and I asked him a question that seemed to me little more than bait for a comfortable prevarication; and the answer shocked me a little, showed me that not only do politicians tell the truth on the oddest occasions, but that it is at those times that they can, unknowingly, be at their most frightening.

Was the decision to flood the Franklin a purely political one? I asked.

Yes, he says, certainly. He has believed from the beginning that the extra cost of the Gordon below Olga was worth it to save the Franklin. He still feels that the Olga scheme is the best, and two environmental studies confirm it. But the referendum showed that the community was in favor of flooding the Franklin, so it seemed best to change his mind.

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For a day or so after I talked to Holgate I felt curiously puzzled and depressed. Then I remembered what Mary Willey had said about him: "There's nothing personal in how I feel about Harry. . . he's just a completely different kind of animal. . ."

Maybe that was it.

And maybe I just don't understand how these things are done. Or maybe I just have a weak stomach. But I'm bound to try to survive by some kind of personal yardstick. And if I can avoid it, I don't want to live in a society governed by men who act against their beliefs because *numbers* say they should.

Numbers have done a lot; they've massacred Jews and put Cherokees in concentration camps, and exterminated the Tasmanian Aborigine. Good seems somehow always to spring from a single conscience; Christ had no caucus, nor Ghandi, nor Socrates, nor Bruno; and I hope to God that if ever I have to stand up and be counted, then I'll find the guts to stand against the numbers men.

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There's one man, at least, in the Tasmanian Parliament who has little respect for numbers.

Dr Norman Sanders is the lone Australian Democrat, the third member of the cross bench trio. He's an ebullient bearded BMW-riding Californian, who retired at 42 after what he calls a "hard life" as a university professor, an advisor to the aerospace industry, and a number of other things.

He sailed into Hobart in 1972, and stayed. In 1980 he entered Parliament on a recount.

How does he like being a Parliamentarian?

A waste of his time and public money, he says, and the worst job he's had since he earned his living cleaning out shithouses in Utah.

The other Hon Members?

They just don't give a stuff, he says — hell, for them it's just like winning the lottery.

How long will he stay in Parliament?

Just as long as there's any possibility that they'll flood the Franklin.

Will they flood it?

No, he says, because in the end it has to be an economic decision, and there's no way that they can justify spending maybe a billion dollars for 180 megawatts. ("If anyone in the real world hears about it, they'd wonder just what these turkeys are smoking. . .")

Do we need the power?

No, and *no one outside Tasmania* has ever said we do.

What will happen when Parliament sits again?

Oh, he says, he and Lowe will probably bring the Government down. But, hell, this is just a kind of banana republic, *anything* can happen. . .

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What will happen in 1982?

It seems clear there must be an election soon. Even Holgate can't deny that. The palliatives and compromises filtering out of the new-style crayfish and caviare cabinet meetings are aimed at improving the Government's electoral image rather than avoiding an election. And besides, as Sanders says, they are between a rock and a hard place, and the problem just won't go away.

How will the numbers stand in the new Parliament?

Sanders says up to nine Independents, and possibly a Labor/Liberal coalition.

Willey and Lowe say at least five Independents.

Holgate says no more than three Independents, but this may be wishful thinking.

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For Australian conservationsists, the Seventies was the decade when the fight to save Lake Pedder was lost. The Eighties may become the decade when the Franklin was saved.

In Tasmania, 1981 was a confusing year. We saw a major political battle fought —not between the Government and the Opposition, but between the HEC and the union movement (and part of the Government) on one side, and the conservation lobby (and the other part of the Government) on the other — we saw a feeble Opposition clawing vainly for a foothold in the headlines.

We saw a clumsily manipulated referendum that produced an astounding, an almost unbelievable, informal vote of 44 percent; we saw a Labor Government in a traditional Labor State destroy itself without any real help from anyone; and we saw the emergence of a conservationist group which, while not even a registered political party, is without doubt the strongest political force in Tasmania today.

It is very possible the political idiocy of the referendum and its result has destroyed traditional voting patterns forever.

It is very possible the political idiocy of the referendum and its result has destroyed traditional voting patterns forever. Because, as Sanders points out, once people vote informally *and — find out that something important happens because of it,* things will never be the same again.

Holgate is probably typical of many of the State's politicians of both parties in his belief — he *must* believe — that voters will return to the two-party system, that there will be no influx of Independents into Parliament, that political power will return to the numbers men. Perhaps the real problem for both the politicians and the environmentalists is the *quality* of the Independents who take seats.

If they are intelligent and cohesive, they will be the nemesis of one and the allies of the other.

But the truth is that from now on the Parliament and the Government may play secondary roles in the battle for the Franklin. There are too many areas over which they no longer have influence or control.

If the Franklin *is* saved, it may be because of economic factors, because of Federal politics, because of growing national and international pressure. (And few people in Tasmania realise the degree of international interest in the Franklin. Perhaps an indication is that in the week before I talked to Bob Brown he had been visited by correspondents from both a Helsinki newspaper and the *Chicago Tribune.*)

It may be a combination of all these factors. And it may even be that the Holgate Government is in fact waiting to be bailed out.

But in any case the lines have been newly drawn, the opponents clearly identified. At one side stands the TWS, strong and getting stronger; on the other side stand the HEC and the 13 major industrial users of electricity in the State, including BHP and Comalco.

The big companies have made their presence felt already, although they have kept it quiet.

Bob Brown is preparing for what he expects to be years of hard and dirty fighting, and he is well aware the fight is not even about the Franklin River any more. Because it is highly likely that by this time neither the HEC nor the major consumer companies really care whether or not the river is flooded; their deep and abiding concern must be that they might be defeated — and might be *seen* to be defeated — by a conservationist group on *any* issue. Once that happens, both the mystique and the reality of their power would be shattered.

In 1975 we saw an elected Federal Government with a lower house majority dismissed with the trappings of a dubious legality.

The lesson then, if we could see it, was that a government may govern only within strict and prescribed parameters; once it moves beyond those parameters it must be removed from office until it has clearly learned its lesson. In the next year or so in Tasmania, we are going to watch an attempt at a similar exercise.

This time it may not be so easy; for no longer is it possible to clothe the manoeuvres in the shoddy cloak of party politics — the nature of the beast is known.

It seems now there is a chance — even a good one — that the Franklin may be saved.

But whatever happens, things will probably never be the same again for Tasmanians. Because in the past year or so too many of us have found a river — not a physical river, with currents and rapids and caves and floods and gorges — but the *idea* of a river; and we all know that an idea — like a river — can be dangerous, and very powerful.

GOING DOWN

diving's new-tech developments are opening the sport to the masses

GOING down is going up in terms of popularity. But the cost of going down is taking a dive. And it's getting easier, too. The reasons are breakthrough technology in equipment and more streamlined teaching techniques.

Diving is now just about where snow skiing was 10 years ago in Australia — on the brink of a popularity explosion. And for similar reasons. The gear is lighter, brighter and simpler to use. Coming to grips with the sport is faster, easier and cheaper.

A drastic rethink by industry scientists is purging the scene of dated diving artifacts. Hi-tech design has reduced the complexity of most equipment, miniaturised some, improved comfort, safety and reliability, cut the item count and applied cosmetics to functional areas.

article by rob luck

Some significant equipment developments are already well immersed in the basic science of the sport. These include half-foot fins, combination gauges and compact tanks — all logical and linear refinements of the diver's basic tool kit. Other equipment has thresholded the exciting area of composite engineering where multiple functions, previously performed by individual pieces of equipment, are concertinaed into an integrated unit.

So far, this integration has been most successfully aimed into the functional area of buoyancy compensation devices (BCDs, BCUs or just BCs), the diver's primary stabilising unit. Composite BCs are now styled as vests, incorporate a bac pac (the mount for the tank or cylinder) and eliminate the weight belt.

Moray's new Comfi-vest ($250) is exemplary. The tank clips-in with new-style soft-band bac pac straps (more compact stowage when the tank is not installed), the bac pac style BC is integrated with the vest and is tank-inflatable (instead of by mouth), the submersion weights are slipped into double-ended pockets with bottom flap for fast emergency dumping, and the vest-style jacket is quick-fastened with big Velcro stomach pads. The whole unit can be tossed in the water complete with mounted cylinder and donned *in situ*.

This is just the start. Moray (an NZ company with a big slice of the Down Under diving market) has taken world patents on an inflatable wetsuit jacket! We've tried it and it works. Moray is currently smirking happily behind an order book swelled by as many gimmick-buyers as genuine diving professionals.

This "first-with-the-latest" buyer phenomenon is certain to spur a whole new market for sophisticated equipment. And it could account for the only real initial sales of the new computerised instrument consoles.

Until now, you could have a pressure gauge (your tank time), a depth gauge (inverted altimeter) and a compass (Dacor $146). A diver's watch was a separate item. The new computerised gauges are linked to your air supply, and have complex-function timeclocks built in. They are capable of displaying down time, bottom time, maximum depth times, decompression times, rate of ascent as well as tank pressure and depth — all in bright-image LED digital displays, housed in specially styled, impact-proof rubberised display consoles.

At around $850, Moray's Cyber Diva computer is not going to take the mass market by storm, but it's the pointy edge of the wedge and behind is a whole bunch of new gauge technology awaiting a brave manufacturer and volume demand.

An urgent application of Japanese digital technology in sport diving has been in watches — a vital piece of safety equipment for every serious diver (to accurately calculate dive times against depths and air reserve). The wide range of off-the-shelf dive digital watches offers cheap (from $60 — $180), efficient (some are solar powered), reliable (to a depth of 50-100 metres — or more than sport diving limits), multi-function watches. This is a speedy and significant step forward from the conventional high-priced Swiss-built diving watches.

Some other advances are less spectacular but no less important.

Wetsuits

New developments in materials have revolutionised the concept of a wet suit from straightjacket to second-skin. Material thickness has dropped (most manufacturers offer 7mm, 5mm or even 3mm) without any loss of efficiency due to superior composition. Flexibility has improved drastically as

the trend steers away from sharkskin towards nylon materials which contort more readily and wear better.

Efficiency is enhanced by the introduction of "long-john" style or bib-and-brace wet suits. These effectively give a double thermal layer to the vital chest/kidney/back areas when the over-jacket is applied, but do not inhibit flexibility. Good too, when returning to boat or beach as the wetsuit jacket can be removed without significant loss of body warmth — particularly where wind could cause a chill. Cosmetic design is also changing the shape and appearance of wet suits making these more appealing to both men and women. (Total suits — Moray — from around $235).

Face masks

Face masks have undergone the sort of technological re-examination seen in the field of ski-boots. There's plenty of variety with panoramic masks shelfing it alongside a range of twin-windows and the new fly-boy style wrap-around triple-windows. The most important technical advance has been prescription lens inserts for masks

Mask design has moved to low-volume capacity too — a subtlety that escapes many but is not lost on diving instructors and experienced divers. By reducing the volume of the mask, the lens is moved closer to the eyes for improved visibility, but more importantly, the operation of clearing a flooded mask is accelerated. Diving certificates can't be issued until the student is proficient in flooding and clearing a mask — and this is a major hurdle in the teaching process (masks are around $30 — $60).

Fins

The diver's engines — the fins — are also coming in for some concentrated development. The engineering approach is following a direction something akin to aerodynamics in motor vehicles. The short-term solution is to stiffer, lighter fins, maximising the volume of water swept while minimising the effort required.

When combined with half-fin design (as opposed to shoe-style or full-foot design), the new fins are very practical for all aspects of diving.

Ancillaries

As with any growth industry, a complete range of ancillary diving equipment is being designed to meet market demands. The most remarkable development is in camera equipment. The sophistication of Nikon's Nikonos (developed by Jacques Cousteau in the early Sixties as the Calypso), is now being imitated by a wide range of "happy snap" classification equipment with varying ranges of proficiency. Two we have tested to some effect are Ricoh's power-winder (with full marine case) and Minolta's plastic moulded compact.

Instructional

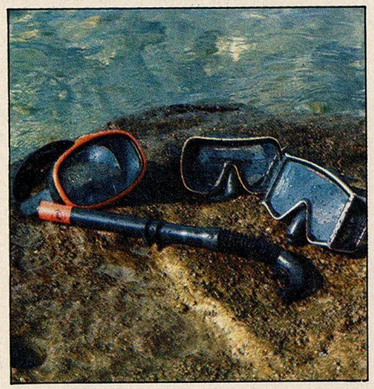
There's no detour around thorough dive-training, but the learning time can be compressed. Given a satisfactory medical pass (a prerequisite of all reputable diving schools), the new, simpler, lighter equipment speeds up learning techniques. Rapid orientation to the unfamiliar equipment is assured, and some of the anxiety factor eliminated. Fast, safe diver education by qualified instructors to certification levels is now available in all capital cities, most large towns and resorts and many small towns. Course costs generally range from $150 — $200 including all equipment necessary to learn.

However, the popular new way to learn is with a dive-destination holiday. Sydney instructor Bruce Jamieson (Seascape Tours) operates an exemplary course — 10 days to two weeks in Vanuatu or other Pacific/Asian destinations including a one-week crash-course, and virtually unlimited follow-up free diving for around $950 — airfares, accommodation, equipment and tuition included!

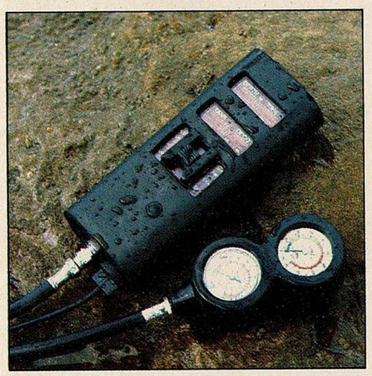
●

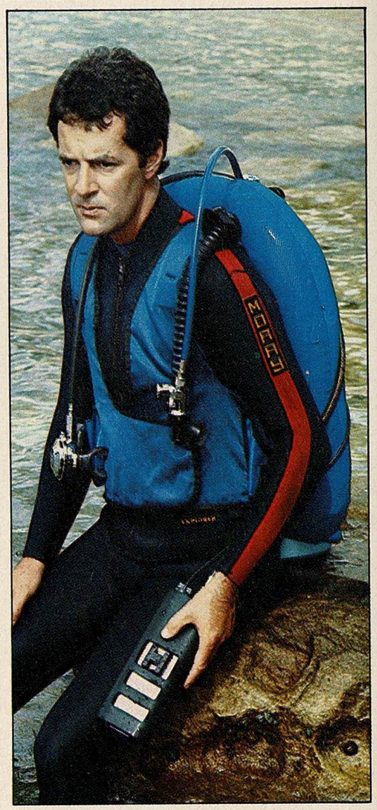
One thing is certain about the increasing rapture man has with the deep — more and more people are going down, and more and more divers will be doing it deeper.

Dacor's combo gauge backs up compass, depth-scales (above) on tank time and depth gauge (below). Moray's Cyber-Diva has a built-in "brain" and digital display.



Prescription lenses and new materials have given masks a face-lift, and snorkels are about to get "shotgun effect" dump valves. Half-foot fins (below) are the new way to cut it.





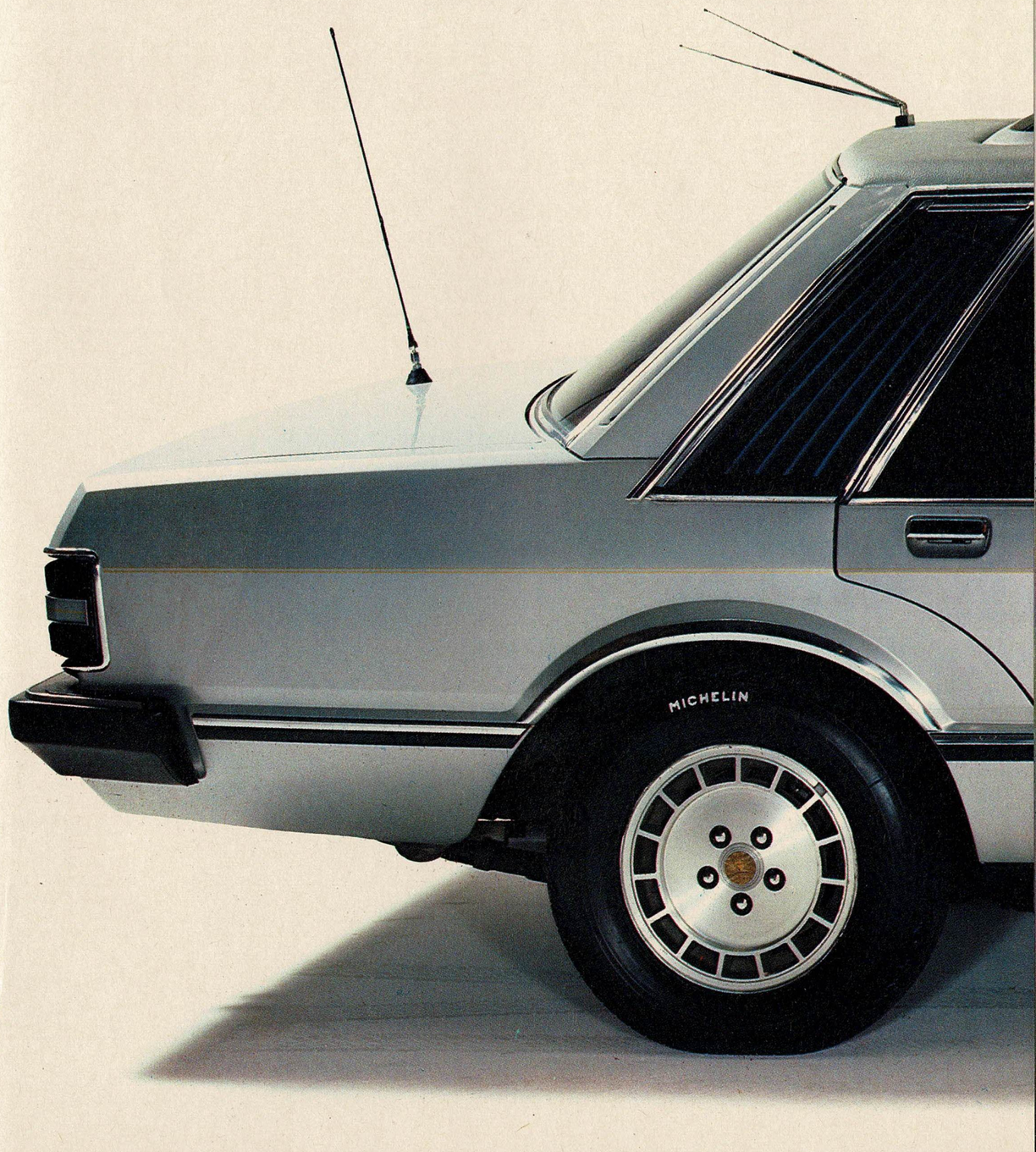
Vest style BCD eliminates separate bac-pac and weight belt, and can be donned in water.

EXEC-EXPRESS

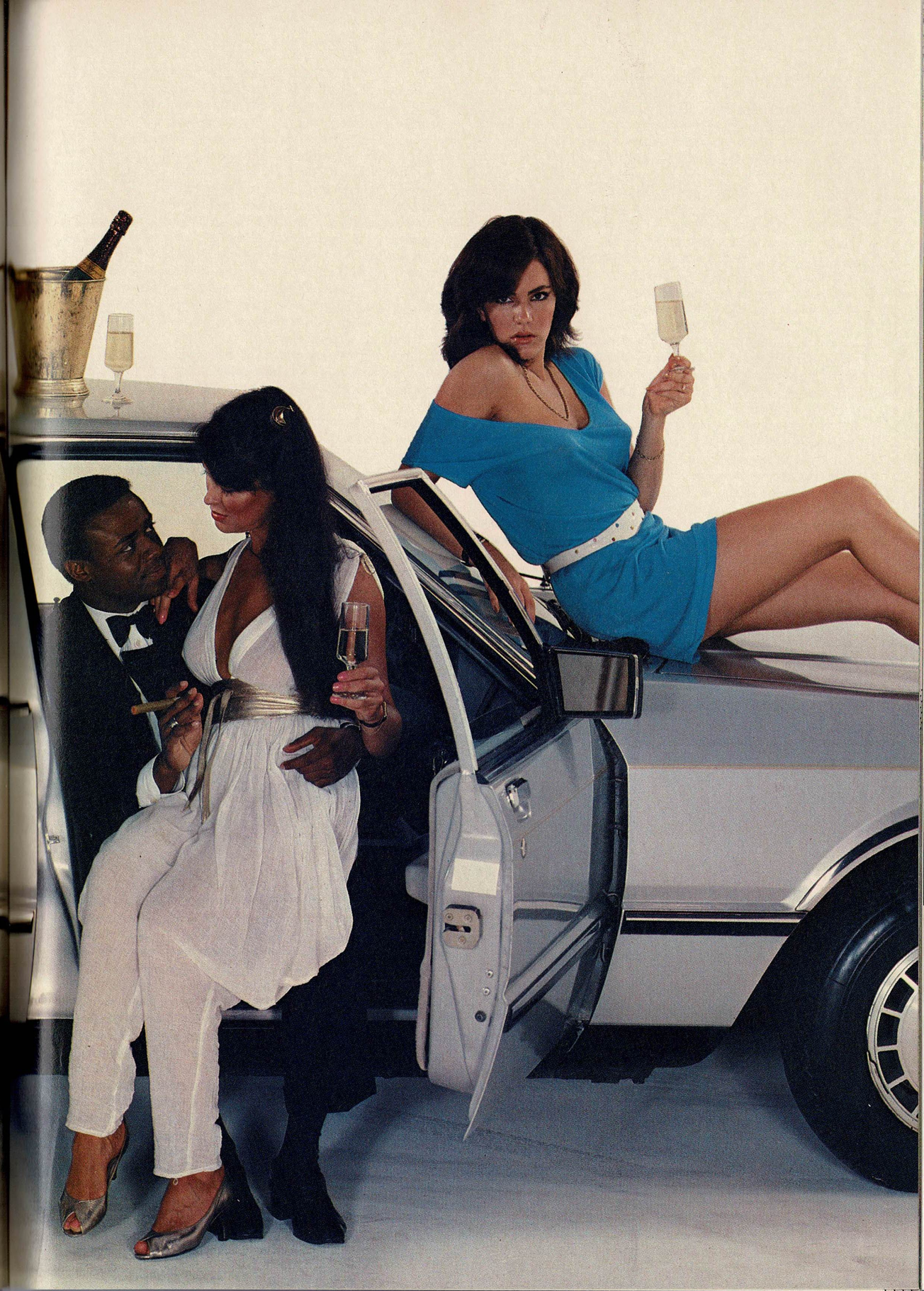
doing a stretch in the stretched executive limo can take the bored out of boardroom

motoring by rob luck

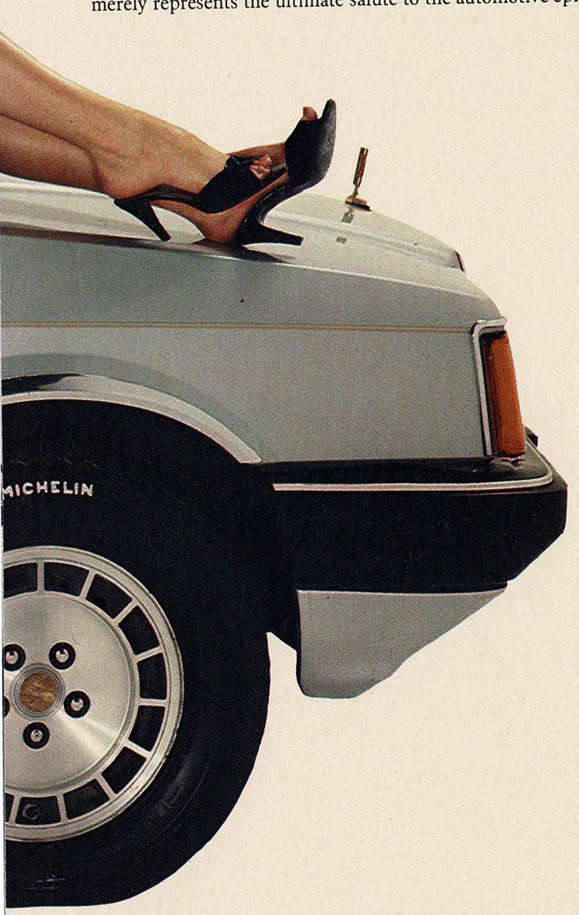
IT'S HARD to imagine a fifty grand car that you wouldn't be seen dead driving. This is it. The Spanmor Ford Limo. Slide behind the wheel and you put your personal status into a screaming nose dive. A simple spin around the block could demolish years of patient social climbing. No sir, the front off-side door is strictly the tradesman's entrance. All the image impact of this machine is



PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM McCARTER



riding in the rear. Social stratas are defined by the vehicle design — a glass wall divides the two compartments. An intercom provides a suitably distanced method of communication. It operates on the don't-call-us principle — the controls are housed in the rear. If points are to be scored it is important to know how to play the game. There are some elementary rules. The first is: never wind down the windows, even on the hottest day. It's tantamount to admission of less-than-iceberg quality air conditioning. A suit is preferred dress, avec throatpiece. In the moments between delivered instructions and earnest dialogue on the digital car phone, a copy of the *Financial Review* may be perused. Almost anything less is quite unacceptable. Given these reasonable ground rules, and a meaningful relationship with your banker, the Spanmor Limo is a pretty impressive device for high-rolling in the status stakes. Price tags tend to set the scene in these matters, and at a kick-off mark of $47,000, the device seems well qualified to reflect the fiscal solidarity of its owner. Unfortunately this does little to disarm its value-for-money critics who know nothing of the costs of customising, and simply maintain that it represents one vehicle for the price of two (they being LTDs, you understand, retailing at around $22,000). There again it seems like the cognoscenti will turn away from this approach and at least be aware of, if not impressed by, the cost-multiplication factor involved in staffing the thing. In this respect, it may represent a more canny investment than, say, a Roller, which can get more easily lost in traffic. Visual impressions are pretty important in the pace race, and the panascope effect of the vehicle just passing by quickly overcomes the initial view that it might have been the unfortunate by-product of an illicit copulation between an ordinary LTD and a Luna Park mirror. The detractors who claim the super-sizing merely represents the ultimate salute to the automotive epigraph, "18ft of bad taste", are quickly put to rest by an appraisal of the interior which reveals an amazingly space-efficient entertainment capsule. Depending on preferred configuration, there is seating in the rear for up to five people. Each seat supplied with electronic adjustment, and such personal equipment as cigarette lighters and ashtrays. The entertainment console houses an advanced stereo system, television and, if required, a video unit with library provision. Refreshments may be dispensed from a five-function wet-bar, backed-up by refrigeration storage, and communication knows practically no limitations with the opportunity for cordless digital car phone, and intercom to the control centre up front. Rear cabin size can be specified in two dimensions, externally reflected in coachwork that spans the ground to the extent of either 18ft 4in (compact) or 19ft 8in. Visually, the smaller cabin design eliminates that solid sheet-metal side panel that interposes between the driver's workshop and the management quarters — the smaller car has a clean six-window side treatment (not to forget the rear "opera window"). Climate control can be dialled in from the rear cabin, which is equipped with its own individual air conditioner. Since the side windows are only ever lowered for the purpose of waving regally, the option of fresh air is provided by up to two glass aperture sliding electric "moon roofs". If the pilot has been suitably instructed, the ride in the rear cabin is in the railway-carriage class. There again, the best possible working conditions are provided for the chauffeur. Donning disguise to avoid summary downclassing, I discovered the life of a power-everything pilot is not all that tough. The thing goes and points like a regular example of Am-bred automotive excess, and visibility all around is better than in almost any modern coupe, even with a full complement in the rear cabin. Some allowance has to be made for crossing kerbs in left-handers and there is the increased



Inside, the Spanmor is an amazingly space-efficient entertainment capsule with seating in the rear for up to five people.

opportunity for T-bones available in darting across dodgy intersections, but those points apart, it is much like steering the family shopping trolley around the suburbs. Apart from parking that is, where you may need extra staff just to feed the meters. If it has already crossed your mind that this might make a fun sort of thing to hire out for a private party/important executive meeting, you'll be impressed to find that this concept has been test-marketed in Queensland (where it is already available) and will most likely be available in southern States, particularly NSW and Victoria, soon. Budget Rent-A-Car (Melbourne only at present) will also give you a taste of the possibilities by renting you a nine-passenger station wagon version for as little as around $60 a day. There are some who only get to ride in such a vehicle unwittingly — the vehicles are also specified as hearses. Did I say there were some people who wouldn't be seen dead in it?

PATTY HEARST

(continued from page 39)

We developed a relationship, but not a love relationship. The relationship was that I was his personal property.

PLAYBOY: Did you all know immediately that the woman had been killed?

HEARST: Emily says it was an accident because her finger must have slipped on the trigger. Well. She couldn't have been more than nine feet away with a shotgun going off, and they always used double-ought buck, which isn't exactly bird shot. It's a shotgun shell with nine pellets in it, and each pellet is the size of a .30-calibre slug. Anybody would get killed from that.

PLAYBOY: When that happened, you were driving the getaway car. Did it make you feel you were in deeper than ever then?

HEARST: It made me feel very worried for myself, because when they're it, and you're right there, they'll kill anybody; they'll kill me. Yeah, they killed Marcus Foster, but I wasn't around then. With this woman, I was right next to Emily as she's saying she's done it. It's just so much more immediate, the smoking gun is still in her hand.

PLAYBOY: The way it stands now, both Bill and Emily Harris are due to be released in 1983. Is there any chance they won't be?

HEARST: I doubt it. There's no rethinking. Her sentence expires. She's served all her time.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever see them again? Think they might try to get in touch with you?

HEARST: Oh, they had best hope not. I have no intention of seeking them out.

PLAYBOY: So, no compassion for your fellow man?

HEARST: I'm not talking about compassion for my fellow man; I'm talking about total hatred for two specific people who are still alive. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Then, put it this way: They were your comrades, so to speak, for a long time. Do you think there's any chance they can become decent members of society once they're released?

HEARST: I think there's more of a chance for Bill Harris to be a responsible member of society than there is for Emily. Just my own personal reaction. Emily's just too determined that this revolution of hers is right. She'd never say: "I made a mistake." Whereas Bill would never say it out loud, but he might think it and do something else.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to Bill and Emily, but since you mentioned it, who killed Marcus Foster?

HEARST: I was told that it was Mizmoon and Nancy Ling Perry and DeFreeze. DeFreeze had a shotgun, so he would be the one who shot Robert Blackburn. Nancy had a Rossi and she missed Foster, and then Patricia Soltysik shot him.

PLAYBOY: Did they ever talk about that at all?

HEARST: Those three did not talk about it. The only ones who actually talked to me about it were Bill and Emily, and they were not there at the time. They were all upset that they hadn't been part of it.

PLAYBOY: Where were Remiro and Little, who are doing time for that killing?

PLAYBOY: I was told they were in a van waiting for the three others. But they are not innocent of murder. They were there as backup.

PLAYBOY: The Harrises have said that they told you a hundred times that that was not true, that Remiro and Little *weren't* there as backup.

HEARST: [*Laughs*] And they are *so* credible and reliable! For a while, Bill and Emily Harris got to be more credible than me, which is *in*credible!

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the SLA. We finished discussing the women — would you say that the SLA as a whole, was antiwomen, despite the fact that five of the eight were women?

HEARST: Yes. They really hated women with much more passion than they hated men. They saw successful women working within the system as bigger pigs than any head of any corporation. They hated Jane Fonda because she was too liberal; she pacified people. And Angela Davis. Gloria Steinem, *boy*, they hated her! When they talked about assassinating Evelle Younger [then attorney general of California], there was more emphasis on, "Maybe we could get his wife."

PLAYBOY: Okay, let's move on to Cujo.

HEARST: Yes [*heavy sarcasm*], the love of my life.

PLAYBOY: In the book, you seem to go out of your way to make him look negative.

HEARST: I don't have to go out of my way, you know. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: At any time throughout your time with the SLA did you and Wolfe develop a relationship?

HEARST: No. I mean, we developed a relationship, but not a love relationship. The relationship was that I was essentially his personal property.

PLAYBOY: In the tape you and the Harrises made for the media after the fire and shoot-out in LA you said: "Neither Cujo nor I ever loved an individual the way we loved each other, probably because our relationship wasn't based on bourgeois, fucked-up values." Was that all bullshit?

HEARST: Yeah, completely.

PLAYBOY: Did your lawyers ever tell you that if you admitted to love for Wolfe in court you'd lose your case for sure?

HEARST: No. No, no, no. They would never have said something like that.

PLAYBOY: During the trial, when the prosecutor pressed you about your feelings toward Wolfe, you dramatically replied: "I couldn't stand him." Was that a triumphant moment for you?

HEARST: That was a pretty good answer in a good place, I must say.

PLAYBOY: What was Wolfe like?

HEARST: Very nervous, kind of bouncing-around nervous. He was younger than all the others. He had the most romantic notion of being a revolutionary. He'd say things like, he'd be satisfied with just being a colonel, because that was the rank that Che Guevara had.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the Olmec monkey head Willie gave you. When it was brought out at your trial that you'd kept it, the jurors apparently thought it proved you were lying about your feelings for Willie and convicted you. When did he give you the Olmec monkey head?

HEARST: Shortly after the blindfold was off.

PLAYBOY: What did he tell you about it?

HEARST: He said an archaeologist friend of his had given it to him and that it was 2500 years old. I kept it because I was an art-history major and had a very strong feeling about destroying things just because you don't like them. It's like going through the Vatican and cutting the penises of all the Greek stautes and putting plaster fig leaves on them.

PLAYBOY: It was hard for the jury to accept that you kept it strictly because you thought it was valuable — especially after Willie was killed.

HEARST: I just can't help that it was hard to accept. I *told* the lawyers that the monkey head existed but was pretty well ignored about it. I didn't think it was any big deal and it turned out to be an incredibly big deal. The immediate assumption was that I had lied, that it wasn't 2500 years old. On the other hand, nobody bothered to think that maybe *he'd* lied about it, that he told a big story to make it sound like it was more valuable than it was. I do not totally trust the Government's little witnesses who testified it was a dime a dozen, buy 'em at roadside towns. It's easy enough to prove that it was old. I have considered assessing it for my own satisfaction. It wouldn't surprise me if it *was* old.

I could have made up a much more plausible explanation, but the truth is, that's what it is. A more plausible explanation would be that I was afraid to get rid of it — which is partially true. I was asked to produce it on several occasions.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

HEARST: By Bill Harris. He wore a little fist thing around his neck as a symbol, and he wanted to see if I still had mine. I assumed he would want me to produce mine as a symbol of getting in contact, like a secret code word.

PLAYBOY: How many times did he ask you to produce it?

HEARST: Once, twice.

(continued on page 146)

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LOVE AND THE LAW

the lurks and perks of living in sin

IT USED to be called living in sin. Nowadays no one calls it anything in particular. The phenomenon of couples living together without benefit of clergy is so common that in some circles getting married is considered as much a lapse of taste as living out of wedlock used to be. A paper put out by the NSW Law Reform Commission recently estimated that something like 66,000 Australian families were headed by couples living together without having been formally married.

Changing moral codes have meant there is no longer the old pressure on couples to marry if they want to live together. As a result, many just drift together and stay that way. It's convenient, there's no ceremony, no one has to change their name, there's none of that notorious fear of being tied down that has become a standing married couple joke. (He: I never get to see the boys at the pub anymore. She: I spend all day chained to the sink.) And of course, there's no legal contract, just an unspoken agreement to spend time together.

That's the theory of it anyway, a carefree life without ties or entanglements; and as long as people are reasonable, sensible and lucky, that's the way it may well work out. The trouble starts when the relationship itself runs into problems — not necessarily of its own making. Then one or both of these easygoing people may find that the smooth road they have been treading is filled with pitfalls and traps.

Consider the true story of a couple who had lived together unmarried for 20 years and were regarded in the area where they lived as man and wife. Mr X had a heart attack.

When he had recovered sufficiently he assured Mrs X that if anything happened to him she would be looked after; he had made a will through which she would inherit their home (whose title was in his name). As he went into hospital for the last time, he handed her an envelope containing the title deeds of the house. After his death the will could not be found and though he had died without relatives, it was ruled that Mrs X had no title to the house and it became the property of the Crown. Mrs X, after 20 years of what was effectively marriage, was left homeless.

Now, that's a pretty drastic case and not many PLAYBOY readers are going to find themselves in such a situation. But there are more insidious little tricks.

The Department of Social Security recognises de facto relationships but the Taxation Department does not. The reasons for the different policies are not hard to find. From the point of view of Social Security, if you consider a woman to be part of a de facto marriage, you can write her off the unemployment statistics. It means paying the couple — or rather the man for he's the one who gets the cheque — a little more in benefits ($111.10 a week for couples, $106.90 for two singles) but it saves on paperwork. Now for the Taxation Department. As it doesn't recognise the de facto relationship, it treats the cheque paid to the man as a single person's income and does not allow the $800 deduction for a dependent spouse that would be claimable if the couple were married. It then hits the man with a tax bill of more than $500 for the year — and after 12 months without a job, he's hardly in a position to pay. Both of these examples involve some sort of extraordinary circumstance which has stepped into destroy a smoothly-running system — in one case illness and death, in the other, unemployment. And that's the point. As long as things are going well, any sort of lifestyle will work; when bad times come along, the pressure goes on and people and systems start to crack. De facto relationships, because they occupy an ill-defined position in the eyes of the law, are particularly vulnerable to such pressures. The law *does* recognise their existence but it has no consistent policy towards them

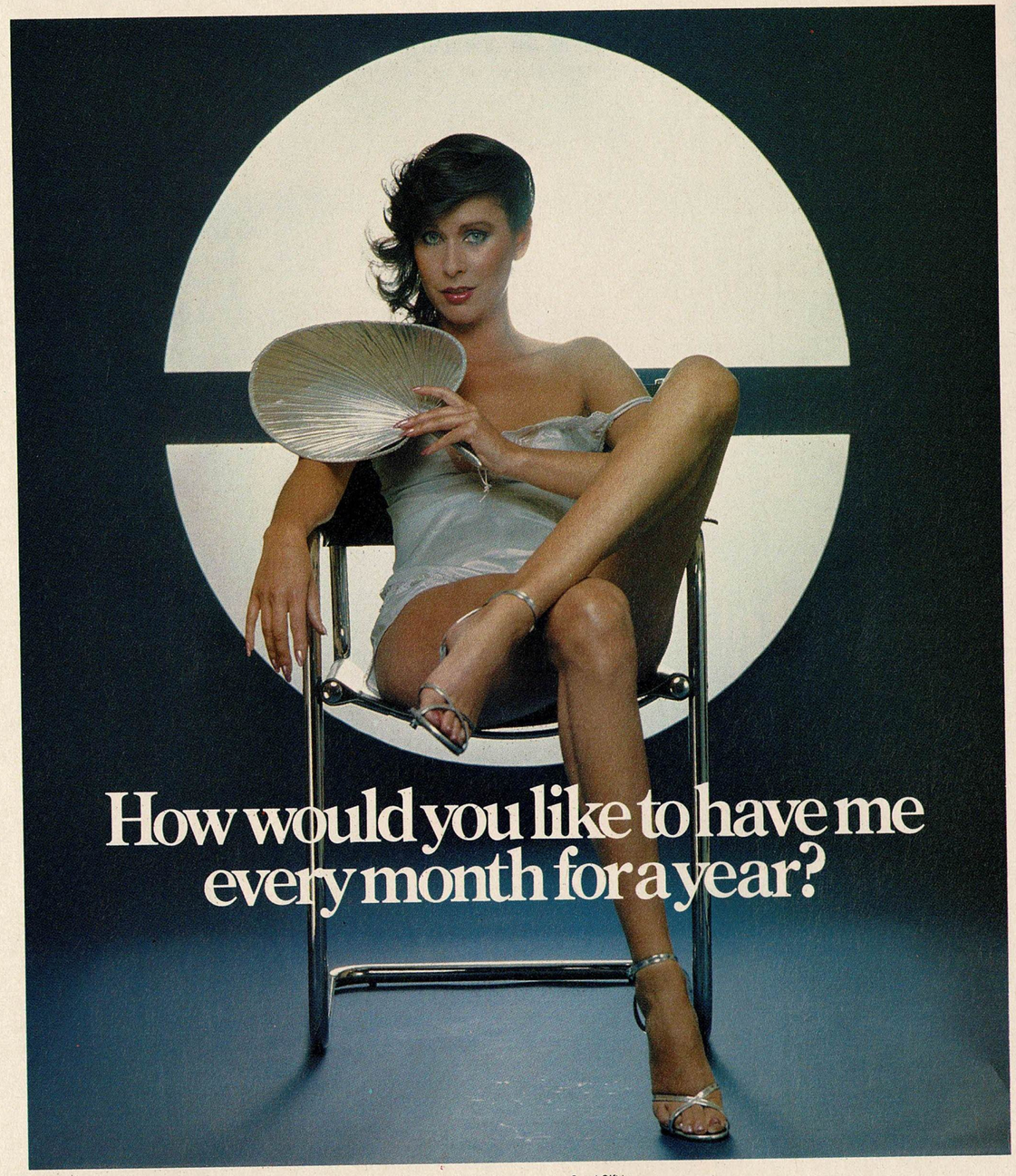
The main problem area is shared property. Married couples are covered here by the Family Law Act under which property can be redistributed on a "just and equitable basis" in the event of a dispute. This allows the Family Courts to take into account any contribution either party has made to the wealth and welfare of the couple and assess the share-out accordingly. De facto relationships are not covered by the Family Law Act but by State legislation which does not carry the same powers. So, for instance, if a man or woman live in a house whose title is in the de facto's name, they do not necessarily acquire any title to it — even if they pay half the mortgage for 10 years — unless all or part of that title is signed over.

Whether all this will change, is hard to say. The NSW Law Reform Commission points out that there are as many arguments against strengthening the legal basis of de facto relationships as there are for. There are also powerful lobbies, like the churches.

To avoid some of the pitfalls, those who don't want to get married but do want to live together can draw up a cohabitation contract. But a word of warning. This is a relatively new and untested area of the law and unless the document is drawn up by a good contract lawyer it might well fall apart in court.

And if that sounds just a bit too clinical and cold-blooded, you still have three choices: get married, take your chances on the good faith and good health of your partner — or stay single.

— LAURIE STRACHAN



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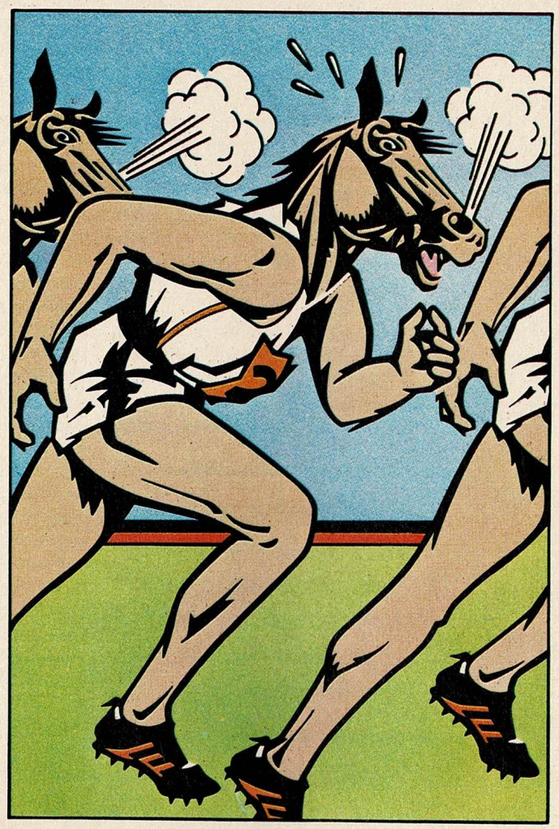
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

MANE CHANCE

a few tips on sophisticated punting



In *Technical Analysis,* financial advisor James Dines quotes Blackie Sherodde as follows: "If you bet on a horse, that's gambling. If you bet you can make three spades, that's entertainment. If you bet cotton will go up three points, that's business. See the difference?"

There is a difference, but it's subtle. While it's true that every investment is something of a gamble, businessmen approach their investments differently from gamblers. In general, businessmen don't invest their money unless they expect the benefits to outweigh the risks. The riskier a business proposition, the greater the expected gain must be before they go ahead.

Gamblers often behave as though winning were a sure thing; they risk large amounts of money often with little chance of a substantial gain.

Of course, there are gamblers and then there are gamblers. The legendary Bet-a-Million Gates once lost thousands when he bet a fly would land in his plate rather than his companion's. No amount of calculation would have helped Gates predict the fly's behavior; he would have done as well tossing a coin. In most situations, however, you will come out ahead when your bets (like good investments) are well informed.

Take horses, for example. A beginner may bet on an address, birthday or telephone number, but after a while (unless you are very lucky), you will be ready to study the racing guide and base your bets on hard data. Here are a few of the factors you will need to consider.

Class. Breeding and heredity make a difference to a horse's performance but the most important determinant of a thoroughbred's class is its performance against horses of similar worth and ability. Some talented horses rarely win a race whereas others of equal talent win fairly consistently. Wise punters soon learn never to bet on potential alone but to always use performance as a guide.

Some betters have argued that a horse's monetary value is an indirect index of class. Following this logic, they are more likely to bet on a horse valued at $30,000 than one worth only $15,000. The flaw in this logic is that a horse worth $30,000 would not be racing against one worth only $10,000 in the first place unless there was something wrong with it. Using a horse's monetary value as an index of class is a quick way to give your money to the TAB.

Condition. Even the classiest horse will not win races if it is out of condition. A horse that races fairly often, and consistently produces fast morning workouts, is likely to be in top condition. To keep up such a pace, the horse must be in better condition than the glue factory rejects that make up the field in most races.

Speed. Obviously, no one has to be told that a fast horse is a better bet than a slow one. The problem is that there is more than one way to measure speed. You may fancy a horse that covered 1200 metres in one minute and 16 seconds his last time out. Not bad, but sophisticated punters know that this overall or final time is not as important as the horse's fractional times. That is, the horse may have taken 22.25 seconds to run the first 300 metres and 47 seconds to cover 800 metres. These fractional times can serve as a guide to how a horse will run in a particular race. A horse fast out of the gate, for instance, may try to get out in front from the beginning in order to gain control of the race. All of this analysis may seem a little boring but long shots can sometimes be discovered this way.

Believe me, there is nothing boring about 20 to one.

Extras. A horse's post position may be important, as an inside post position means the horse has less ground to cover on the way to the finish line. The condition of the track is also relevant. Some horses run best on fast tracks, others do best when things are a bit boggy and slow. Even age may make a difference.

Very young horses (two year olds) may lack consistency. Old ones may lack stamina.

Systems and Shortcuts. Shortcuts like inside knowledge of a horse's training (as long as they are legal) are fine. There is even a hand calculator for sale to help you digest the various bits of punting information. Systems are another thing entirely. There is no guaranteed system to beat the races. There are too many factors interacting in too many ways to yield to a system. This doesn't mean that systems haven't been tried. Sir John Joynton-Smith, publisher of *Smith's Weekly* and several other Australian journals, developed a "foolproof" system while living in New Zealand. Not wishing to take unfair advantage of his friends in New Zealand, he took off for England to fleece the British bookmakers. He shortly lost almost all his money.

He did not lose his sense of humor however, pointing out that "one advantage of betting on a system is that you lose your money systematically".

Joynton-Smith recovered and went on to found the Victoria Park racecourse in Kensington. (Victoria Park cost $2000 to establish and brought a fortune when it was sold.)

Who knows, if you immerse yourself in the intricacies of class, condition and speed, someday you may emulate Bet-a-Million Gates who once won $240,000 in a single race, or you could own your own racecourse.

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

PLAYBOY: Did you wear it?
HEARST: No, I carried it. I wore it until they were killed and then I carried it.
PLAYBOY: All right, let's move on to the leader of the SLA, Donald DeFreeze, better known as Cinque.
HEARST: I was scared to death of him. Totally, totally terrified of him. But it's hard to look back now and figure out what it was that they saw in him, because now all the contempt that I would normally have felt is free to surface. He was really pretty ordinary. I don't know how much of it was him and how much was them just wanting a black leader and having one who was willing to lead. He loved it. He did it happily and didn't take any back talk from people.
PLAYBOY: Did all three men beat you?
HEARST: I can't say beat. Slapped or punched or knocked down, but not beaten. Mostly for bad attitude. It reminded me of when I was in jail later and started meeting lots of prostitutes — the SLA men really reminded me of the pimps. Especially Cinque. When we talked about not showing disrespect for our leader, it was just like prostitutes talking about not being disrespectful to their pimp.
PLAYBOY: Why weren't there more blacks in the SLA?
HEARST: Hey, a lot of blacks ask that question. DeFreeze couldn't find any to follow him. And he could not handle the competition of another black man.
PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a rumor that DeFreeze had been an informant for the LA police?
HEARST: I think he *was* a paid informant. His crimes were average crimes, they weren't anything spectacular or revolutionary. He was a two-bit crook. He got caught on an earlier charge and started informing to keep from going to jail.
PLAYBOY: DeFreeze eventually wound up in prison and was later released. There were some theories at the time of your kidnapping that there might have been a connection between DeFreeze's release and what happened next. Any thoughts about that?
HEARST: I think I was very much a distraction from what was going on in Washington. At the time, there was Watergate and we were losing a President quickly. That's another reason why people got so emotional and angry about me. They felt betrayed by the Government, by the President — and here *I* was, sticking my tongue out at them. It was just too much. I was a target for a lot of people who were still mad at their kids who were hippies in the Sixties. I came to symbolise a youth rebellion that I wasn't even a part of! [*Laugh*]
PLAYBOY: What about the conspiracy theories, though? Do you give any credence to the idea that the CIA helped set up the SLA to create the kind of diversion you're talking about?
HEARST: Well, in the book, I kind of gloss over when I say that it was never really explained to me the way DeFreeze escaped from prison. But it *was* very odd. He was transferred from one prison to another. A trustee at the new prison who had a boiler-room job had been there for months and was taken off work for no reason at all. DeFreeze is suddenly put on in his place and escapes *that* night. The old trustee is put back on the job the next day. It sounds a little suspicious. I've been in institutions; they don't do things like that. No one has ever adequately explained it. It's improbable enough that it hardly seems worth worrying about. On the other hand, it *is* strange. Plus, he went straight to Berkeley, to Russell Little at the Peking House, and nobody ever went there to look for him. They never checked his visiting list to see Little's name on it, to figure out where he might have gone. I mean, they could have found him within 48 hours if they'd looked.
PLAYBOY: So he was double-crossed, you feel? He served his purpose, news was made, Nixon was pardoned and the Government went on?
HEARST: Isn't that what's supposed to happen to CIA agents in all the movie plots?

I was a distraction from what was going on in Washington. At the time, there was Watergate and we were losing a President quickly.

PLAYBOY: It makes for fascinating speculation. But truly, in your heart, do you believe such a conspiracy existed?
HEARST: No, I'm afraid that the CIA is really not capable of such brilliant ploys. That's the main hole in the fabric.
PLAYBOY: Let's go back to that time just before the SLA interrupted your life. Were you living what the SLA would call a very bourgeois life?
HEARST: No, it was a very nice life and most people would love to have a life like that.
PLAYBOY: Were you sheltered?
HEARST: Yes, but I don't think that's necessarily bad. Not that being kidnapped is exactly the way to bring someone out of her isolation.
PLAYBOY: How long had you and Steven been living together?
HEARST: Two years. It was a really happy time.
PLAYBOY: That brings up one of the things that are hard to understand: the way you completely dropped Steven Weed after your kidnapping. Did you think of him much when you were captured?
HEARST: When I was with the SLA, I really did not think about him. It's like a psychological break, too. There was a lot that I didn't remember about our life together, what we did, and I still don't have total recall about that; it was completely pushed out of my mind and suppressed. Sometimes, I think I wouldn't even recognise him if I saw him.
PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen him again?
HEARST: I've never seen him again. He just passed out of my life. He really totally drifted out of my mind some time after the bank robbery. As far as I know, he's married. When I was arrested, he was writing his book, and I saw the first chapter. It had been typed on my typewriter. I remember feeling really annoyed about that because I have a special type-face, so I knew he'd used it. I thought, Well, how *rude*!
PLAYBOY: So now the real story comes out: he used your typewriter —
HEARST: And he had all my photo albums.
PLAYBOY: Pictures of which he used in his book without your consent?
HEARST: That's right. And I didn't think that I was subject for a book written by him.
PLAYBOY: Did your parents have any influence on the kind of men you dated?
HEARST: Only in that they were concerned that their daughters marry real, manly men instead of creeps. They decide immediately whether their daughter's beau is a manly man or not. It's really hard for some boyfriends to pass the manliness test.
PLAYBOY: Who was the first of your men they thought manly?
HEARST: Probably Bernie [Shaw]. None of the others were manly men.
PLAYBOY: Well, he's a cop.
HEARST: Yeah, that's a pretty manly-man job.
PLAYBOY: What did you hear later about how your family held up after you were kidnapped?
HEARST: The family was depressed. When they'd get these tapes, they'd have to listen to this guy [Cinque] rant and rave and they'd just think: Oh, this man is so horrible. Poor sister. Then they'd listen to me and think, Well, at least she's still alive. Then afterward, they'd start joking about what the guy said. They said my cousin Willie [Hearst] did a mean imitation of Cinque. They invented this Symbionese "Navy", and he'd do a whole act about being its admiral and all.
PLAYBOY: Nice to hear they were able to maintain some humor about it.
HEARST: There was lots of humor about it. I mean, they couldn't help it. There were so many weird people who came out of the woodwork. There were these swamis; then the extortionists who'd get the house number and call up. My sister Vicky kept one running from phone to phone until the FBI narrowed it down and found him in a phone booth, still talking to her! [*Laughs*]
PLAYBOY: Have you talked with your parents much about what happened to you?
HEARST: No. My mother read the manuscript of my book. My father, I didn't show it to him at all, any of it. Because he's overly critical. He'd just look at it like, "Well, it isn't finished." So there was no point in having him rain on my parade. I haven't even told him about this interview!
PLAYBOY: Will it upset him?
HEARST: I hate to think. Well, I thought that he would be negative enough that I didn't tell him about it.
PLAYBOY: Haven't your parents been curious, though, about what happened to you?
HEARST: Usually when we talk about it, we focus on the ridiculousness of it. That really is the best way to deal with it. It makes it so much easier. My father doesn't really want to ask me about it. He figures if I wanted to talk about it, I'd be telling him. He was really good in that way, respecting my feelings. My mother never asked me questions, either. It was such a horrible experience for them, too.
PLAYBOY: The SLA demanded that your father help feed the poor and he came up with an initial $2,000,000, with a backup promise of $4,000,000 more once you were released. But when the food program failed, did you feel that your life was over?
HEARST: Yeah, I did. I mean, it didn't happen, but I did feel that.
PLAYBOY: And it wasn't very long before you stopped thinking of yourself as a victim and began considering yourself a comrade, was it?
HEARST: You're talking about two months. That may have seemed short to you, but let me tell you, it's a lifetime. Time is so relative, especially with what was going on to me. It was completely distorted.
PLAYBOY: Were you pretending when you said you wanted to join them, or did you really want to join?
HEARST: It was a conscious act. I didn't have to pretend desperately to want them to say: "Yeah, you can join." The appropriate SLA line on my conversion was that my parents had been horrible and they were so decadent and I was being rescued from this terrible bourgeois life that I was leading and aren't I the lucky one to have been chosen by them? That was the approved story: my terrible mother and fascist father. . .and if you believe this, maybe we can interest you in some swampland in Florida. But people *did* believe it!
PLAYBOY: Do you feel it took guts to join the SLA?
HEARST: No. It would have been crazy *not* to have joined, because they would have just killed me. It would take much more guts to say, "Never, I'd rather die." I'm sorry, I'm a coward. I didn't want to die.
PLAYBOY: Under more ordinary circumstances, do you consider yourself a courageous person?
HEARST: Yeah, I suppose. I drive on these California highways every day! I'm sitting here doing this interview. [*Laughs*]
PLAYBOY: When you became Tania, you must know that it captured the imagination of a lot of people.
HEARST: Maybe *you* like it.
PLAYBOY: Well, she was a symbol of defiance, antagonism, liveliness, anti-establishment at a time when *many* people were feeling that way.
HEARST: It amazes me to sit here and hear you say that it was a lively image. It was a terribly *violent* image. It was the result of a violent kidnapping. For you to say it's a lively, anti-establishment image. . . Tania never really existed except as a fantasy for most people. She existed as a propaganda tool for the SLA. She was created by them and she lived as long as they could keep her living.
PLAYBOY: So you see her in the third person?
HEARST: Yeah, I do. I look at her and think, Gosh, how maddening that they could get me to do that! And it upsets me; or I'll just laugh, depending on my mood. But it's a *terrible* thing to think that people can do that to you. And most people think. They could never do that to me. Even right now I would say: "Oh, they could never do that to me again." But in the back of my mind, I say: "I don't know if they could or not." I'm not going to say it could never happen again. I hope it doesn't.

I got confused and lost and caught up with what they were doing. I lost complete touch with reality. My reality became their reality.

PLAYBOY: If it ever did happen again — if a van stopped in front of you and someone with a gun said get in — would you react differently, having gone through what you've gone through?
HEARST: I wouldn't get in the van. Forget it. I'd rather be dead. At this point, I've got to assume I would not live through another experience like I went through.
PLAYBOY: But if you were kidnapped again?
HEARST: I don't know how I'd behave. I think I'm much better prepared emotionally, and because I've had an education in thought control, I'm better informed.
PLAYBOY: Were you —
HEARST: [*Angrily, referring to the earlier exchange*] You have a really odd idea about the SLA! Like other people, you have this romantic notion of what they are like, that it was all one great adventure! You lived it vicariously and it's just too exciting for you and you can hardly control yourself, and it's so disturbing to find out that I don't even think Tania lived except in people's imaginations like yours — and she *still* lives in yours!
PLAYBOY: You're getting mad — is that a hint of the angry Tania the rest of us saw, and you say never existed?
HEARST: There's *no* part of Tania that you saw except what the SLA invented. *That's* what you saw. It was a total invention. And while you saw a photograph of this person with the machine gun, the rest of the time what you didn't see was me sort of being weepy and meek and not strong or angry at all. Listen to the tapes again; I don't think they're that tough and angry. I'm reading a script. Shoot, I can do that. They were rehearsed!
PLAYBOY: *Were* you brainwashed?
HEARST: Yeah, if that's what you call the process that happened. Coercively persuaded, brainwashed. . . yeah, I was! By brainwashed, I mean I was incapable of making rational decisions on my own. I was not in control of myself, in spite of the fact that you probably could have come in and seen me and talked to me and said: "Wow, she seems okay, just got some crazy ideas." But I didn't start *out* with crazy ideas.
PLAYBOY: Did you start out by thinking you were fooling them into thinking you believed as they did?
HEARST: Sure. I thought for a long time that I was fooling them and leading them on, but somewhere along the line I got lost. I got confused and lost and caught up with what they were doing. I lost complete touch with reality. My reality became their reality.
PLAYBOY: Shortly after you joined them, you were caught up in a bank robbery. Were you threatened by the SLA before joining in the robbery?
HEARST: They said if I didn't do it, they'd kill me. And if I didn't do it the way they wanted it done. I did my best, but I still didn't do everything right.
PLAYBOY: You mean you didn't say all that they had wanted you to say?
HEARST: Yes. But I did well enough. Who are *you* to criticise? [*Laughs*] They thought it was okay!
PLAYBOY: Were you all elated after it was over?
HEARST: They were positively giddy afterward. I was so relieved. They felt that once again people were seeing the people's force as victorious in an action against the Government, because the bank is insured by the Federal Government. Therefore, they were attacking a Federal institution.
PLAYBOY: Was the real purpose of the robbery to get money or to show you off?
HEARST: It was a dual purpose. They deliberately picked a bank with a camera so that I would be photographed. That was absolutely part of the plan.
PLAYBOY: And there was an irony involved, as the head of that bank was your best friend's, Trish Tobin's, father. Have you ever found out how he felt about it?
HEARST: He was not at all pleased with the FBI's handling of it. The still photographs that were taken in the bank were put together and made into a movie. There were only two copies of that. He had one and the FBI had the other. He turned on the TV and there was this film running, and it didn't come from him. That's the way these Federal agents seem to operate; they just

run to the press: "Lookee, lookee, lookee what we've got!"

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose the FBI does that?

HEARST: Just to show they're on the job. Nothing else was happening in my case. They weren't finding me.

PLAYBOY: Do you trust the FBI today?

HEARST: No, I do not trust them. I think they're just pathological liars; they can't control themselves. Police don't trust the FBI, either. The FBI just sort of loses touch with reality. I don't know what happens to them. They're under diminished capacity [*laughs*]. . . or coerced persuasion.

PLAYBOY: And at the time you were with the SLA?

HEARST: Well, the FBI was really the centre of *all* of the paranoia. According to the SLA, the FBI tapped phones; the FBI was looking at you through your TV screen. I mean, the FBI could do anything.

PLAYBOY: At some point, you became the SLA's weapons expert, didn't you?

HEARST: Yeah, I was great. I knew about all their guns. They were so busy saying: "You're so stupid. Study this. Read this weapons manual. Learn how to break this gun down." By the time they got through, I did know all about guns.

PLAYBOY: But hadn't you been around guns all your life?

HEARST: I went hunting once with my father when I was around 12. It was a .28-gauge shotgun, a little bitty thing. We went duck shooting. A .28-gauge is very small. Twelve gauge is what most people shoot. There were always guns in the house, always loaded, and we knew father would kill us if we touched those guns. We never went near them, but they were no big secret or hidden. We had a collection on the wall, and my father had a gun in his bedside table and one in his closet and hunting guns all around the house.

PLAYBOY: When Cinque moved you all down to LA and made you a member of a team with Bill and Emily Harris, you had a chance to use the weapons. We're thinking of the incident at Mel's Sporting Goods, when you protected the Harrises by firing an automatic weapon over their heads. How did you know where you were shooting?

HEARST: I didn't. That's why it ended up leaping out of my hands. At the SLA gun lessons, they practised crouching and swinging the gun and pointing it, and claimed it didn't kick at all. But it's very different when you actually fire it. The thing just went leaping out of my hands.

PLAYBOY: Which means you could have easily killed the bystanders — or the Harrises when they ran out of the store.

HEARST: I'll say. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you think of that when you were shooting?

HEARST: It was more like moving in a dream, not even thinking about it. I remember it happening almost in slow motion. I look up and there's Bill Harris on the ground and Emily Harris looking down at him, and them both looking back over at the van [*pauses*], looking back toward the van. . . and then me.

PLAYBOY: Did your eyes make contact?

HEARST: No, they were just looking over at the van. Then I picked up the gun. . . first the automatic weapon, because that had the most firepower, then the semi-automatic, because that was faster than putting a new clip into the automatic. And then they were back at the car.

PLAYBOY: You left out the shooting part.

HEARST: I just remember it sort of jumping out of my hands and slamming bullets into the centre divider, in the concrete. . . then I lifted it up higher. . . I was just trying to hold on to the gun. I wasn't thinking, I've got to kill these people so the Harrises can get away. It was like, I must fire over their heads to give them cover. I don't really remember people around me.

PLAYBOY: Had you not opened fire at Mel's there might not have been that shoot-out with the police. The Harrises would have been caught for shoplifting and the rest of the SLA could have been traced.

I didn't even have to think! Just saw what was happening, picked up the gun, fired. It was like a reflex. Training took over. Bang! I did it.

HEARST: Right. I definitely think that was a real breaking point emotionally for me, too. It was like, snap. Everything that they'd ever told me had clicked into place at that point.

PLAYBOY: And afterward?

HEARST: My life was over then, as far as ever coming back. Until that point, I thought maybe, somehow, I would escape, but it was getting dimmer and dimmer. But at that point, it was over.

PLAYBOY: But before you fired, you were in the van alone. The Harrises were in Mel's and you might have just driven off. We keep coming back to what you *could* have done to escape.

HEARST: Yeah, I know. It's really hard to understand. I was *totally* under their control.

PLAYBOY: You repeatedly say in your book that you feared and hated the Harrises, yet, at a moment of truth —

HEARST: I saved them! Didn't even have to think! Just saw what was happening, picked up the gun, fired.' It was like a reflex. Training took over. Bang! I did it. And the the next thing I know, we're off commandeering vehicles and running around LA and kidnapping this kid and this man, and racing down to Anaheim to watch everybody get killed on television.

PLAYBOY: Before we get to that shoot-out, there's a point here we should take up. You've indicated that your life was in the SLA's hands, so you were ready to do anything they asked of you. Including killing someone to protect your comrades. Do you feel you have a moral responsibility not to take an innocent life, even if it means sacrificing your own?

HEARST: Well, I'm sure glad I've never faced that one! [*Nervous laugh*]

PLAYBOY: You came close to facing it.

HEARST: Maybe there *is* a responsibility. I guess. Sure. . . I'll say right now, yes, there is.

PLAYBOY: Let's not be facetious.

HEARST: [*Laughs again*] Let's be realistic. That *is* a moral dilemma. What do you do?

PLAYBOY: You give the impression you would have obeyed them.

HEARST: I don't think that's the case.

PLAYBOY: You say in your book: "In trying to convince them, I convinced myself. I felt that I had truly joined them. My past life seemed to have slipped away." You told us that joining them was a "conscious act". You were *not* pretending then. You *became* a believer.

HEARST: I became as much of a believer as I was capable of becoming. But you're talking about someone who really has no defences, no free will any more. That's when we're getting into that thing about traumatic neuroses with dissociative features.

PLAYBOY: What is that?

HEARST: It's the technical name for what happened to me, what everyone calls brainwashing. It is a phenomenon that *does* exist.

PLAYBOY: And, in your case, the phenomenon wasn't believed by the jury.

HEARST: The trial was a big mass of confusion, because what the jury was presented with was just so much junk. And I just can't talk about it; I'm under a gag order not to.

PLAYBOY: You've written that before the SLA accepted you, each member interrogated you, and you filled them with blatant and preposterous statements that they believed.

HEARST: Yes, I did. They loved it.

PLAYBOY: Now, were you *that* much smarter than they all were that you could do that?

HEARST: No, I wasn't. That's the thing. I thought I was doing everything just right and that I was really kidding them. And I was getting —

PLAYBOY: Getting caught up in it? Then at all times in the SLA, you did know what you were doing? You *knew* you were robbing a bank. You *knew* you were firing an automatic weapon. You *knew* you were making a tape. It wasn't like you were in a fog.

HEARST: Oh, no, it wasn't like I was in a fog and didn't know what was happening. At the same time, mentally and emotionally, I was not fully in control of myself.

PLAYBOY: But you felt that you must stay

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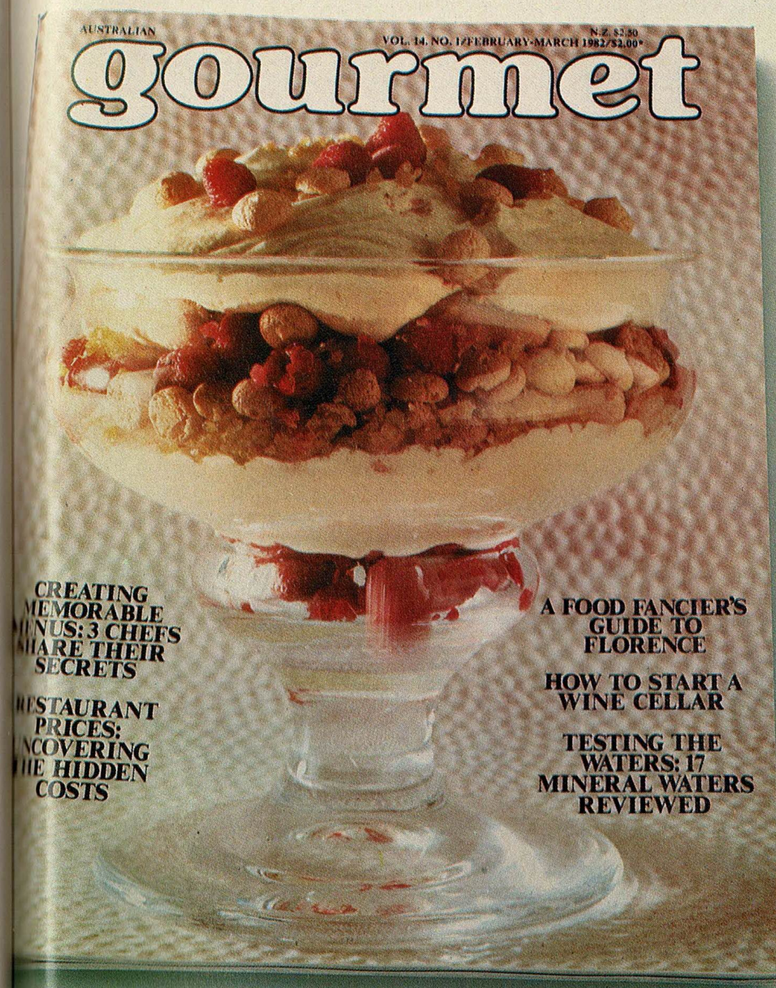

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alive above all else, even if it meant killing other people —

HEARST: No! Killing other people did not enter into it for me, and that was not anything that I ever had to do or face.

PLAYBOY: But what if you had hit somebody at Mel's? Killing other people was a very strong possibility there.

HEARST: Not in my mind! Not in my mind! If they said, "Shoot this person," I don't believe I could have done that. It never came up.

PLAYBOY: It came close, though.

HEARST: When did it come close?

PLAYBOY: At Mel's.

HEARST: It didn't come close at Mel's.

PLAYBOY: You shot above people and below them.

HEARST: That's right.

PLAYBOY: That's close, Patty.

HEARST: There was never a thought of kill or be killed, though. Never!

PLAYBOY: All right, we're not going to resolve this here. Let's go on to what was referred to as that barbecue in Los Angeles, the fiery shoot-out.

HEARST: Barbecue! My sisters all called them crispy critters.

PLAYBOY: You were in a motel room in Anaheim when you saw, on TV, the house — and your comrades — being incinerated. Hadn't the SLA predicted that was the way they would die?

HEARST: Yeah. It was *exactly* what they said would happen. Every time something they predicted happened, it helped me believe them. They said a warrant would be issued for me after the bank robbery; they said the police would shoot up the house without worrying if I was in there. Yeah, it helped make their reality my reality. And enough of what they said *was* reality that it became difficult to sort out what was real from what wasn't.

PLAYBOY: After the shoot-out, did it sink in that they were all dead?

HEARST: Somehow, in my mind, it wouldn't have surprised me to have run into them on the street. It really wasn't until I saw that thing that Willie Wolfe wore around his neck that I knew, once and for all, they were all *dead*. Completely, totally, here is the evidence. . . they are *gone!*

PLAYBOY: Do you feel they deserved to die?

HEARST: I really do. In fact, that may be too good for them. [*Laughs*] They deserved to die the death of 10,000 screams for what they'd done.

PLAYBOY: Do you equate kidnapping with loss of life?

HEARST: I'm really for the death penalty for kidnapping people. It's purely personal. My personal reaction is, yeah, they deserved to die. Because you could never change people like that. Never.

PLAYBOY: You don't think the FBI and the SWAT teams and the other police overreacted in destroying the house as well as those inside.

HEARST: I think the Government went overboard in burning down the house. It was a little too. . . spectacular. But I think that they asked to die. That they *chose* to die. I don't think that was necessarily the proper way for it to happen. The Government could have held out, tried isolating and talking to them. How long was their ammunition going to last? In other countries, they talk to them, run a phone line in, negotiate. Eventually, people break down. I think that the FBI reacted incorrectly. But you don't see me crying about it. What the heck. I can be generous about it. [*Laughs*] I'm not gonna change anything!

PLAYBOY: Do you think it would have made any difference had you been in that house?

HEARST: I bet if I'd been there, I would have been brought out with a gun to my head, and none of them would have been killed. They would have asked for a plane to who knows where. I don't think they would have just started firing hopelessly. Because there was no hope of their escaping when they took their stand in that house.

PLAYBOY: After that shoot-out, you, Bill and Emily returned to the Bay Area and met

I was a total zombie. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't walk out the door. It's really crummy to think about that.

radical sportswriter Jack Scott, who quickly convinced you to head east. How did you all come to trust Scott?

HEARST: Bill had no choice but to trust Jack Scott, because he seemed to have money and a way of getting everybody out of the area where we were being hunted.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Scott?

HEARST: Kind of a game player. He had taken Wendy Yoshimura across country and she was a fugitive. He liked to play sort of a dangerous game of being the underground railroad for the radicals. He really thought that that was an exciting position to be in. Because he had control then, but he wasn't really involved. A strange man.

PLAYBOY: Whom did you fear more during that "missing year", the police or the Harrises?

HEARST: I was afraid of the FBI and the police even more than of the Harrises. It's like the devil you know versus the devil you don't know. And they needed me to establish themselves and their credibility as the SLA. They could say: "See, we really are the SLA; here's Tania." Otherwise, nobody knew who they were.

PLAYBOY: Were you happier to be by yourself or with the Harrises?

HEARST: I felt safer with them than by myself. I was terrified by myself. With them, they would take care of me, in spite of the fact that they were horrible.

PLAYBOY: Throughout those long months, Bill and Emily were often fighting with each other. At the apartment on Maple Street, you say that Emily refused sex with Bill nightly, but you never did. Why couldn't you have?

HEARST: Why couldn't I have? This is the whole thing. . . I was not capable of it. I understand the puzzlement, but that doesn't mean I'm any better at explaining it. They were as compelling to me as DeFreeze; they *were* the leadership of the SLA. You know, why couldn't I have turned myself in? They were gone all day; surely it would have been just as easy to do that. I was a total zombie. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't walk out the door. It's really crummy to think about that.

PLAYBOY: The astonishment in a lot of people's minds is that you never once made an attempt to escape during that missing year. You never even *thought* about it. Didn't you ever wonder about your parents, sisters and friends? Didn't you ever consider calling to say you were still alive?

HEARST: When I did have a thought like that, I would just put it out of my mind. That was a bad thought to have. And I actively kept myself from thinking bad thoughts. I shouldn't even be considering it. As far as escaping goes, in my mind, it would have been like saying: "Now I'll commit suicide." Because I really thought I was going to be killed any second by the police. *There was no escape!*

PLAYBOY: After your return from Pennsylvania, you joined with SLA sympathisers and participated in a second bank robbery, though you stayed outside this time. But you were, nonetheless, convicted for it later. Another participant in that robbery, Steven Soliah, like yourself, also stayed outside the bank. But at his trial, he got off because the Government insisted he was inside and he proved he wasn't. When you heard he was found not guilty, were you shocked?

HEARST: I really was. I was upset. And I started crying. I just couldn't believe it. It's outrageous that the Government falsified the evidence against Steven Soliah. They could have convicted him, but they insisted on putting him in the bank and he just plain wasn't there. If they had used me as a witness, they could have put him away. They could have tried the Harrises, too.

PLAYBOY: But you were being tried at the time, so you were not a credible witness.

HEARST: That's right. They were too busy trying me. I was worth more to them in terms of headlines as a defendant than as a witness. They believed me enough to gather evidence from everything I told them, and they did. But to use me as a witness, they would have to publicly admit that, yes, I was credible. You can't say that you believe somebody publicly and then turn around and try her, too.

PLAYBOY: Why would they falsify evidence against Soliah?

HEARST: Because they had somebody else who looked like him who was inside. So they thought, just *put* him inside. Then the defence produced the man he was mistaken for, so Soliah was acquitted.

PLAYBOY: When you were finally caught, the picture that was seen around the world was of you raising a clenched fist. Why the gesture?

HEARST: When I raised my clenched fist, all I was thinking about was pictures of [Weatherman] Susan Sax. I remember it so clearly, pictures of her when she was captured. And that's not a rational person's reason for doing something like that. *[Laughs]* I wish I could think of a better reason for why I did it, something that would sound sensible.

PLAYBOY: When you were captured, you were defiant and aggressive. But after the doctors and the lawyers got through with you, you seemed subdued, passive, almost a zombie. Was it a case of reverse brainwashing?

HEARST: Deprogramming? I don't think I needed deprogramming as much as I needed to be away from the Harrises. The more I talked to the psychiatrists, I just started breaking down. I started realising that I was terribly confused. More confused than I was able to admit to myself for a long, long time. It took a couple of years before I was really able to admit to myself that, yes, these people did a real number on me and it happened. But my first reaction was like: "No, no they *didn't* do that to me!" It was almost better to think that I had willingly, happily joined them than to think that they had been able to play with my mind.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the notoriety of your case, why do you think the psychiatrists were so fascinated with you?

HEARST: Because for the first time they were getting a victim of coercive persuasion and sensory deprivation where it wasn't the result of the Chinese or something — it was domestic terrorists. They don't get to see a whole lot of that.

PLAYBOY: One point many psychologists have made is that you will never be the person you were before your kidnapping. That, in essence, you're really three different people.

HEARST: I think that's true. But I never got a chance to really become the first person, either, because I was so young when this was happening. I was just becoming.

PLAYBOY: You never had a chance to become Mrs Weed.

HEARST: Yeah, whoever she would have been. Nineteen is hardly the age where you're fully developed — you're fishing around, experimenting, trying to become your individual self. And the second person was a zombie. So this third person that I am, I'm sure it's very different from what I would have become.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you were really tried?

HEARST: Primarily for being a "bad girl". That was the main thing. We're getting into the gag order here, but I will say that far from *my* feeling any guilt, I think the Government should feel guilty for what happened, since they could have prevented the kidnapping in the first place. Why should I have this guilt put on me? If they had warned me right in the beginning, none of this would ever have happened.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about the SLA hit list, which the FBI knew about before you were kidnapped?

HEARST: Yes. So did the Alameda County Sheriff's office. I'm not bitter about it, but they have some responsibility to take in this whole thing. If they had contacted me or my parents, I would have been out of that apartment in Berkeley and back home so fast. . .

PLAYBOY: Do you really think you'd have taken it seriously?

HEARST: Wait a minute! We're not talking about being on just *anybody's* hit list, we're talking about people who had just killed the superintendent of schools and critically

It took a couple of years before I was really able to admit to myself that, yes, these people did a real number on me and it happened.

injured his assistant. Two people had just been arrested with a bunch of guns and literature. It wasn't just somebody who said he was going to kidnap you; it was people who had already murdered.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the jury voted you guilty?

HEARST: I really thought we could have won the case until the final argument. The prosecution had to prove reasonable doubt. Is it reasonable to assume that somebody who has been locked in a closet for 57 days, after being kidnapped, brutalised, raped, abused, then they say, 'You're going to rob a bank now" — is it reasonable to assume that that person had free will?

PLAYBOY: Reasonable doubt came in afterward, once they had the picture of you in the bank, your taped messages, your handwritten account, the Olmec monkey head.

HEARST: Well, I disagree. We had virtually no closing argument. They had a very good proper closing argument, point by point by point, and we had something that just didn't say *anything* about reasonable doubt. Just sort of: "Gee, don't convict her." That's why I'm back in court right now, because I feel the case should never have been lost, ever. And it's incredible that it was lost. When the second US Attorney came to talk to me, he just plain couldn't believe it. And I have my own ideas on how they lost it, and I can tell you more off the record, but I'm not at liberty to talk about it openly.

PLAYBOY: When you turned evidence against a lot of the underground people you met during your time as a fugitive, did you think it would get you a lighter sentence?

HEARST: I did not. I thought I was performing my civic duty. I thought they would prosecute those people, but they never did. There was never any promise of any kind, like: "This will get you a lighter sentence, honey, if you just sing." In fact, they always assured me that was not the case.

PLAYBOY: And except for your eventual commutation by President Carter, your sentence was not light. Are there any causes worth taking up from your prison experience?

HEARST: Drugs. It's so bad. It's behind almost every single crime in prison. *Everything* is drug related — whether it's prostitution or forgery or bank robbery or smuggling, it all seems to boil down to, if they didn't want the drugs, they wouldn't be in there. And most of them are addicts themselves. It's by far *the* major cause of these crimes: I saw someone OD on cocaine. Blue. She was the color of your jeans.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a lot of threatening mail in prison?

HEARST: Oh, God, all the time.

PLAYBOY: Charles Manson supposedly wrote to you, right?

HEARST: Al Johnson kept the postcard. It started out: "You write *me*." Everything was spelled wrong. Apparently, he is really very illiterate. He said he would help me, but I would have to do everything he said. Then I got letters from Sandra Good and Squeaky Fromme, who were in the same prison with me, saying Charlie was really a beautiful person, and they sent me some drawings that Charlie had done.

PLAYBOY: What was it you called those two women?

HEARST: Pencil-necked geeks. They were the kind of people you just never turned your back on. I never trusted them. They were kind of scary, but *I* was kind of scary, too. They are about my size, with Xs carved into their foreheads. They have terrible reputations. On the other hand, I had a horrible reputation, too. For all they knew, I could have been crazier than them, so it was to my advantage to act crazy, and around them I always did.

PLAYBOY: After the Harrises pleaded guilty, you found a dead rat on your bed, didn't you?

HEARST: Yeah. Stinky old dead rat. They moved me upstairs after that.

PLAYBOY: And then your lung collapsed.

HEARST: That was very serious. It took them two hours to get me to the hospital! By that time, I had gone into trauma and my heart was moving over and the other lung was in danger of collapsing. My mom was so mad, she could hardly control herself. They

couldn't believe I could live this long and then have them almost kill me in jail by fiddling around for two hours. I was extremely depressed after that.

PLAYBOY: But still, you obviously have a strong will to live.

HEARST: Uh-huh. I don't feel suicide is the only honorable way out. But I think it's the only honorable way out for the Harrises. How's that?

PLAYBOY: You certainly have it in for them. But they'll probably rebut your charges here and in your book.

HEARST: So what? Do you really think that what they say is gonna be paid attention to? Of course they're gonna disagree. What do you think Emily Harris is gonna say when I say she killed somebody? She'll probably say *I* did it. Okay, fine. Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, can you find any good that came of your kidnapping?

HEARST: I prefer to take the good out of experiences, no matter how rotten they are. I'm one of those people who thought nothing could ever happen to her hitchhiking, so once I was hitchhiking as a teenager and I got picked up by somebody who I thought was perfectly normal. He was a weirdo who liked to masturbate while he drove girls around.

PLAYBOY: What good came of that?

HEARST: I learned never to hitchhike again! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You certainly don't seem terribly scarred from your experiences with the SLA.

HEARST: No, I've come through it remarkably well.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as a miracle that you're still alive?

HEARST: Oh, yeah. I don't know what a bookmaker would say to those odds: to be kidnapped, to survive the shoot-out, to have gone through all the months with them, to be arrested on top of that, to spend the time I spent in prison, and still be alive after all of that — I would say the odds were incredibly against me.

PLAYBOY: And to marry your bodyguard as well — no sense taking chances with your future. Don't you and Bernie often go hunting together?

HEARST: We go down to the ranch at San Simeon.

PLAYBOY: How big is the ranch?

HEARST: About 70 or 80 thousand acres.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep loaded guns in your house?

HEARST: Oh, yes, of course.

PLAYBOY: If an intruder entered, would you use them?

HEARST: In a second.

PLAYBOY: Would you say this self-confidence is one of the positive aspects of your SLA experience?

HEARST: Yes. I used to be really, really, shy, like, hardly-able-to-speak shy. And I just can't be that way anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is this the end of your story? And so she lived happily ever after? You have your marriage, your child, your house, your book. There really *is* a happy ending?

HEARST: You never know if you've got a happy ending until you finally die. I guess *nobody's* life has a happy ending if you look at it that way.

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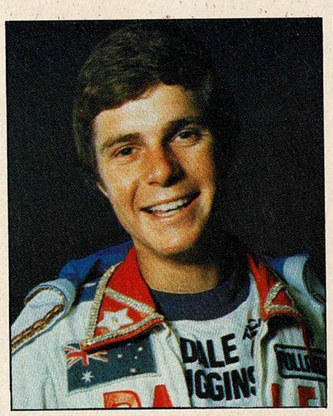

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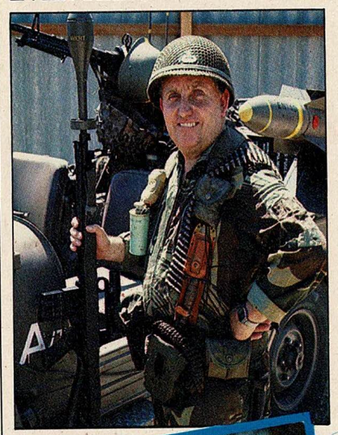
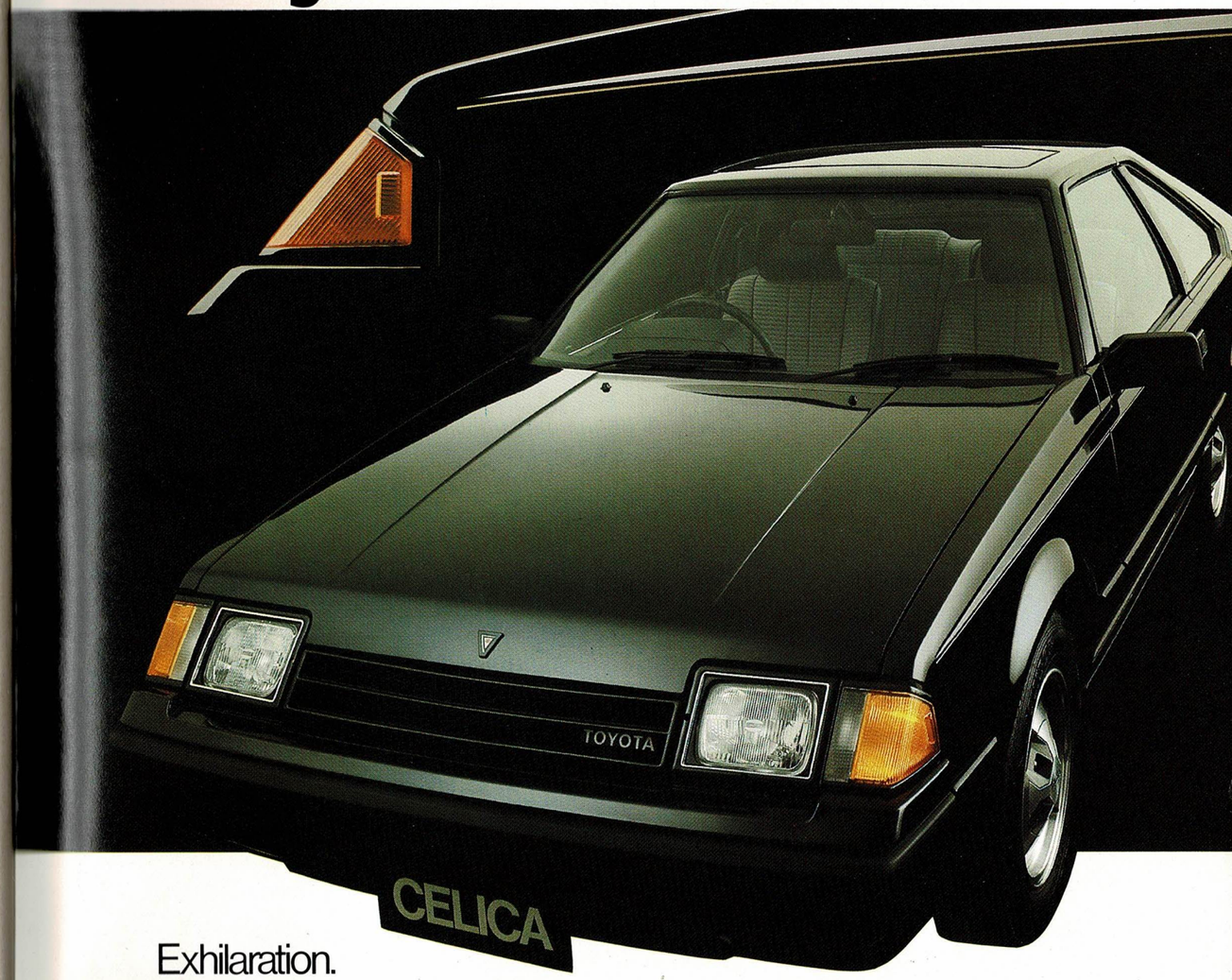


New Toyota Celica.



Exhilaration.

If you want a unique and exhilarating blend of impressive performance, outstanding beauty, luxury comforts and surprising economy, Toyota have made a car for you. The new Toyota Celica.

Celica's new 4 cylinder, OHC, 2 litre engine with cross flow alloy head is combined with 5 speed manual or 4 speed automatic transmission with overdrive, rack and pinion steering and TST–Toyota Suspension Tuning–for precision control and outstanding comfort.

New Celica's unique wedge-shaped body is instantly recognisable. An aerodynamic masterpiece that cuts drag to new lows and puts Celica into a class of its own. Surrounded by new standards of luxury. And with all round Toyota economy.

The exhilarating new Celica adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else.

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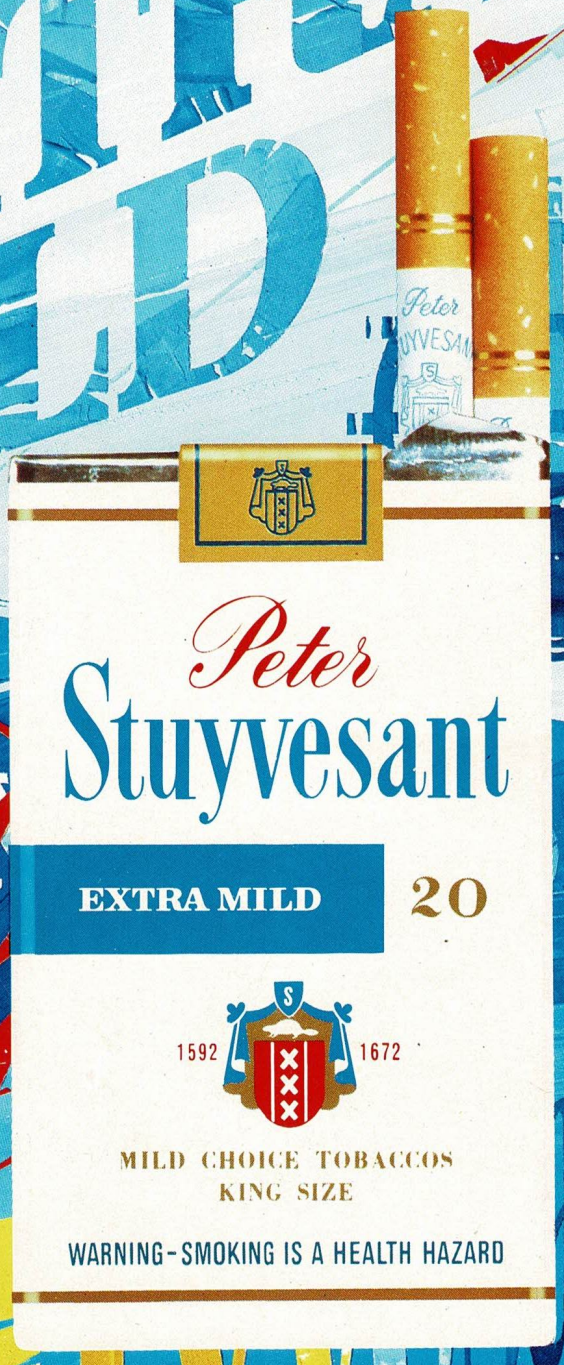

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